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For the Herald.

Canada East and Northern Vermont Conference.

[CONCLUDED.]

DERBY LINE.

The church of Adventists at Derby Line, to the brethren assembled in conference:

BELoved BRETHREN, who are looking for redemption, we would respectfully inform you that there are a few here who are looking for the blessed hope and glorious appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We have covenanted together to walk by the golden rule—that is the Bible.

Since our last annual conference we have had no additions to our number,—one having removed and two withdrawn, making our present number of members thirty-nine. Yet there are quite a number who identify themselves with us and help sustain the cause here. During the past year we have had no stated preaching, but have had visits from Elders Orrock, Dow, Thurber and Canfield. We have sustained two regular prayer-meetings on the Sabbath, also a covenant meeting the last Saturday of every month; and the Spirit of the Lord is with us. About a year since an effort was made to erect a house of worship at Beebe Plain. A subscription was raised to the amount of about one thousand dollars. Our pastor, Elder Orrock, leaving about the same time for Waterloo, the subscription was laid by until we could obtain another pastor; therefore the Macedonian cry is, Come over and help us. We have the common enemy to contend with, but hope through grace and perseverance to overcome and praise God in his everlasting kingdom. Though now a scattered people flock, yet God's people will, ere long, be assembled, and Jesus Christ, the Great Shepherd, will reign King of kings, and Lord of lords. Such are our present prospects, and we expect a blessing just in proportion to our faithfulness. To this end we ask the prayers and sympathies of this conference.

Written in behalf of the church,

J. SPEARS, Deacon.

The Advent church in Waterbury, to the church in Richford, sendeth greeting:

Another year has rolled around, and we are still in this vale of tears, contending for the faith once delivered to the saints. During the last year our church has lost three members by death, and through the blessing of God we have added thirteen new members, with a good prospect of more being united with us soon. We now have nineteen members, sustain two weekly prayer-meetings, and have an interesting Sabbath school, especially for the Bible classes, which are well attended. But we have always felt a want of teachers capable of interesting the younger classes, and they are not as large as they should be. Pray God that he may send more laborers into the harvest. The bearer of this letter is sent as our delegate, and will report more fully than we have time to write. May God meet with you, and his Spirit preside over all your meetings; and may the Gospel of the kingdom spread until all nations shall hear, and then shall he come whose right it is to reign.

Awaiting that glorious time, we live by faith.

GEORGE J. COLBY, Clerk.

After these reports from the churches were

read, and the 689th hymn sung, about a score of brethren and sisters spoke freely of their faith and of the hope we cherish of a speedy reunion in the kingdom of God. After which the annual collection for our publication department was made, amounting to \$8 47, for which sum we were, doubtless, in part indebted to brother Litch's "speech," on the occasion. The conference then closed its session by singing the doxology.

As there was reason to suppose, that the rain storm, which commenced during the afternoon meeting, would continue, we had no service in the evening.

On Saturday, the conference having terminated, most of our ministers and many of the delegates left, but the attendance from the immediate neighborhood increased, and there was preaching three times. Dr. Litch spoke in the morning from Eph. 2: 12; Elder Orrock in the afternoon, from Phil. 3: 11; and brother Litch again in the evening, from Isa. 28: 16. On Sunday the chapel was filled, and heard, with attention, in the morning, Dr. Litch's quarter century discourse based on Psalm 107: 43. And as he portrayed the manner in which God had led us as a people through all these years, and showed what our mission had accomplished, notwithstanding all the errors and fanaticism which we have had connected with us, we could not but feel to thank God and take courage. In the afternoon, Elder L. having left for Montgomery, Elder Orrock addressed an apparently interested audience from 1 Cor. 15: 58. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Though the attendance of ministers was not so large at this conference as we have sometimes had, yet a spirit of devotion characterized our gathering, and while we felt glad to greet each other from different fields of toil and conflict, and especially brother Litch, who was with us for the first time. And while sadness threw its shadow over our minds at parting, yet we felt it good to be there, and we went forth strengthened for the work which God has given us to do.

J. M. ORROCK, Sec.

The church of Adventists in Montgomery, Vt., to the conference of churches holden at Richford, June 10th, sendeth Christian salutation:

BELoved BROTHER:—In the all-wise providence of God, our long-cherished hope of seeing Him whom we love, is still deferred, our King is still in exile, and we remain on life's battle field to contend with the rebellious Prince of darkness; and notwithstanding we have waited long, our faith in the King's return does not falter, neither does our hope grow dim, for we know that His promise will not fail, though heaven and earth shall pass away.

We believe God's "cup of wrath" is taken from the Jews and given to the Gentiles, as foretold in prophecy, and the nations of earth—our own dear native land among them—are compelled to drink, and while we lament to have our stalwart men and beardless youth swept down by leaden hail, amid the fiery breath of battle, we see in these scenes of carnage, evidence that the usurpers "time is short," and

that "He whose right it is to reign," will soon take to Himself his great power, and cast out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity," and sitting upon the throne of David "shall reign over the house of Jacob forever." The truths of God's word are as precious to us as ever, though we must confess that our hearts have been filled with anguish to see almost every form of error associated with it, and with great positiveness taught for truth; still the pure, unadulterated, heaven-born doctrines contained in the Bible, are as precious as ever; like the "gold seven times tried," good under all circumstances, in every clime, it is the "bread of life," to the obedient souls; although some of its adherents may associate with it, much that has no foundation in the word of God. We are sorry to see the word of God mutilated and misconstrued, and a course of argumentation pursued to sustain some idea that has become a favorite, and when promulgated, only serves as a seed of discord, and as soon as it springs up and has time to grow, yields a harvest of strife, and in the place of what was once lovely and beautiful, leaves unshapely and pitiful ruins. We are in such a course a principle cherished, which leads to a denial of some part of the word of God. And which when fully carried produces confirmed infidelity. We do not say these things because we do not love these brethren, but because we do love them, and ardently desire to have them understand, and deeply feel, that any idea that is not harmoniously taught in the scriptures, is not of God. God is not a God of confusion, but a God of order. The Bible does not contradict itself; it is one beautiful harmonious whole. Let us then cleave to it, remembering that while error never has, and never can do any good, that truth, cordially received into the heart and reduced to practice, "makes wise unto salvation."

During the past year, we have had preaching more than one-fourth of the time, from Elders Dudley and Rockwell. We have sustained two, and sometimes three prayer-meetings a week, and on Sabbaths, when we have not had preaching, a conference and prayer-meeting. And in connection with the Baptists, who have preaching in our house one half of the time, we have a Sabbath-school of about thirty scholars, which is to those associated with it, interesting and profitable.

We feel that it is "not of his works, but according to his mercy he saved us," and feel grateful that we are permitted to belong to the "commonwealth of Israel," by virtue of the merits of Christ, and live in expectation of soon enjoying some humble place in His everlasting kingdom, which shall be "under the whole of the heavens," extending "from sea to sea, and from river to river, to the ends of the earth."

Hoping that the sunlight of prosperity may be yours to enjoy till the warfare is over, we remain your brethren and sisters in Christ.

Done in behalf of the church,

C. GREENE, Church Clerk.

A work has just been issued by a Paris firm which has cost £40,000 for is. It is the description, with illustrations of the coronation of the Emperor of Russia, and was ordered by him.

For the Herald.

Stumbling Blocks.

Many there are who suppose that the principal stumbling blocks which are laid in the path of the Christian are placed there by open foes, or secret enemies. But this is a great and delusive error, throwing us off our guard where the greatest danger lies. Stumbling blocks are most frequently thrown in our way by our friends in whom we delight to place the most trust. We become devotedly attached to some mortals by seeing or learning their moral worth, or great zeal, or boldness of character, or self-sacrifice, on some special points which exactly meet our views and sympathies. We soon come to look upon them as models of Christian life, and adopt whatever they adopt, reject whatever they reject, and receive as the true course whatever course they take, until, frequently, we are led into great darkness and fall from our integrity, not knowing at what we stumbled. This comes by "trusting in man," and not in Christ.

But again, our warmest friends, model Christians, turn out to practice, or to advocate, or to eulogize something, at last, which we have seen and known to be wrong, on which our conscience has been specially aroused, which has cost us great self-abasement, and denial, and crucifixion. Then comes the trial. Our guide has shown his approbation for and interest in that which we abhor and loathe with scrupulous integrity. What can we think now? Well, we sit down in grief and astonishment to ponder over it. Are we deceived? Are all our convictions, our spiritual light, our travail of soul, and judgment of what is truth wrong? If so, on what can we depend? If the Word which speaks so plainly, the Spirit which agrees with it and our Christian experience are not to be relied upon, what shall guide us? On this point many ponder until they finally dwindle to a dark and sad conclusion, to guess all may be delusion. The friends I toiled and suffered with have proved to be in the wrong. I cannot reprove them, for they are in a higher circle of influence than I am. I will not follow them longer. I will try to live alone, secluded, and not be known in public any more. Thus they withdraw from public speaking, writing and action, crushed in feelings, ambition and purpose. I myself have looked over that brink many times, and almost taken the fatal step. Others have taken it. The inquiry often comes, where is brother —? He used to write such good letters and articles, I always loved to see his name. He was an able and useful minister, also. Where is sister —? She was a blessing to our society, exerted a good influence by her writings. The reply must inform the inquirer that such and such ones have become disheartened, lost confidence in the course of the leading ones of society because they "build again the things they once destroyed," and teach what is not scriptural, have isolated themselves from the active scenes of life in grief and perplexity.

All along over the road we have passed are to be found such ones. They are to be pitied, and encouraged to begin anew, to act well their part somewhere. If the ones they have confided in as the true exponents of Christian doctrine and examples of Christian life have failed them, they should remember that "cursed is man that

trusteth in man, or maketh flesh his arm." They should learn that "it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes." And we should all learn to be always on our guard lest we act or teach that which will mislead those well instructed in the doctrine of Christ, or overwhelm with dismay and mortification our confiding friends who do know the truth, and have a sensitive conscience, by "laying a stumbling block, or an occasion to fall in a brother's way," and discourage them.

Yarmouth, Me.

I. C. WELLCOME.

The Resurrection.

"A seed found in the hand of a mummy two thousand years old, when planted, bloomed into a beautiful flower."

Two thousand years ago, a flower
Bloomed brightly in a far-off land;
Two thousand years ago, its seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Saviour came to earth,
That man had lived, and loved, and died;
And even in that far-off time
The flower had spread its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went,
The dead man kept his treasure well;
Nations were born and turned to dust,
While life was hidden in that shell.

The shrivelled hand is robbed at last,
The seed is buried in the earth;
When lo, the life long hidden there
Into a glorious flower bursts forth.

Just such a plant as that which grew
From such a seed when buried low;
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed
And died two thousand years ago.

And will not He who watched the seed
And kept the life within the shell,
When those He loves are laid to rest,
Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

And will He not from 'neath the sod
Cause something glorious to arise?
Aye, though it sleep two thousand years,
Yet all that buried dust shall rise.

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as here we wear,
Only more glorious far, will rise
To meet the Saviour in the air.

Then will I lay me down in peace,
When called to leave this vale of tears,
For "in my flesh shall I see God,"
E'en though I sleep two thousand years.

Conversion on the Battle-Field.

While visiting a Rhode Island regiment, in camp near Falmouth, a young soldier ran up to me, and inquired whether I belonged to the Christian Commission. I replied that I did. "I saw some of your men at Stoneman's Station," said he, "and got some papers of them."

Without further introduction, he began to tell me about his life in the army. He said he "came out as rough and bad as any of them," but left a praying mother at home. While in camp at Poolesville, he learned that she was dead. Her form now appeared before him as in a mirror, and always wrestling in prayer for her wayward son. Wherever he went he saw his mother as she was accustomed to kneel in her faithful petitions, and not even the roar of battle could drown the soft tones of her prayer.

After the terrible fight at Fair Oaks, he sat down exhausted upon a log by the roadside, and then, to use his own words, he "thought over the matter." Heaps of dead men lay on every side of him; they had fallen, but he was still unharmed. The melting words of his mother's prayer for him now came with new power to his mind; and he thought of her happy home, so far removed from the strife and agony of war.

A pious member of his company observing his thoughtful mood, inquired the cause. Our young friend frankly told him how he felt. They soon found a place for prayer; and then, while upon their knees in supplication, the soldier who had been so "rough and bad," became a soldier in the army of the meek and lowly

Jesus. That sainted mother's petitions received an answer; and while news of a great battle and victory was spreading through the land, messengers from her blissful abode were returning with tidings of another victory, a triumph which caused joy among all the shining hosts of heaven.

Seldom have I found a happier man than this young soldier; he was happy in the service of his Master, and happy in the service of his country. Almost all of his company were profane men, and ridiculed him and his religion; but in the midst of it all, he could rejoice. He was an active Christian, ever trying to do something to save his comrades. He told me that his friend and himself had been accustomed to go down into the woods and have a precious prayer-meeting there, though they were but two.

Mothers, pray in faith for your children, and let them know that you pray for them. It may be that God will make your prayer also the means of its own answer.

For the Herald.

The Resurrection Again.

Bro. Litch:—In the *Herald*, June 9th, you remark, "We think our correspondent errs in calling a spirit something not real." In reply, we think if you will give our communication a more careful examination, you will find you have given a wrong construction to our meaning, and in consequence your arguments amount to nothing to establish the position you have assumed—that Christ and Elijah appeared in body, and Moses in spirit on the holy mount. As you have abandoned your other points, and narrowed down to this one portion of scripture, to prove that Moses appeared a spirit and not a man, on the mount of transfiguration. We will examine carefully and see if it will justify such a conclusion. "But they were terrified and affrighted and supposed they had seen a spirit—a mere apparition." Not that they saw a spirit, or ever had seen one. But they supposed they had, and on this supposition Christ establishes the fact, that he had a body of flesh and bones, and that "a spirit hath not flesh and bones." Does this prove that a spirit was ever seen in human form without a body, or that Moses appeared as a spirit to the disciples, on the holy mount? We think not. If Bro. L. has any evidence that the immaterial spirit was ever seen in human form without a body, we should be pleased to have it. If not, all speculation on this subject is of little value; and we shall continue to believe the statement of the inspired witnesses; "And behold there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias: who appeared in glory." Notwithstanding Moses died and was buried and gathered to his fathers, nearly fifteen hundred years before this event. Again, why does Bro. L. refer to the unclean spirits in this connection—Mark 5: 13 and 6: 7—what relation have they to Moses in glory? Were the demons cast out by Christ and his disciples, ever seen as spirits in human form without a body? We have no evidence to that effect. And it is not a little strange that our brother should seek through the testimony of a witch—unclean spirits, and what may be regarded only as a supposition—to prove that Moses appeared to Christ and the disciples as a spirit.

In conclusion—in relation to this identical body being restored. Our brother feels disposed to await the solution of a point, before making any further remarks; this to us looks like an evasion. If you admit that the spirit is the seed, and will beget its own species, and when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see him as he is, have a body like his glorious body, why not answer our previous communication, or admit the truth of the law so beautifully explained by Paul in his anagogical introduction to the resurrection of the dead. A mere theory should never supersede a law. "God giveth it a body, and to every seed his own body." So far our brother has failed to prove that this identical body will be restored, or that Moses appeared a spirit on the holy mount. We do not continue this subject for controversy, but for the truth.

W. S.

For the Herald.

REPLY TO "T. S."

It appears to me that T. S. and myself fail to comprehend each others meaning and views, or, this not being so, he ignores the rising again of the saint's dead bodies entirely. If he supposes that I, or the first Christians teach our bodies will undergo no change on rising, but enter the kingdom mere flesh, our flesh "as it is, the literal flesh in which we now live," he has read my articles in vain. Neither the early Christian writers nor "brother Taylor," ever taught, or ever imagined such a thing. We believe that instantly on this body being quickened by the power of God, it will be changed to incorruptibility, in deathlessness, and splendor. The change will be as great as if we could change charcoal to diamond. But it is not an exchange of one body for another. The self-hood or identity which T. S. sticks for is preserved. And this identity is maintained by a recognition of the same particles or substance in the changed body that were seen in the unchanged,—all physical imperfections being supplied and rectified. Cannot our brother conceive of immortalized flesh? Does he deny all sameness between the body of Christ that hung upon the cross and that body which now sits on the throne? If he does I fear he belongs in the school of Origen.

Having thus corrected his misapprehension of "the Fathers" and myself—if it indeed be a misapprehension—I wish to enquire whether T. S. believes in the resurrection of the body, or holds that the immortal persons of the redeemed will be newly created? For he denies that the raised body will be "composed of the same elements," asserts that the component parts of the glorified body will be different, and hints his belief that it will be a "body composed of different ingredients," and identity sets aside the literal rising again of the flesh. And still he hugs the thought of identity! Now which is it, T. S., resurrection or new creation? If you supposed that I held that our flesh, "as it is," will enter on the new life, read Lucian, Hypolytus, Origen, Rufinus, and my "Number Six" once more and stand corrected; but if you hold to the creation of new bodies out of new matter, then you and I are as wide apart as the poles.

D. T. TAYLOR.

GETHSEMANE.

A steep descent for about five minutes brings us to the most sacred spot around Jerusalem. It is the garden of Gethsemane. A high wall of rough plaster shuts it from sight, though from the heights one descending can easily look within. Go round to a low door on the eastern side of the garden and stooping down, enter the sacred enclosure. The trees are venerable in the extreme, in appearance older than the flood. No tree looks so aged as an olive. Its trunk is cracked, wrinkled, twisted and bowed like a centenarian human's trunk. Going through an ordinary grove, you fancy that many of them are of centuries old. You could easily believe any statement as to their years. But all I have seen elsewhere look juvenile beside these. They are very large for olives, having almost the girth of well-grown oaks. The trunks are split open every where to the heart, and writhe and stoop as if they then "groaned and travailed in pain together" with the Divine Agonist beneath them. If the rocks rent in sympathy with their suffering and dying Creator, may not these more susceptible trees in the presence of still greater distress show a corresponding communion, and so to this day bear testimony to the agony of which they in their youth were the sole witnesses.

But my skeptical friend interposes with a "pooh! These trees aren't more than a hundred years old, and this spot cannot be the original garden." "Do you know, does any body, how long an olive can live?" I could not find an answer to that question, though a warm dispute on that very point raged betwixt the Sauls and Barnabys of our little party, though it did not break our connection—so much these later exceeded the earlier itinerants. We sought for facts after the discussion ended, the usual way

of disputants, and could find none; their usual luck. It is certain that this has been the elect spot for some 1,500 years, and probably these have been the elect trees for that time—though there's a great loophole for escape in that "probably." They look as though they were antediluvian. They may approximate that era.

The place has one objection. It is where the three paths passing over and around the Mount of Olives meet; but these paths may not have been herethen. If they went up to the gate Beautiful, and not to the present gate, as is likely, two of them would begin the ascent to the city a little lower down than this. The third would have left this spot some ways above, as it came round the southern spur of the mount and turned up the hill to that gate. Though therefore the paths above the garden are undoubted originals, it does not follow that their junction was as far up as this; it may have been some rods below. Even if St. Stephen's gate then existed, it is probable the gate Beautiful was the most used. This objection, therefore, cannot lie. So you may call the olives and the spot, original witnesses of the awful scene. You cross the little brook, a few feet wide, now waterless, its sides and bottom covered with a thick grove of olives. It is but a score or two of feet from its green and shady banks to this solemn congregation of aged trees.

Around each tree is a neat white wicker fence, with little walks between; flowers are planted around the gray gnarled trunks which an old monk, as grey and gnarled as the trees, faithfully tends. He kindly plucked several of the flowers, a rose, a lily, with leaves of the trees, and gave us the precious memorials. But monk, flowers, fences and walls seem out of place; we forget them all and open our Bible, and read of the agony and bloody sweat, the rising, reeling, falling under a heavier cross than that which tomorrow his persecutors shall compel Him to carry. We hear the faint cry of the soul exhausted with sorrow and dismay. We see Him seeking the feeble companionship of his weak associates, feeling that any sympathy, however slight, was some alleviation in the horror of great darkness. And all this not for Himself. He made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin.

"O thou dear suffering Son of God
How did for us thy bowels move."

Here we may pause. One could well rest in this holy of holies, unconscious of time. So it seemed then, so now.—*Zion's Herald*.

Read Your Paper.

Singular as the statement may appear, it is not more strange than true that many persons subscribe for a paper and either hastily glance over it or else lay it aside unread, where it soon falls a prey to the builder of fires or the "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." We doubt very much the wisdom of such a course; a newspaper is printed and sold to be read, and it must be a poor sheet indeed which does not contain some subject of interest or of information to its subscribers. The individual who should bring provisions to his house and allow them to spoil for want of use would seem lacking in common sense. What then shall we think of those who, while they feed the body, suffer the mind to perish and permit the whole intellectual machinery to get rusty for want of use.

A CHOICE OF EVILS.—A Polish proprietor was summoned not long since before a Russian General, charged with having rendered assistance to the insurgents, and solemnly cautioned against doing so again. The proprietor explained his position. "If," he said, "the insurgents come to my place and ask for horses, carts, and corn, I must give them what they want, or they will hang me. If, on the other hand, I let them have anything more than I am actually forced to give, you will hang me. However, if they hang me, my son will never find a wife in Poland nor my daughter a husband, and fifty years after my death, people will turn their backs upon my children; whereas if you hang me I shall have monuments erected to my memory. On the whole, then, as a mere matter of calculation, I cannot refuse assistance to the insurgents."

The Millennium.

Having shown in my last that the prophetic teachings cover the entire sweep of years to the coming of Christ, or end of the age, we now come to answer the question: What is the character of those events; and whether we find among them any evidence of a millennium before the second coming of our Lord?

That there are certain and various passages which point to and depict a period of the triumph of Christianity and of the church—passages which have long and justly been the staple citations of the pulpit and of Christians—we not only admit, but, equally with others, assert and maintain. That God will give to his Son "the heathen for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession"—Psa. 2: 8; that "in his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth;" that "he shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth"—Psa. 72: 7, 8; that "it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the tops of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it; that "he shall judge among many nations, and shall rebuke many people, and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruninghooks, &c.—Isa. 2: 2, 4; that every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low," "and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together"—Isa. 40: 4, 5; "and that "it shall come to pass that I will gather all nations and tongues; and they shall come and see my glory"—Isa. 66: 18, we rejoice in believing.

But that these and similar predictions will be fulfilled, and *could* or *can* be fulfilled before the coming of Christ, before the execution of judgment upon the nations, incident upon his coming, is most clearly denied by the context of these and all similar passages. Look at Psalm 2, for example, and you will find that "the heathen," &c., will become "the inheritance and possession" of Christ, only after "he shall speak unto them in his wrath and vex them with his sore displeasure," and after "I have set my king upon the holy hill of Zion;" and that in order to do it, "thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel"—Rev. 19: 15.

Look at Isa. 2; that glorious prediction is to be accomplished; but when? Before the execution of the judgments of God upon the nations, and by the preaching of the Gospel, and educating and reformatory means? No! for the things that are in the way of the fulfillment of the prediction—"the lofty looks of man," and his haughtiness," are to be humbled and made low," by the "fear of the Lord" and the glory of his majesty;" and that in the day when "the Lord alone shall be exalted," the "idols" will be "abolish," and the worshipper "shall cast his idols of silver and his idols of gold to the moles and to the bats," "to go," himself "into the clefts of the rocks," &c. Why? Because he has been converted and reformed? No! but "for fear of the Lord and for the glory of his majesty," when he ariseth—Rev. 19: 15—to SHAKE TERRIBLY THE EARTH."

And so in the other passages; and so, also, in all, there are the inexorable conditions—"the day of vengeance of our God;" before the ushering in of the era of the triumph and glory predicted. For in terms just as clear, just as plain and decisive, and always in immediate connection, are judgments pronounced upon the wicked, and upon wicked nations—the judgments which the later and the clearest predictions show are to attend the second coming, and which are indeed usually, if not invariably, used in terms which unmistakably indicate that event, as the day of their execution—such judgments, I say, are made to antedate and condition the introduction of the Christianization of the nations, the spread of redemption and restoring glory and power throughout the world, and the universal personal reign of Christ on the earth—the subjects of these glorious prophecies.

If this be so, it necessarily follows that all those Scriptures which specifically refer to the course of events of either the Jewish or Gentile nations, of, in fine, what will occur until the *parousia* of the Son of Man, will not only not indicate any millennial till then, but on the contrary will describe the state of the world to be one of sin, and the course of the church one of persecution, depression, and of wrong. And such we find to be the case; such is the invariable representation of our Saviour and his apostles, in the New Testament, as also of the prophets of the Old Testament, so far as they touch upon or allude to the matter.

We begin, in order to show this, with Daniel. For, while the other prophets, from an Israelitish point of view, in beholding the future of the kingdom of God, saw the church of God ever in the foreground, and the powers of the world within the horizon only in so far as they affect the immediate present or the near future of the people of God, Daniel, on the contrary, living not in the holy land, nor among the holy people, but at the Babylonian and Persian courts, gives most prominence to the gentile kingdoms, and traces their rise and fall, while Israel occupies the background, "though," as Auberlen has well remarked, "a background, truly, of deep and abiding significance."

It is particularly to the second and seventh chapters we are to look. In the second we have an account of the "Monarch's Dream;" and in the seventh the "Vision of the Four Beasts." By both of these we see, in prophetic dictum, disclosed the course of the great world-powers of the gentile race, from the day of the prophet till the coming of the Son of Man.

In the first "vision," that of Nebuchadnezzar, we behold the succession of the four great kingdoms, until the smiting of the "stone" introduces a fifth, so universal as to fill "the whole earth," and so perpetual that it shall "stand forever."

In the second, which the prophet himself saw, we behold, also, the same great kingdoms, represented under other symbols, "till the thrones were cast down," and "the Ancient of Days came," and the time came that the *saints possessed the kingdom*, which is to be an everlasting kingdom."

But it is alleged that the symbolic "stone," which became a great mountain and filled the whole earth, implies a gradual process, and hence involves the idea of moral influence, like the "leaven in the meal." That such an influence and such a process may be adverted to here is certainly admissible. But the point is, in what language or particular symbol we are to look for it. In the action of the "stone" in smiting the "feet of the image?" What is there in this to indicate any such thing? A gradual process! a moral influence! Do these arise out of the "stone" symbol? On the contrary, and most emphatically, is not the whole and sole idea that of suddenness and violence? Its action in demolition is confined to the feet—the last and latest and comparatively recent formation of the image, which, commencing with the golden head, terminates its political growth in the clay-iron feet. To this point, both politically and chronologically, the blow of the "stone" is confined. It is at one and the same time. There is no "rolling stone," (which has proved such a "stone of stumbling" to expositors and the church,) smiting first the head of gold, and then the silver breasts, and then the brazen loins, and the next the iron legs, and last the feet of mingled and incongruous materials; but the "feet" alone, upon which the "image" stands, are smitten by the "stone," as the very last and extreme development, both chronologically and politically, of the wicked world-powers of the earth.

And more it is to be observed that there is not only a demolition, but a removal of all that the several and different parts of the image signified—"the wind carried them away that no place was found for them." They, therefore, in these corrupt elements, were not added to the bulk of the "stone" from which the world-filling mountain was made.

Leaving then, for the present, what is symbolized by the final development of the "stone,"

for another time and place, we inquire as to the signification of the "stone" itself. Let us then endeavor to identify it, and see if we cannot so fix its meaning, through the examination of other and parallel passages, as to show that the great lesson of its action teaches the pre-millennial theory of the second advent of Christ.—*Zion's Herald*.

The Heavenly City.

BY HENRY S. CORNWELL.

There's a city that lies in the country above,
In the glorious kingdom of rest,
Where dwell the blest spirits of beauty and love,
In their garments of radiance drest;
The demons of care,
Of pain and despair,
And the foes that assail us have never been there;

For in armor of light upon every hand,
By the portals the seraphim sentinels stand.

O! the beautiful gates are more fair to behold,
Than aught upon earth that is known;
Of opal and ivory, jasper and gold,
And each has a name of its own;

A magical name,
Set in letters of flame,
And the pilgrim must show in his bosom the same

Ere he enters this marvelous city above,
And the names of the gates are Truth, Mercy
and Love.

O! glad are the fountains whose waters of life
Fall down in a musical rain!

And the sad souls that drink mortal sorrow and strife,
Shall never revisit again;

But under the palms
They chant their psalms,
In the summer of long elysian calms,

Or roam the grand gardens of peace and perfume,
Weaving their wreaths of the amaranth bloom.

When summer sunset's crimsoning fires
Are aglow in the western sky,
The pilgrim discovers the domes and the spires
Of this wonderful city on high,

And can there behold,
The temples of gold,
Fairer than aught that can ever be told,

O the radiant home of the souls of the blest,
That lies in this glorious kingdom of rest.

O friends! who have passed from these valleys
of time,
Though we linger, we shall not despair;

For our hearts are with you in those mansions
sublime,
And soon you shall welcome us there.

— Then friend with friend,
Our spirits shall blend,
In the rapturous transport that never shall end,

While the crystalline avenues tremble and ring
With honor and homage and praise to the King!

DEATH OF A CHARACTER.—The *Scotsman* records the death of John Howell, the polyartist, at the age of seventy-five. Howell was an eccentric but ingenious mechanic, and also an author, having written an essay on the "War Gallies of the Ancients," and the "Journal of a Soldier of the 71st," one of the most spirited and readable books of the kind in our language.

He also wrote the lives of John Nicol, the mariner; Alexander Alexander, and A. Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe—all very entertaining and well written publications. He further contributed to "Wilson's Tales of the Borders," "Chamber's Journal," etc. Ow n to a small provision left by the late Lady Murray, and an income from another source obtained by the kindness of his friends, John's circumstances for some time had been comparatively easy.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.—Providence is like a curious piece of arras, made up of a thousand shreds, which single we know not what to make of, but put together they present us with a beautiful history.—*Flavel*.

Valuable Information.

CASE HARDENING.—A thin skin of steel is given to forged articles of wrought iron by the process called case-hardening. The old method of case-hardening portions of gun-locks and other articles forged of wrought iron consisted in placing them in a sheet-iron box and surrounding them with a stratum of old shoes, hoofs of animals and bone-dust, and sometimes bone-dust was used alone. The lid of the box was tied down with a wire, luted with clay, then placed in a clear fire and heated to redness as soon as possible, at which temperature it was kept for about an hour. The box was then lifted from the fire and its contents immersed in cold water or oil.

The new method of case-hardening consists in using the prussiate of potash—a salt composed of carbon and nitrogen (C2 N). It is employed in a different manner from the old method. The article to be case-hardened is heated in an open fire to a dull red heat, then rubbed upon the prussiate of potash, reduced to powder and placed on the hearth of the furnace, then returned to the fire, heated for a few moments, and plunged into cold water or oil. Another method, said to be superior to this, consists in applying the prussiate of potash, made into paste with a little starch and water, to the article that is to be case-hardened, then allowing the paste to dry, heating the article to a dull red heat in the fire, then plunging it into oil or cold water. The skin of steel produced upon iron by case-hardening is about 1-16th of an inch in depth. As nitrogen forms part of all the substances that are employed in case-hardening, it is believed by many persons that its presence it not only required to form steel, but that a small portion of it enters into the composition of steel.

SODA WATER.—This is a name given to water charged with carbonic acid gas—the soda having formerly been used in water to enable it to absorb a greater quantity of this gas at ordinary pressures. If a current of carbonic acid gas is passed slowly through soft water, a volume of gas equal to that of the water will be absorbed at the common temperature of the atmosphere. But by means of a force pump the water can be charged with three measures of gas, and this is the way common soda water, sold as a beverage, is charged. It is this gas which gives to champagne wine, ale and soda water their sparkling property. It is usually obtained by pouring sulphuric acid upon marble dust, which is a carbonate of lime; the sulphuric acid unites with the lime of the marble, forming plaster of paris, and the carbonic acid gas is set free.

SODA WATER POWDERS.—Put thirty grains of finely-powdered bicarbonate of soda into a blue paper, and twenty-five grains of pulverized tartaric acid into a white paper. This quantity is sufficient for half a pint of water. Dissolve the acid in one tumbler with the least quantity of water, and the carbonate of soda in another, add the two together, effervescence immediately ensues, then drink. A pleasant flavor may be communicated to this beverage by adding a small quantity of lemon or other palatable sirup.

GINGER BEER POWDERS.—These are made exactly like those of soda water, with the addition of 5 grains of white sugar to the bicarbonate of soda.

SEIDLITZ POWDERS are made like those of soda, with the addition of 100 grains of Rochelle salts to each.

AMONG the recent scientific agricultural suggestions is one for improving chalky soils by using sulphate of iron as a manure. It is stated that just as a preparation of iron is prescribed to the human subject when the blood is poor, so poor and barren soils may be greatly improved by sulphate of iron.

The *London Spectator* says:—"It is a curious fact that out of the eight essays sent in at Oxford for the Chancellor's prize for the best Latin essay on the present American struggle—the subject proposed by Lord Derby—all of them of more than average excellence,—seven are on the Northern side. Moreover, several of the writers had begun their labors as true Southerners, but had been converted by the pure force of the considerations which a thorough study of the subject brought before them."



ADVENT HERALD.

BOSTON, JULY 14, 1863.

JOSIAH LITCH, EDITOR.

The readers of the *Herald* are most earnestly besought to give it room in their prayers; that by means of it God may be honored and his truth advanced; also, that it may be conducted in faith and love, with sobriety of judgment and discernment of the truth, in nothing carried away into error, or hasty speech, or sharp, unbrotherly disputation.

NOTICE.

AMERICAN MILLENNIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Standing Committee of the American Millennial Association will hold their regular Quarterly Meeting at the *Herald* Office, in Boston, on Thursday, July 9th, at 10, A. M.

JOSIAH LITCH, President.

F. GUNNER, Rec. Sec.

P. S. The change from Tuesday to Thursday, is in consequence of Tuesday being the day of publication.

J. L.

The Outgoing and Incoming Administrations.

Having shown that according to the Old and New Testament teachings, there is to be an army of hostile powers against Christ, constituted of the devil and his angels, the beast, the false prophet, the spirits of devils, the kings of the earth and their armies; we next notice the conflict as described by the inspired penman.

Ps. 2: 5. "Then shall he speak to them in his wrath and vex them in his sore displeasure." Verse 9—"Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron and dash them in pieces, like a potter's vessel." The 110th Psalm is of similar import. "Sit thou at my right hand until I make thy enemies thy footstool. The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion; rule thou in the midst of thine enemies." "The Lord at thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath. He shall judge among the heathen, he shall fill the places with the dead bodies; he shall wound the heads over many countries."

Isa. 11: 4. "He shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked."

Isa. 63: 1-6. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" "I will tread them in mine anger and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments and I will stain all my raiment: for the day of vengeance is in my heart, and the year of my redeemed is come." "I will tread down the people in my anger, and make them drunk in my fury, and I will bring down their strength to the earth." Joel 3d chapter, and Zach. 4th chapter, as also Rev. 13th chapter, all describe the great conflict between Christ and the nations on the occasion of this change of administration. But he is to be attended by a mighty retinue of holy ones: "Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles; prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near; let them come up: beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears; let the weak say, I am strong. Thither cause thy mighty one to come down, O Lord." Joel 3: 9-12.

"For I will gather all nations against Jerusalem to battle; and the city shall be taken, and the houses rifled, and the women ravished; and half of the city shall go forth into captivity, and the residue of the people shall not be cut off from the city. Then shall the Lord go forth, and fight against those nations, as when he fought in the day of battle. And his feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east, and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof towards the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south. And the Lord my God shall come, and all the saints with thee." Zach. 14: 2-6.

"Let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing aloud upon their beds. Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand; to execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people: to bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron. This honor had all his saints." Ps. 149: 5-6.

"And I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white

horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written, that no man knew, but he himself. And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood: and his name is called The Word of God. And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean. And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations; and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; and he treadeth the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God." Rev. 19: 11-16.

In all these testimonies there is a perfect agreement that the mighty, or holy ones, the armies of heaven, the saints, will be united with our glorious king in this victorious war: and that it will be to them an high honor to be so employed. Here they are subjected and oppressed; and their Master has both by precept and example taught them obedience in all that pertains to the Gentile rule. But his day will come at last: and to the victors belong the spoils.

What a scene will be exhibited when two such opposing forces shall come in contact! and the stake is universal and everlasting dominion of earth and heaven! For it is "things in heaven and on earth and things under the earth" that are to bow the knee and acknowledge that he "is Lord to the glory of God the Father."

But if such a conflict is to come, and it is, must it not require time to prepare for it? Our Lord has been accumulating his hosts for 6000 years and will show himself fully prepared whenever the moment arrives. Will not his arch enemy who knows full well his coming doom, be equally diligent in preparing for the crisis? Is he not now doing so. How expressive the words of the prophet! "Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near, let them come up. Beat your ploughshares into swords and your pruning-hooks into spears: let the weak say, I am strong."

Is not just such a preparation of the nations going on at the present moment on a gigantic scale, and the martial spirit arousing to a degree unparalleled in the history of the world? The United States, where but three and four years since, we thanked God that three thousand miles of ocean separated us from the conflicts which we saw coming on Europe, is to day, one great camp and her teeming millions called to arms. Her workshops, factories and artisans, at once called to prepare war on a scale unknown in earth's history. If this whirlwind is raised up from the coasts of the earth, the word declares that it shall go forth from nation to nation; and such seems to be the prospect at the present moment. The French conquests in Mexico progress; and the most sagacious statesmen in Europe secretly hope to escape an European war. China is convulsed with revolution, and Japan is to appearance not far from a trial of strength. In our next we propose to consider the field of coming conflict.

Reply to "W. S." on the Resurrection Again.

We cannot, after careful review of brother S.'s language, see how we misapprehended it. He says: "Handle me and see. A spirit, or something not real, hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." We do not know what language would express the idea of an unreal thing, if this does not. We believe a spirit to be a real being. God is a spirit, angels are spirits, men have spirits, demons are spirits, and all real beings. And if brother S. wishes to discard the sentiment which the words above quoted express, we certainly rejoice in it.

2. Not only did the disciples suppose "they had seen a spirit," but the basis of their supposition was their belief in the existence and appearance of spirits. For had they not believed in their appearance in human form, they would not have supposed when they saw a man, that they had seen a spirit.

If they had been greatly in error in entertaining that belief, the Saviour would have corrected instead of using language to confirm them in it, as he did by saying, "A spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." We regard this transaction as an unanswerable argument in favor of the existence and manifestation in human form of spirits.

Moses was dead, and there is no evidence of his ever having had a resurrection; but the evidence is against it; for Christ was to be the first who should rise from the dead. But when Moses appeared in human form on the mount, Christ had not died, and therefore could not have risen. But Moses had a spirit, existed in that spirit, and hence could have appeared in spirit; and that appearance was "in glory."

3. If the man at death, as maintained by Dr. Strickland in the remarks which gave rise to this discussion, instantly puts on his spiritual or resurrection body, then all those Scriptures which speak

of the resurrection in the "latter day," the "last day," "at the last trump," "at Christ's coming," &c., are unmeaning; for there will be none dead to rise at that time, all having had their resurrection. But if we get a correct understanding of brother S.'s argument, it is in support of that view; if we are mistaken about it we shall be glad to be set right.

4. If brother S. will carefully consider Paul's analogical argument, he will find that he declares that "every seed will have its own body." That it is that body which is sown in corruption, which shall be raised in incorruption. It is this mortal which shall put on immortality; not some other body which shall come up immortal and spiritual. It is "all that are in the graves" who shall "hear his voice and come forth," not the spiritual body which bursts forth at death and was never in the grave. It is our "vile bodies" which shall be "changed," and fashioned like unto his "glorious body."

And certainly if our vile body, changed, is to be the immortal spiritual body, it must be "identical," "refined, restored." We cannot see any other way in which it can be "our vile body," "our mortal body," our "corruptible body," &c., over which the great change is to come.

Brother S. asks, "Why does brother L. refer to the unclean spirits, in this connection?" We refer to them to show that spirits (no matter of what order,) are real beings, in reply to what we understood our brother to say;—that they were not real.

LIFE.

A correspondent sends us the following questions on the word *zoe* rendered life, which we give with answers appended:—

1st. Is there any word in the Greek language meaning natural physical life, either of human beings, irrational animals, or plants, more emphatically than *zoe*?

2d. Is not the meaning of *zoe*, in all classical Greek writings precisely like that of the Latin word *vita* and the English word life? If all the revelations of the future state of the righteous were embraced in the two words *zoe aionios*, should we have any positive proof from those mere words that it would not be like the present, in which prosperity and adversity are intermingled?

3d. Would it be a tautology to qualify the noun *zoe* with adjectives, denoting wealth, happiness, prosperity?

4th. If the term *zoe*, in the scriptures has an acquired spiritual sense, and denotes a holy, happy life, why was the rich man said to have *ta agatha* (good things) in his *zoe* while the pious Lazarus had *ta kaka* (evil things) as if good and evil things are accompaniments of, but not constituent parts of *zoe*? If felicity is the scriptural, but not the natural meaning of *zoe*, why was not *euzoe* (a good or happy life, welfare, prosperity,) or *endaimonia* (happiness) or some other word denoting felicity used, which would express the true meaning and leave no room for mistakes?

5th. If, however, the natural meaning of *zoe* is likewise the true scriptural one, is it not adding to, and trifling with the sacred scriptures, to attach to it a different sense, and is it not opening a wide door to Swedenborgianism, spiritualism, and other errors?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANSWER.

To the first question we reply, that we are not aware that the Greek word *zoe* is used in any one instance in the New Testament to signify simply animal life. It is used four times in the sense of "lifetime," or time of being. Luke 15: 25, "In thy lifetime." 1 Cor. 15: 19, "If in this life," or lifetime; for the sense evidently refers to the time of living in this world, not to simple existence. "Having promise of the life that now is," 1 Tim. 4: 8; is susceptible of the same sense. "What is your life?" James 4: 14. In all the other instances of its use, we think 135 times, it is used for the new, future, divine, or eternal life.

But it is not the question after all, whether the word *zoe* signifies simple animal existence. But does *psuche* ever signify the divine or eternal life? The importance of this word lies here. We quote Matt. 10: 28—"Fear not them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul." To prove that the soul does survive the body. The materialist replies to it by saying, the meaning is, "Fear not them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the eternal life." To this we reply, the word *psuche*, soul, is never used in the New Testament to designate eternal life, but temporal or natural life. While *zoe* is uniformly used to designate eternal life, and never once to signify simple animal life. But it is used to express lifetime, referring to the present life. If our correspondent replies to this, he will please

give particular attention to the point at issue, and show us if we err in saying *psuche* is never used for eternal life.

To the second question, we reply, that we are not sufficiently acquainted with all classical Greek writings to answer his question. But Pickering defines it thus: "*Zoe*, life, the things necessary to sustain life; substance, wealth; scarcely used by the Attic poets, except in the choral odes. It is often used by Plato." But we have no objections to admit that the classical authors frequently used it in the sense of simple animal life. But it is evident from the above definition of Pickering, fully justifies the late editor in the position he took, that *zoe* was used by the ancients to signify substance or wealth. He applied it to the rich man, Luke 16th. But on more careful examination of that passage we are inclined to think he erred in doing so, and that our translators have given the true sense of the word there—lifetime.

To questions 3d we reply, that according to Pickering's definition, *zoe* itself is used to express "wealth," &c., and when so used, it would be tautology to use qualifying words as above. But when otherwise used it would not.

To question 4th we answer that we do not admit the word to have a spiritual meaning,—but that use gives meaning to all words. One use, and that the almost uniform scriptural use of *zoe*, is to designate the Divine and everlasting life of the saints, and hence is as natural a meaning as any other use of the word.

Do You Work?

Paul has given us by the inspiration of the Spirit an excellent command in the closing part of that great discourse on the gospel hope, recorded in 1 Cor. 15:—"Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

1st. It is our duty to believe the gospel of Christ, and to obtain a knowledge of its basis, and its hope or promises; then plant ourselves upon it, or rather in it, as a drowning man would into a life-boat brought within his reach, with a hand to take him up from a watery grave,—become established, strengthened, settled, by the aid of God's Spirit. When this is gained, be steadfast, hold on to it, though the winds blow, the storms rage, and the billows roll over us. Hold on to Christ. You cannot sink, though all the evil powers combine to destroy you, if you will be steadfast, cleave to Christ, have your eye single for Christ only. Be "unmovable"; let nothing else but Christ attract your attention, gain your sympathy, or divide you from Christ for a moment. If the world flatter, sink deeper into Christ. If the devil threatens to injure you, hide in Christ. If the ungodly seek to bewilder you, learn of Christ. "Be not moved away from the hope of the gospel."

2d. "Always abounding in the work of the Lord." This gives us work to do. Some do not work much. This indicates something wrong. What said Jesus? "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." If our Father and our Savior work, should not we work? Christ said, "Work while it is day." Shall we obey? But some think they have no strength to work. This is an acknowledgment of sickness. Disease is at work; be on your guard; apply to the great Physician; he can heal you. Only be one with him, have his mind in you "abide in him," as the "branch in the vine," and you will have spiritual health and strength. You will be "workers together with God." You will grow up into Christ, from babes to men and women of full age, and be "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." Abounding means increasing, you should do more instead of less; have more wisdom, more strength, greater faith, strong hope, and be able to increase in labor. It is not in talk. No, you will talk, pray, exhort, reprove, teach, visit, distribute to the needy, with your hands, your feet, head and heart, perhaps "have something to give to him that need." Remember that "whether we eat or drink or whatever we do," is to be done "to the glory of God."

Thus we have but one work to do. It is the Lord's work. Let us abound in it, love it, ask to help us to do it, and set us at it, remembering that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

The *Journal de Bruxelles* publishes a letter describing the discovery, at Blankenberghe, of all man eight feet in length, found in a layer of diluvian peat, and supposed to be 6000 years old.

To Correspondents.

EDWARD LLOYD. The two letters were received. We sent tracts and book.

ELDER D. T. TAYLOR. He is paid up. Owing three dollars up to July 1st.

ELDER J. TUCKER. Not received.

General News.

	Restitution	Price.
	Osler's Prefigurations	6 cts.
	The End, by Dr. Cumming	4 "
	Letter to Dr. Raffles	4 "
00	Stewart on Prayer and Watchfulness	4 "
00	Brook on the Lord's Coming a Practical D	4 "
00	Brook on the Glorification of the Saints	4 "
00	Litch's Dialogue on the Nature of Man	6 "

Our Loved Ones.

"Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?"

The grave is dark, its walls are cold,
Hung with a damp funeral mold;
And there in deep repose
Our loved ones sleep the years away;
Nor winter's blast, nor spring-time gay,
Their heavy lids unclose.

They slumber on; in vain we strive
That sleep to break;—we bid them live;
We call: how still are they!
Our aching hearts cry out in pain,
"Ah, who shall break death's iron chain—
Who roll this stone away?"

Can love these cruel fetters break?
Speak! will the sleepers there forsake
Their silent halls for thee?
Death never felt affection's power;
He laughs to scorn love's parting hour
And untold misery.

Try wealth and honor; they are poor.
When death stands watching by the door
To guard our treasured clay,
Can they in all their pomp and pride
E'er turn these iron bolts aside,
Or roll this stone away?

And yet despair not; there is One
Who hath these molten bars undone:
For Him we watch and pray
"Who captive led captivity;"
"Who robbed the grave of victory;"
He rolls this stone away.

For the Herald.

QUESTION.

Brother Litch:—Is the city which John saw, and of which he gives a description in the 21st chapter of Revelation, a real city that will be located on the new earth; or is it a visionary representation of heaven? If in your opinion it is a real city, please to give us all the scripture proof you have.

Yours in hope of entering in through the gates into the celestial city.

SAMUEL JACKSON.

ANSWER.—We regard what John saw as a symbol; but it represented its own species, that is, a real city. Our first reason is, that the revealing angel said in reference to this revelation, "Write, for these words are true and faithful." Rev. 21: 5.

Second: The incongruity of the application of the various parts of the symbol to the church. To us it seems absurd to speak of the church having gates of pearl, streets of gold, garnished foundations, with twelve gates, and a river running through it, with the tree of Life on either side of the river, &c. But if it is a description of a real city, all is natural. We do not doubt but what the church is a component part of the city, the same as the inhabitants of old Jerusalem were a component part of that city. "Then went out to him, Jerusalem and all Judea," &c. Matt. 3: 5.

Third: The frequent references in other scriptures to such a city. The apostle says Heb. 11: 10, concerning Abraham, that "He looked for a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." "Wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God for he hath prepared for them a city." Then the patriarchs only looked for what God had prepared for them. They are of the church: they did not look for themselves, but for a city where to dwell. "Here we have no continuing city; but we look for one to come."

Fourth: It is reasonable to suppose that the great King of kings will have a capital for his kingdom; and if he does, that it will be one of surpassing grandeur and beauty such as is described in Rev. 21st chapter. There might be other reasons given but we think these sufficient.

A negro, undergoing an examination, when asked if his master was a Christian, replied: "No, sir, he's a member of congress."

The Idle Christian.

It is sad to see so many professing Christians, who refuse to work for their Master. They hope their names are written in the Book of Life, but they do not run the Christian race.

The idle Christian, when he knows his duty, will not do it. There is a lion in the way. Somebody else, he pretends to think, might do that particular thing better than he can. He hesitates. He waits. Time passes, and the impenitent, unwarmed by him, go down to the wailing of despair.

The idle Christian discourages his brethren and sisters. The prayer-meeting begins to dwindle, personal effort is relaxed, and the grieved Spirit takes his flight.

The idle Christian will not experience many joys. He will not mount up on eagle's wings, nor walk and not faint. The life-giving rays of the Sun of Righteousness will not warm his heart, and fill it with joy unspeakable. He is like a man who wanders amid the slime and mould of some dark mine, while the golden sunlight, and sweet bird-songs, and fragrant breezes are waiting for him above.

Brother Christian, are you idle?

CORRESPONDENCE.



In this department, articles are solicited, on the general subject of the Advent, from friends of the Herald, over their own signatures, irrespective of the particular views which it defends. Views of correspondents not dissented from, are not necessarily to be considered as editorially endorsed. Correspondents are expected to avoid all personalities, and to study Christian courtesy in all references to views and persons. Any departure from this should be regarded as discrediting the writer to any reply. Christian and gentlemanly discussion will be in order; but not needless, unkind, or uncourteous controversy.

MY JOURNAL.

TOUR WEST. No. 17.

Since the transfer of the *Herald* to the A. M. Association, there has been thirty-six shares of stock transferred to it, either for life-membership, or donation. And this has been a laudable thing in the donors. But the church, for whose special benefit the chapel was built, should also be remembered, as it is poor and struggling to maintain its existence and mission in our city. I trust it will not be forgotten by the friends of the cause in their benevolence.

Friday, May 15th. Started for the Cape, by request, as already noticed, to attend a funeral. When I got to Yarmouth, where I should have taken the stage for Truro, I was not watching, and so was conveyed four miles out of the way, to Hyannis! So by an express back to Yarmouth, and another from Yarmouth to Richmond, ten miles, I overtook the stage and got to Wellfleet in the evening, and was all right. It will not always be in our power to correct mistakes that come from want of vigilance. Let us watch and be ready for the coming of the Son of Man. I put up in Wellfleet with my old friend, P. W. Higgins. I was cordially received. Visited his sick father, and also a brother, and administered consolation. Saturday, the 16th, went to Truro and called upon Capt. Elisha Rich, who had sent for me to attend the funeral of his wife. When he sent the doctor and all had given her up, not expecting her to live an hour. When I got the dispatch, I did not feel as though I should attend her funeral. I don't know why, but so I felt. She began to amend from that time. I found her better, with strong hopes of her living. So we praised the Lord and rejoiced together.

Sabbath, May 17th. Preached in the morning and afternoon in the Advent chapel. As we had a terrible storm of wind and rain, we had no evening service. I visited the flock, and spoke words of good cheer to them at their homes, as well as at the chapel. And Monday, May 18th, bade brother Rich and family a good-by, and took stage for Provincetown. I was much interested as I rode round the Cape, in some historical facts. One was, that the first colonists that came over in the old Mayflower anchored in this bay before they went to Plymouth, where they landed on the "Rock." And from this fact I took a glance over two centuries and more, from the landing of the Pilgrims in 1620, to the rebellion in 1863. "What hath God wrought?" And what is he to do with this nation? 30,000,000

of people—4,000,000 of slaves. Is not God on the side of liberty? We took the steamer at 10, A. M., and at 4, P. M., we were in Boston.

Tuesday, May 19th. My fifty-seventh birthday. Met a few of my friends in the vestry of the chapel, and received words of counsel and good cheer. And in view of my second Western tour, commended me to God.

Wednesday, the 20th, visited friends and made ready for my tour, and Thursday finished up my work in Boston, it may be forever. While absent the last year, brother Bliss, an old fellow-laborer, and Father Mason, a city missionary, were both taken away. Very unlikely events when I left, and yet on my return their places were vacant—and forever. I shall not see them again till the "resurrection of the just." Well, we know not what shall be on the morrow. Let us all be faithful.

In the evening I baptized two heads of families in the Hudson Street chapel. It was a solemn and yet joyful time. At the close we took the parting hand, ready to depart on the morrow.

JOSHUA V. HIMES.

Niagara Falls.

The following graphic description of Niagara is from an unpublished poem, of great merit and beauty, from the graceful pen of Mrs. William E. Thorne, nee Miss Olivia A. B. Anderson, of Stillwater, Me. That this lady will find a place of honor among the poetesses of the West, we have no doubt:

Each form of shore, lake, river, bay,
The waters try in onward play,
Till, tiring oft of broad expanse,
They charge the rocks like hurrying lance,
And mustering close their serried force
Through narrow ways they bend their course.
Back on themselves in flying spray.
The rocks in anger bid delay,
But on they rush, their strength renewed,
And scorning thus to be subdued;
But ere they take their fearful leap,
Divide their force in graceful sweep,
And to each shore of beauty rare,
Allegiance due devoutly swear.
The greater part to westward keep,
And bound along strong, fierce, and deep.
The rest to east with gallant pace,
Steady and fearless, win the race.
Where two dividing isles appear,
As though their presence fain would cheer,
Those roaring, dashing, surging hosts,
Glide swiftly past the wondering coasts.
Their foaming crests, and bearing high,
The boasted strength of man defy.
As on they rush in maddening flight,
To gain the cataract's fearful height;
Westward impelled by forces great,
No human power can bid them wait.
But lo! behold they backward start,
As if some fear had crossed their heart,
And lingering thus a moment yet,
Ere with a bound their fate is met.
The glittering spray to heaven ascends,
The deafening roar the deed commends;
The bow of promise, gleaming near,
Forbids the coming hosts to fear,
And onward in terrific chase
From age to age the waters race.
But scarce the awful leap they've tried,
The caverned depths of earth defied,
When back a glance in pride they send,
That strength and beauty thus may blend;
And then betake themselves to rest
Beneath their own calm, peaceful breast,
As if to quell, with soothing charm,
The Water Spirit's fierce alarm,
While towering banks on either side,
Majestic, gloomy, strong and tried,
In silence view the splendid scene,
Adding the grandeur of their mien.

Let the Poor Give.

We have often thought that the poor, who are truly pious and devoted to the cause of Christ have their feelings injured by those who collect funds for God's cause. They are frequently passed over without being favored with an opportunity of giving. It may seem strange to some close-fisted sinner, (we had almost written Christian,) to talk of hurting anybody's feelings in that way; nevertheless it is a fact. None feel more forcibly the truth of our Saviour's words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive"—than the pious poor.

This subject is happily illustrated by an incident in the life of Dr. Murray. While pastor of the Presbyterian church of Wilkesbarre, he went out among other places, preached at Elizabethtown, N. J. He says of his services thus:

"The Sabbath was a chilly one in October; and in the middle of the sermon I saw an old man rise at the end of the church, with a large handkerchief thrown over his head, and placing his stick on the

seat of the pew before him, leaned on its top to the close of it. The attention of the old man was obviously fixed. His movement and appearance were so peculiar that I was induced to make inquiry in reference to him, when I learned that he was a pensioner of the church, of marked character, of subtle mind, of remarkable Christian experience, and of the most fervent piety. When he felt in the least drowsy under the preaching of the Word, his habit was to stand up, so as to hear the Gospel with his powers all awake to the importance of the message.

"In going my rounds the next day among the people to receive their donations to aid me in the erection of my church, I met this old man. He was in an old dilapidated gig, drawn by a horse just like it, with his aged wife sitting by his side. They seemed all well stricken in years. He stopped, and Dr. M., who was going round with me, introduced me to Father Miller, when the following colloquy took place:—'You are the minister that wants aid to build a church, eh?' 'Yes sir; but I do not wish you to give anything.' 'Then you don't take any thing from poor people like me, eh?' The Saviour did not prevent the widow from giving her mite—all that she had, and are you kinder to the poor than your Master?' I knew not what to reply. 'Take what he gives you,' said Dr. M. So, after searching his pockets, and whispering to his wife, he handed me two shillings and sixpence saying, 'I wish it was a hundred dollars, but it is all we have; God never permits us to want; we have always a little for His cause. We give you this with our prayers.' The whole thing was said and done with a tone, simplicity, and earnestness that very deeply affected me.

Having emptied his pockets, he then commenced to speak to me from the fulness of his heart. 'You,' said he, 'are the young man that preached to us yesterday.' 'I am.' 'Well, that was a kind of missionary sermon, and I liked it very well. It is necessary to preach such sermons occasionally; but they are not the Gospel. You are young and I am old; you know a great deal more than I do; but, dear young minister, preach Christ. If you wish to be useful, preach Christ. If you wish to be a blessing to the church, preach Christ. You may never see this poor old man again; if not, let my last words be to you, preach Christ.'

Joseph Barker.

This man will be remembered by many of our readers as the great champion of infidelity, and who held a debate in Philadelphia with Dr. Berg, and whose challenge some years afterwards we also accepted, and proposed to debate with him the question: Is Jesus of Nazareth the Christ, the only begotten Son of God? This he refused to discuss; but would debate the question of the Divine authenticity of the Bible. We have reason to think that our persistence in adhering to our own question led him to reflect on the true question at issue between Christianity and infidelity, and to an abandonment of his infidel sentiments. Certain it is that he has done nothing as an infidel lecturer since then; and now we find the following in the *Boston Investigator*:—

"Speaking of clergymen, I am reminded of three of the profession, (or rather they were of it formerly,) two of whom figure now among your best correspondents, as did the other also, a few years ago. This last one is Joseph Barker, who is well known throughout the length and breadth of our land, and who for a time after he had left the pulpit did 'run well the race set before him' and pulled with uncommon ardor in the infidel harness. But I gather from the last number of your paper, that since his return to England, he has apostatized, 'fallen from grace' as found in reason and common sense, and in short gone back to the 'flesh-pots of Egypt.' In other and plainer words, he has turned Christian. I wait for more particulars, before deciding whether he was 'converted' by the power of the Lord, or by the prospect of better pay."—Ed.

The Benefits of Labor-Saving Machinery.

By the aid of improved machinery, one man can now spin four hundred times more cotton yarn than the best cotton-spinner could in 1769, when Arkwright took out his first patent. In grinding grain and making flour, one man can now do one hundred and fifty times more work than he could a century ago. One woman can now manufacture as much lace in a day as a hundred women could a hundred years ago. It now requires as many days to refine sugar as it did months thirty years ago. Only forty minutes are now required to fix an amalgam of mercury and tin on a large looking-glass, which once occupied six weeks. The engines of a first-class iron-clad frigate perform as much work in twenty-four hours as 42,000 horses.

OBITUARY.

Correction.

In the obituary of sister Pearson, in our issue of June 30th, we gave her name as Mary, it should have been Nancy L. Pearson.

MELVINA E. TAYLOR.

Died, of consumption, in Magog, C. E., June 8th, 1863, Melvina Elizabeth, wife of James Taylor, and daughter of James Thompson.

She was born in East Bolton, C. E., June 21st, 1839, and was therefore nearly 24 years old at the time of her death. She was from early childhood the subject of religious impressions; and when about twelve years old, during a protracted meeting, she presented herself as a subject of prayer, and for a season was happy in the faith of her acceptance with God; but failing to "confess with the mouth the Lord Jesus," and being naturally of an ardent and lively temperament, she lost her religious enjoyment. She felt at times, however, a desire to be a sincere and thorough Christian, and when it became apparent that disease had marked her as his victim, and that though happily united in marriage and comfortably settled in life, her sojourn on earth might be brief, she was led to think more seriously of her eternal interests. She occasionally took part in religious meetings while able to attend them, and when I visited her in the early part of last winter, she expressed regret that she had not followed her Lord in baptism—but was then too weak to be baptized. In all my visits I endeavored to make plain the way of life, and lead her to rest the whole weight of her salvation on the merits of Jesus; and as she approached her end, she was enabled to give up her friends—whom she entreated to meet her in glory—and to calmly rest on the "precious Saviour"—the fear of death being removed. A few days before her departure, as I stood by her bed, making some remarks on the song of the saved—"Worthy is the Lamb that died," &c., and showing that the song is virtually begun here, she added with earnestness "and is perfected in heaven." The letters which she wrote in her diary—for her husband to peruse after her departure—show that her trust was in the sure Foundation; and that as Christians never part for the last time, we will, if faithful, soon meet her in the "better country."

There was a large attendance at her funeral. She had selected the lesson to be read, (John, 4th chapter); two of the hymns to be sung; and Psalm 23: 4 as the text: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." We laid the body to rest in the lone church-yard, we felt to thank God for the hope that the day will soon dawn whose everlasting light will scatter the shadows which darken the valley of death; and that as innumerable dew-drops glisten in the morning sun, so will the saints, rising from the bed of death, shine in immortal beauty beneath the rays of the sun of Righteousness.

Then let not tears of hopeless grief bedew thy pallid cheek,

But in the bars of deepest gloom, to God for refuge seek;

It is his hand that holds the rod, whose stroke we deeply feel,

And all the wounds the rod has made He has the power to heal.

Cling closer to thy Father's side,—the strokes will less be felt—

And rest assured was in love, to thee the blow he dealt:

If otherwise it seems to thee, you will hereafter find,

Thy father was too wise to err—too good to be unkind.

The darkened glass through which you look, will one day be removed,

And all the aches God will be, by heaven and earth appured:

Then you will see neither did, nor suffered to be done,

What you would not have done yourself, if He and you were e.

O wipe away the blinding tears, for "death" to saints is vain.

The sufferers are saints who die, but those who still remain

Cleave to the Bit and the throne, and then with hopeful feet,

Await the day when Christian friends will meet—no more to part.

J. M. ORRICK.

CHARLOTTE LAWTON.

Fell asleep in Jesus, June 10, 1863, Mrs. Charlotte Lawton, wife of Hiram T. Lawton, formerly of Troy, N. H., aged forty-two years. Disease consumption.

E. J. COOK.

JOHN WESSELS.

In New York city, April 23d, John Wessels, in the 56th year of his age. For many years brother Wessels has been identified with the Advent cause in this city. His attention was first called to the subject of the premillennial advent of Christ while a resident of Illinois during the great awakening of 1840-44. He was at that period connected with the Presbyterian church. He was a man of few words, though possessing a naturally meditative and inquiring mind. His Bible was his principal book, and few Christians possess more intelligent views of its doctrines than did brother Wessels. His information, however, was chiefly his own. Always communicative, but not officious or pronounciative. Perhaps no man cherished a more lively interest in the speedy return of our coming King than he. It was to him a theme fraught with much fruition and pleasing hope. On the last day of his stay with us, in answer to the inquiry of his friends concerning his hopes for the future, he observed, that his dependence was wholly in the Saviour. He possessed a vivid sense of his own depravity, and greatly abhorred all natural or hereditary excellencies, while the righteousness and atonement of the Son of God inspired him with entire resignation and perfect boldness in the hour of trial. In alluding to his faith and prospects for the future, he gave utterance to the following happy testimony: "About twenty years ago, I fell in love with the doctrine of the second coming of Christ; that love has never abated. And," continued he, with much emphasis and feeling, though almost exhausted from the pangs of death, "I hope to have a resurrection out from among the dead." For some years past, I learned through his son, his mind was more or less exercised on the perplexing question of the spirit's unconsciousness in the intermediate state. But a few months before his death he became fully persuaded of the unsoundness of this unedifying and comfortless doctrine, and approached the valley of the shadow of death and resigned his spirit into the hands of God with the happy assurance that though the outer tent of his tabernacle should fall into decay, he should depart and be with Christ until this mortal also shall put on immortality.

His sufferings during the greater part of his illness, which lasted but little over a week, were indescribable, but he endured it most patiently as seeing him who is invisible. A short time before his death he called the members of his family who were present around him, and took an affectionate and final leave of them. One of the daughters who was absent at Washington, and a son now in the army of Gen. Dix, were not forgotten by him; and though but an occasional allusion was made to them, it was very manifest that their salvation was a subject that lay very near his heart. But his work is done, his anxiety has ceased, his sufferings and cares are at an end, and, like Daniel, he has gone to rest until the end be, and will stand in his lot at the end of the days. Blessed assurance, joyful prospect, happy end. Another soul has escaped the tempter's snare and entered the haven of rest. Eternity with all its blissful realities are thine. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcome and am set down with my Father on his throne."

He leaves a companion and five children to mourn his loss. Rev. Dr. Birchard was present and took part in the funeral services.

W. H. SWARTZ.

New York City, July 1, 1863.

ALMON C. THOMAS.

In Waterbury, Vt., April 24, 1863, of chronic diarrhoea, Almon C., son of Almon and Eliza Thomas, 31. When the rebellion broke out, our brother felt it to be his duty to go in defence of his country, and in the month of November, 1861, he enlisted in Co. D, 28th New York Regiment. While in the army, and surrounded by danger and death, he was impressed with the necessity of a full preparation to meet God in peace, and consequently sought that Saviour who has said, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." When only a lad of eleven years, he experienced a change of heart, and was made happy in the love of God. The early training of pious and devoted parents had its effect upon his youthful mind, and although he left his first love, yet in his last hours it was a source of great comfort to him that he was not altogether a stranger to the grace of God and the efficacy of Christ's precious blood to cleanse from all sin.

In January last he obtained a discharge from the service, having been out of health for some seven months; and notwithstanding every effort was made that loving parents and friends could devise, he gradually failed, until death came and accomplished its sad work. He was enabled by the grace of God to rejoice continually in the blessed hope of a glorious immortality.

This is the first and only death which has occurred in the family of brother Thomas, and they sorrow

deeply, but not as those who have no hope, for they believe "that Jesus died and rose again," and have the assurance that "them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." Their circle is broken, and their beloved son has fallen a victim to disease contracted in the service of his country; but he enlisted in that company, also, concerning whom the Captain of our salvation said: "I will raise them up at the last day." The dying message to his absent brother was, "Tell Porter to watch and pray."

A comforting and able discourse was preached on the occasion by Elder D. Bosworth, from Heb 4: 9—"There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHITTEN'S GOLDEN SALVE is a step by way of progress in the healing art. It is adapted to all the purposes of a family Salve. It effectually cures piles, wounds, bruises, sprains, cuts, chilblains, corns, burns, fever-sores, scrofulous humors, erysipelas, salt-rheum, king's evil, rheumatism, spinal difficulties, chafings in warm weather, &c. &c., and is believed by many experienced and competent judges to be the best combination of medicinal ingredients for external inflammatory difficulties that has ever been produced. Many of the best physicians of the various schools use it and also recommend it. Every farmer should have it for horses; for the cure of scratches, sprains, chafings, &c., and also for treatment on cows. It cures felons. It cures warts.

From Mr. Morris Fuller, of North Creek, N. Y.: "We and your Golden Salve to be good for everything that we have tried it for. Among other things for which we have used it, is a bad case of 'scald head' of our little girl as effect in this case was also favorable."

We like your Golden Salve very much in this place. Among other things I knew a lady who was cured of a very bad case of sore eyes. Walter S. Plummer Lake Village, N. H.

Mrs. Glover, East Merrimack street, Lowell, was cured of a bad case of piles by the use of one box of the Salve. Mr. Farrington, a wealthy merchant and manufacturer in Lowell, was relieved of piles which had afflicted him for many years, and remarked to friend that it was worth \$100 a box for piles.

Miss Harriet Morrill, of East Kingston, N. H., says: "I have been afflicted with piles for over twenty years. The last seven years I have been a great sufferer. And though never expect to be well, yet to be relieved as I am from day to day by the use of your Golden Salve, fills my heart with gratitude."

From Mr. J. O. Merriam, Tewksbury, Mass.: "I have a large milk farm. I have used a great deal of your Golden Salve for sore teats on my cows. I have used many other kinds of salve. Yours is the best I ever saw. I have also used it for sprains and scratches on my horses. It cures them in a short time. I recommend it to all who keep cows or horses."

From Dr. Geo. Pierce, Lowell: "Your Golden Salve is good. It will have a great sale."

"I received a wound in my foot by a rusty nail; by reason of which I could not set my foot to the floor for two weeks. The pain was excruciating. When your Golden Salve was applied, it relieved the pain in a short time, and two and a half boxes of it wrought a perfect cure." — Mrs. Lucinda A. Swain, Merideth Centre, N. H.

Mr. H. L. W. Roberts, Editor of Marion Intelligencer, Marion, Ill., says, "Every person that uses the Golden Salve testifies favorably." He has also published a list of names in his paper, of persons cured of wounds, sores, humors, rheumatism, &c., and gives the public reference to them; who, he says, are among the first citizens of the place.

THE GOLDEN SALVE—A GREAT HEALING REMEDY.—It is with much pleasure we announce the advent of this new article in our city, which has met with such signal success in Lowell, where it is made, that the papers have teemed with cases of truly marvelous cures. They chronicle one where the life of a lady was recently saved—a case of broken breast; another where the life of a child was saved—a case of chafing; another of a lady whose face was much disfigured by scrofulous humor, which was brought to a healthy action in a few days; also another of an old man, who had a sore on his foot for twenty years—cured in a few weeks. Our citizens will not be slow in getting at its merits, and will herald it over the land.—*Boston Herald*

Boston, July 12, 1859. Bro. Whitten: I have used your Golden Salve in my family, and I am acquainted with a large number of families also who have used it; and I have reason to believe that it is really what you recommend it to be.

J. V. HIMES.

From Dr. W. S. Campbell, New Britain, Conn.: "Your Golden Salve is a great thing for chilblains. I have also used it in afflicting cases of salt rheum, erysipelas, and sore nipples. Its effect was, speedy and permanent cure."

Dr. Bliss, of Brunswick, Me., says: "I have several friends who have been cured of scrofulous humors by the Golden Salve. You may recommend it from me as a valuable Salve."

Made only by C. P. Whitten, No. 35 and 37 East Merrimack street, Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists, and at country stores. Price 25 cts. per box, or \$2 per dozen.

I want good, reliable, persevering agents to canvass, in all parts of the United States and Canada. A large discount will be made to agents. aug 13—pd to Jan 1 '63 For sale at this office.

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EXTRA HERALDS.

Persons wishing extra copies of the *Herald*, for distribution, may have them at 50 cts. per dozen; postage paid.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

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THE WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY
FOR

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS DISEASES.

From Emory Edes, a well-known merchant of Oxford, Maine.

"I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community."

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers, Sores, and all Diseases of the Skin.

From Rev. Robt. Stratton, Bristol, England.

"I only do my duty to you and the public, when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your SARSAPARILLA. My daughter, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in her ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to cure until we tried your SARSAPARILLA. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known and much-esteemed lady of Dennisville, Cape May Co., N. J.

"My daughter has suffered for a year past with a scrofulous eruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried your SARSAPARILLA, which soon completely cured her."

From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely-known firm of Gage, Murray, & Co., manufacturers of enamelled papers in Nashua, N. H.

"I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became an intolerable affliction. I tried almost everything a man could do of both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever, until I took your SARSAPARILLA. It immediately made my face worse, as you told me it might for a time; but in a few weeks the new skin began to form under the blotches, and continued until my face is as smooth as anybody's, and I am without any symptoms of the disease that I know of. I enjoy perfect health, and without a doubt owe it to your SARSAPARILLA."

Erysipelas—General Debility—Purify the Blood.

From Dr. Robt. Savin, Houston St., N. Y.

DR. AYER: I seldom fail to remove Eruptions and Scrofulous Sores by the persevering use of your SARSAPARILLA, and I have just now cured an attack of Malignant Erysipelas with it. No alternative we possess equals the SARSAPARILLA. You have supplied to the profession as well as to the people."

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Wakefield, Ohio.

"For twelve years I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds of dollars' worth of medicines. The ulcers were so bad that the cords became visible, and the doctors decided that my arm must be amputated. I began taking your SARSAPARILLA. Took two bottles, and some of your PILLS. Together they have cured me. I am now as well and sound as anybody. Being in a public place, my case is known to everybody in this community, and excites the wonder of all."

From Hon. Henry Monroe, M. P. P., of Newcastle, C. W., a leading member of the Canadian Parliament.

"I have used your SARSAPARILLA in my family, for general debility, and for purifying the blood, with very beneficial results, and feel confidence in commending it to the afflicted."

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.

From Harvey Sicker, Esq., the able editor of the *Tank-Hamock Democrat*, Pennsylvania.

"Our only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead. They rapidly spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and actually blinded his eyes for some days. A skillful physician applied nitrate of silver and other remedies, without any apparent effect. For fifteen days we guarded his hands, lest with them he should tear open the festering and corrupt wound which covered his whole face. Having tried every thing else we had any hope from, we began giving your SARSAPARILLA, and applying the iodide of potash lotion, as you direct. The sore began to heal when we had given the first bottle, and was well when we had finished the second. The child's eyelashes, which had come out, grew again, and he is now as healthy and fair as any other. The whole neighborhood predicted that the child must die."

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

From Dr. Hiram Sloat, of St. Louis, Missouri.

"I find your SARSAPARILLA a more effectual remedy for the secondary symptoms of Syphilis, and for syphilitic disease than any other we possess. The profession are in debt to you for some of the best medicines we have."

From A. J. French, M. D., an eminent physician of Lawrence, Mass., who is a prominent member of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

"DR. AYER—My dear Sir: I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent remedy for Syphilis, both of the primary and secondary type, and effectual in some cases that were too obstinate to yield to other remedies. I do not know what we can employ with more certainty of success, where a powerful alternative is required."

Mr. Chas. S. Van Liew, of New Brunswick, N. J., had dreadful ulcers on his legs, caused by the abuse of mercury, or mercurial disease, which grew more and more aggravated for years, in spite of every remedy or treatment that could be applied, until the persevering use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA relieved him. Few cases can be found more inveterate and distressing than this, and it took several dozen bottles to cure him.

Leucorrhoea, Whites, Female Weakness,

are generally produced by internal Scrofulous Ulceration, and are very often cured by the alternative effect of this SARSAPARILLA. Some cases require, however, in aid of the SARSAPARILLA, the skillful application of local remedies.

From the well-known and widely-celebrated Dr. Jacob Morrill, of Cincinnati.

"I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent alternative in diseases of females. Many cases of irregularity, Leucorrhoea, Internal Ulceration, and local debility, arising from the scrofulous diathesis, have yielded to it, and there are few that do not, when its effect is properly aided by local treatment."

A lady, unwilling to allow the publication of her name, writes:

"My daughter and myself have been cured of a very debilitating Leucorrhoea of long standing, by two bottles of your SARSAPARILLA."

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possess so many advantages over the other purgatives in the market, and their superior virtues are so universally known, that we need not do more than to assure the public their quality is maintained equal to the best it ever has been and that they may be depended on to do all that they have ever done.

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Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

"FEED MY LAMBS."—John 21:15.

BOSTON, JULY 14, 1863.

The Honest Match-Boy.

There was a poor widow who had a son named Harry. Now Harry was a very good boy, and when he saw his mother working hard for him, and also perceived that she was growing paler and paler every day, he determined to do something to support himself, so that his mother would not have to work so hard. He could not think of any thing he could do, but determined to look for work the next morning. So, after saying his prayers, he lay down to sleep.

Next day Harry was unsuccessful in his endeavors to obtain work, and was returning home, feeling very sad, when he met a boy selling matches. This made Harry think that he too, might make some money in the same way. When he reached home, he told his mother of his design, and persuaded her to lend him a little money to begin with. She kissed him good night, and promised to do so; and Harry went to bed happier than he had been for many days.

Next morning, Harry went with a basket on his arm to the match factory, and having bought as many matches as he could procure with his little funds, he set off to sell them. Several weeks went by, in which Harry had been quite successful. One winter day, when it was bitter cold, Harry, shivering with cold, for he was very thinly clothed, was walking up the street, offering his matches for sale to the passers by, when a gentleman came out of a very fine looking house. Harry offered him his matches. The gentleman, seeing that he was very thinly clad, and wishing to help him, bought a penny's worth and passed on, giving Harry what he supposed to be a cent, but was really a twenty-five cent piece. Harry perceived the mistake, and stood undecided whether to run after the gentleman or keep the coin. The evil spirit whispered that the gentleman had plenty of money. But Harry knew it would not be right to keep it, so he ran after the gentleman, and gave him back the twenty-five cents.

Next day the gentleman went to see Harry's mother, and offered to send Harry to school. The offer was gladly accepted, and Harry went to school.

When he was sixteen years old, the gentleman took him into his store, where, by his honest and upright behaviour, he gained the confidence of his employers, and afterwards became a partner in the firm. He is now a merchant, and gives liberally to the poor.

Boys, be honest. When you are tempted to do a dishonest thing, remember that God sees you, and that his favor and blessing are worth far more than any thing you could possibly gain by any dishonest act.—S. S. Visitor.

A Good Boy.

A lady bought her little George a velocipede. She gave a good deal for it, and when it came home her husband asked, "Do you think George will get his money's worth out of that velocipede?"

"That depends upon how he uses it," said his mother. Out the little boy took it on the sidewalk; up the street it went, round it turned, and down the street it went. It went fast, it went slow; it started and it stopped. Indeed it worked admirably, and George was much pleased with his rides. At last the boys heard of

it, and one and another came round to see his new carriage. Did he selfishly fetch it into the house, afraid lest they should ask for a ride? No. Did he keep his seat, proud to show off before them? No. Was he satisfied with being looked at, well knowing how the boys wished from the bottom of their hearts they had one? No. He let all the boys have a turn in it, and was quite as glad to have them go as to go himself. One day he came in. "Mother, I can lend my velocipede, can't I?" he asked. "You can do as you please with it, George," said his mother, "only don't abuse it."

"Thank you," said George, shutting the door and skipping off; and he ran to the house of a poor lame child in the neighborhood, and invited him to take a ride. "Me!" cried the lame child: "I ride!" His mother and George helped him down the steps and into the velocipede, and George told him how to drive, for you see the horse trots on wheels; and the lame boy moved himself along, easy at first, and then faster. It pleased him so that George left him in it, for he had to go to school; and the lame boy sat in it and sunned himself on the sidewalk all the forenoon, moving and resting, and seeing the people go by.

With such a disposition, George did not get tired of his velocipede. He got his money's worth of enjoyment from it, and more too.

How much some boys have to make them happy—plaything upon plaything, book upon book, ride upon ride. But do you think it is what boys have, or what they are, which makes them happy?

Talk between Jane and Her Mother.

A little girl was skipping in the garden, frisking on the grass, and smelling the flowers, to make-believe a bird. "Mother," she said, running to the window, her cheeks and eyes glowing with happy life, "I'm glad I was born."

"Then, Jane, I hope you will desire to be born again," said her mother with one of her sweet, serious smiles.

An asking look came over her face, but away she went, with a hop, skip, and jump, to the bottom of the garden; yet her mother had lodged a seed-thought in her heart. "Born again," she said to herself many times that afternoon, and a great while after, and she wondered what it meant.

One day she came, and laying her head on her mother's shoulder, "Mother," she said, with a tear in her eye, "I want to be good. It is not easy to be good, is it, mother? Naughty is easy."

"Jane needs to be born again," said her mother, putting her arm around her. "As your body is born into the world, with eyes to see the things of earth, and ears to hear its sounds, and a mind to understand its works, so your soul must be born into God's dear kingdom of grace, with eyes to see him, and ears to hear his voice, and understanding to believe his words, and a heart to love and obey them. The Lord Jesus says, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.'"

"Will good then be easy?" asked Jane.

"Good will be easy, because you will love good. What we love to do comes easy to us to do, you know, Jane."

"How can I be born again, dear mother? I want to, but how can I?" cried the child eagerly.

"God does the work, my child. He sent his Son Jesus Christ to wash your sins away in his own blood, and to give you a clean heart for his Holy Spirit to dwell in; and the Holy Spirit will come

and make a home there. The Holy Spirit will then open your ears to hear God's voice, as little Samuel did. He will open your eyes to see God in his works, as David did. He will help your hands to do his will, as young king Josiah did. He will help you obey, like Abraham, and love like John. You are then one of God's dear children, born into his blessed family, and good will be easy, because you will love Good."

"Dear mother, I want to be God's dear child. I will pray,

"Dear Lord, I give myself to thee:
'Tis all that I can do."

"Oh yes; happy, happy is the child that does that."

God's Blessing.

God bless my two little feet!

Go may they never astray,
But swiftly and joyfully tread
In the strait and narrow way.

God bless my two little hands!

Ne'er may they strike or destroy,
But quick be and willing alway
For kind and loving employ.

God bless my two little eyes!

May they be open to see
All my dear Father in heaven
Has done for poor little me.

God bless my two little ears!

Ready may they be to hear
The voice of my Saviour, who wipes
Away the penitent tear.

God bless my two little lips!

Let sweet words of prayer and praise,
Let pity and kindness and love
Dwell on them the rest of my days

"Twas my Mother's."

A company of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time for the starting of the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment. The superintendent stepped up to him, and found he was cutting a small piece out of the patched lining. It proved to be his old jacket, which having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost.—"Come, John, come!" said the superintendent. "What are you going to do with that old piece of calico?" "Please, sir," said John, "I am cutting it out to take with me. My dear dead mother put the lining into this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all I shall have to remember her by!" And as the poor boy thought of that dear mother's love, and of the sad death-bed scene in the old garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands and sobbed as if his heart would break! But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom, "to remember his mother by," hurried into a car, and was soon far away from the place where he had seen so much sorrow. Many an eye has moistened as the story of this orphan boy has been told; and many a heart has prayed that the God of the fatherless and motherless would be his friend. He loved his mother, and we cannot but believe that he obeyed her, and was a faithful child.—N. Y. Home Journal.

It requires much less force to determine us in a direction which our natural propensities favor, than it does in a direction which these propensities oppose; just as a small cord will guide a boat afloat on the waves, when a stout cable would fail to move it on the land.

Table Manners.

Some little folks are not polite at their meals! The following beautiful lines are so simple, practicable, and comprehensive, and directly to the point, we take pleasure in placing them conspicuously before our readers:

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks for what I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait
'Till I am asked to hand my plate;
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about;
With knife, or fork, or napkin ring,
I must not play—nor must I sing;
I must not speak a useless word,
For children must be seen—not heard;
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't find it good,
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say, "if you please."
The table-cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run;
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot,
And lift my heart to God above
In praise for all his wondrous love.

Children's Guest.

Good for Evil.

A little boy in a public school had often been laughed at on account of his mean clothes, by another boy, older and richer than himself. This grieved the little fellow very much, and he was afraid to venture on the play-ground at all, from a fear of the bad boy who so roughly treated him; and so he would go away alone, and spend his playtime in reading or learning his lessons.

One day he had been so employed, when he heard the large boy say in tones of distress, "I have learned the wrong history lesson, and now I shall be sure to lose my place; for I have left my book at home, and there will not be time to get it, and learn my lesson, too, before he class is called! What shall I do?"

Most of his classmates only laughed, for they were envious of him for keeping at the head so long, and they rejoiced at the prospect of displacing him.

Not so Edward, the little boy he had so misused. Edward felt and acted just as he would have desired another to do toward him under similar circumstances; and so, going up to the large boy he said:

"Here, Henry, is my book; you are welcome to use it as long as you wish, and I will help you about your lesson if I can."

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head."

It Will Kill Me.

A gentleman gave his little son some whiskey to taste; but the moment it touched his lips he flew back, clapped his hands upon his mouth, and cried out in agony of pain, "O, papa! papa! it will kill me!"—Had the little fellow been inspired by Heaven, he could not have spoken more truly. Kill thee, my little friend? Yes, as it has killed millions already, and will kill millions more.

As time passes, memory silently records your deeds, which conscience will impressively read to you in afterlife—especially in sickness and age—to your joy or sorrow.

A chalk mine has been found in Washington, Nebraska—the first native deposit discovered in America.

after Joseph saw a man driving up to his door with a wagon and horses, and stopping before the door. He thought it looked like the friend he had visited, and when he went out he found him standing by the wagon. Said the Quaker, "Joseph, I have brought thee a barrel of flour and a half dozen hams of bacon, and I want thee to use them." Joseph thanked him for the present, and took them into the house; and as the old Quaker drove away, he said, "Now, friend Joseph, thee call and see me whenever thee can."

Our main dependency, I am satisfied, must be found in our pastoral labor—in our visiting from house to house."

[From the Pittsburg Christian Advocate.]

The Hand of God in Our War.

All Christian people admit God has established human governments for the two-fold purpose, to protect the well-disposed in their pursuit of earthly happiness, and to thwart the ill-disposed in their designs to destroy that happiness. Having established government, he committed its details to men, while he ever remains sole judge as to whether any particular government is fulfilling its design, and reserves to himself the sole right either to subvert or sustain it. It is a matter of history that the tribunal for the trial of organized nations is located in time, and the scriptures give us no information that the trial will, in a single instance, be adjourned us to an eternal state. Sacred history informs us that the Supreme Ruler of the world has given a test to every nation, in order to determine its destiny. To the Israelites the test was, that they "should hearken unto the voice of the Lord, their God." To the Babylonians it was, that they should not persecute his people Israel. To the Ninevites it was, that they should repent at the preaching of the Jewish prophets, and turn to God as a nation. To the Jews it was, that they receive the Messiah. The question arises, What test has God, in his word and providence, given us, as a nation, to determine our destiny? In his dealings with the nations the Creator has had a jealous regard for three things: the multiplication of the human species, its healthy development of both body and mind, and the welfare of those who acknowledge his sovereignty and purpose in their hearts and lives, to do his will.

The abominable practices of mankind before the flood were producing physical effects upon the human system that were not only degrading the race to a bestial state, but slowly exterminating it. The flood, in Divine wrath, buried from the sight of heaven the horrible scene earth presented, and vindicated the Divine regard for the pure and unadulterated multiplication of mankind.

The persistent idolatrous practices of the Jews not only degraded their morals, but tended to effeminate their physical and intellectual natures. The glorious Messiah could not come into the world by so impure a channel. The captivity in Babylon checked the progress of the virus, and the physiological stream was preserved thereafter in purity. Babylon was the glory of kingdoms, and the golden head of the world. Their prosperity brought luxury, and luxury degenerated into debauchery. It was no longer fit to lead and shape the destinies of other nations. Belshazzar's feast to his thousand lords was God's opportunity to destroy the nation, and before the feast had reached its climax of drunken joy,

"The Mede was at his gate, the Persian on his throne."

It is a matter of awful history from the beginning of the world, that that nation or people that has systematically and by law persecuted or oppressed the children of godly faith, has been punished with unsparing severity. The weakest saint ever made by grace has a warm nesting place in the Divine heart, and Almighty power is enlisted for his defense and vindication. "No tool raised against thee shall prosper" is just as applicable to the children of Abraham as to Abraham himself; it matters not who the child is, whether the Frenchman or the Hottentot, the Englishman or the negro.

GOD.

Holiest of holies! Thou art God alone,
On Thy all-glorious, everlasting throne!
Thou Rock of Ages, dost the same abide.
While our durations by short minutes glide;
Thy wondrous works Thy mighty power declare,
Which yet faint sketches of thy glory are.
Thy majesty ten thousand suns outvies,
A sight too radiant for the seraph's eyes.
Thy Deity, uncircumscribed by place,
Fills heaven, and earth, and extra mundane space:
Above all change unchangeably abides,
And, as it pleases, casual changes guides.
Thou present art in this terrestrial sphere—
Where'er we fly or hide, Thou still art near;
Thou present art when sinners dare thy stroke;
Thou present art when saints Thine aid invoke.
Thou, in all sin's recesses, dost survey
Pollution with an unpolluted ray;
Thou present art all creatures to sustain,
And influence Thine universal reign.
Thou in the temple of the world dost dwell,
All blessings to confer, all ills repel;
Benign, or dreadful, Thou still present art,
In every saint, in every sinner's heart.
Thy saints there, for thy Godhead, temples build,
Which with Thy gracious Shechinah are filled;
And from Thy presence sinners feel within,
Anticipation of wrath due to sin.
Thou Searcher of my heart! my heart possess,
Thine own idea deeply their impress
Oh purify me, Lord! as thou art pure;
From the polluting world, my soul secure;
Thine image re-engrave: to copy Thee
Is my chief prayer—shall my ambition be.

A Christian's Right Place.

BY REV. T. L. CUTLER.

In a well-organized army every man has his place. The mathematical head goes to the engineer corps. The medical skill and steady hand is assigned to the surgical department. The sharp-eyed man shall handle the Enfield rifle, and the well-taught graduate of West Point, and of a half-dozen hard-fought fields, receives the sword of the brigadier. He who has the most of Napoleon in him soon fights his way to the supreme command. A Scott or a Halleck would not be more out of place in the ranks than would a Paul or an Apollos be in spending their precious time in teaching the children of a mission school to read the alphabet. Every man in his place, is as much the motto of the church as it is of the camp; the wrong place is well-nigh as fatal as no place at all.

Now what is a Christian's right place? Manifestly it is the place that his Creator made him for and trained him for. To mistake it is a misfortune; to desert it is a disgrace and a crime. The Bible answer to our question is given these words: "Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness." The principle here laid down is, that every true Christian, after a candid, honest inspection of his own physical and mental and moral qualifications, should take the post of duty or the line of labor for which his gifts best fit him. But no man—no! not one, is to "neglect the gift that is in him."

Some men were manifestly created for the pulpit. God gave them clear heads, warm hearts, and strong lungs, a love of Jesus, and a love of saving souls. To possess these is to have a Divine call for the ministry; for such to stay out of the pulpit (if strong inclination draw them hitherward) is as grievous a mistake as it has been for hundreds of others to enter the pulpit.

But because a man is not called to preach Jesus in the sacred desk, must he preach nowhere else? Is all the earnestness, and all the persuasive power, and all the hunger for souls, which a pious lawyer or a pious mechanic may possess, to run to waste? No! Let him tell his neighbor of the great salvation wherever he can find him—whether in the public meeting for conference, in the prayer-circle, by the wayside or the fireside, in the sick room, or in whatever place God brings a soul within his reach. And

how successfully this may be done, let such men as Harlan Page, and Robert Haldane, and Cranfield, and the good Methodist Carvosso, answer. Let the powerful lay exhortations heard in Fulton Street answer. God is opening a wide door for lay exhortation in our time. Brownlow North, in Great Britain, is proving what can be achieved by a practical man throwing himself upon practical men without any professional technicalities, and pouring Gospel truth into their hearts in the every-day language of life. This corps in Christ's army will bear enlargement. They are uniformed sharpshooters, stealing singly or in squads upon the enemy, wherever a point is left exposed, or a straggler can be sighted.

What our churches sorely need is the *development of the members*. Too much is thrown upon the ministry. The church becomes Dr. Tyng's church, or Mr. Beecher's church, or Mr. Barnes' church, instead of the people's church, with those gifted men as its ministers. A pastor is expected to make three studied expositions of Bible truth every week, to conduct the public devotion of his flock, to labor at the fireside, in the sick room, and the house of death. During our early ministry we were called to do all these, and to superintend a Sunday school and teach a Bible class besides. Now we love to work better than any thing else, unless it be to see other people work, and no member of our church has any more right to turn over his spiritual labors on me than he has to hand me his market-basket, or to ask me to eat and digest his dinner for him. He needs to do his own work as much as the cause of Christ needs to have it done. And when, in seasons of revival, the latent lay power of the church is brought out, we see how much may be done by the Priscillas and Aquilas, by Onesiphorus, and by Lydia, and by the "faithful Persis" who labors in the Lord. The church then is a hive without a drone, and the air is musical with returning bees bringing in their blessed spoil.

A Christian who is keen for work will soon find his right place. If he is "apt to teach," if he has the knack of breaking the truth up into small morsels for children's mouths, then he will soon scent his way into the Sabbath school. Another one has leisure and love of souls; to such a one tract distribution is a welcome work. It requires only health enough to walk, and Christian courtesy enough to talk acceptably to the family visited with the Bible or the tract. It is not too much to say that Harlan Page, with his Gospel under his arm, is equal to many a learned divine, with his ponderous columbiads aimed forty degrees above the heads of the people.

Here, again, is another whose "gift" is a melodious voice—that "most excellent thing in woman," and hardly less so in a man. A homely woman becomes beautiful while she is singing; and a melodious voice will outlive a plump form or a rosy complexion. Whoever can sing, belongs to God's great multitudinous choir. Whoever can sing, and will not sing, does not deserve a seat in church or the feast of a good sermon. They will be ashamed to sing in heaven if they were too indolent or too fastidious to sing in the earthly temples of God's praise.

Nor are these the only gifts. We can now recall a member of our first flock who possessed no qualifications to exhort, or to teach in the Sabbath school; he had no gold to give, and no musical skill to sing the praise of his Redeemer. But he *did* possess a rare earnestness and Bible richness and soul-fervor in prayer. That good old man's single prayer saved more than one evening meeting from drouth and dreariness. A blessed gift was that veteran's power of pleading at the mercy-seat; and a fountain of blessings did it prove to the church for which he besought the heavenly baptism.

Reader, have you found your place? Then stick to it. Work there even though it be in the humblest corner of the most out-of-the-way vineyard. An idle man in the church is a monster. And you cannot give a cup of Gospel water to a beggar's child without receiving Christ's smile in return for it. Wherefore "neglect not the gift that is in thee," and whatever thou doest for the Lord, "do it heartily."—*Independent*.

A Mistake.

"I am a skeptic in regard to foreign missions," said a gentleman as he seated himself by my side in a railway car not long since, "and I want to talk with you."

Of course I gladly assented to a conversation on the subject, and I soon found that my friend's great idea on which he had long dwelt was, that *missions have made no real progress*. He had been in China, and he had an aunt who was a missionary in South Africa, but neither of these places had yet become a second New England, and so missions were a failure. He forgot that souls of more worth than all the world had been led to Christ in both these places, and many others, and died rejoicing.—*Sabbath Recorder*.

The above quotation fully expresses the mistake under which a large proportion of Protestant Christendom are laboring at the present time. They say, "Take away the hope of the world's conversion and you take from us the great motive for missionary labors." Just as if the salvation of one soul would not compensate for all that has been done for missions for the present century. But it is not one soul saved, but thousands on thousands. The word of the kingdom falls on various soils; it ever has, and ever will; and some seed on good soil will bring forth fruit. But the Savior gave his disciples to understand that a large part of the seed, from the character of the soil on which it falls, will be unfruitful. But this fact never deterred them from efforts. And it is only a perverted view of the subject which would deter any by the consideration that the gospel will never be unnecessarily successful. Labor for Christ, and for souls, and there will be no discouragements from any such consideration.

Letter from the Rev. James Caughey.

It is addressed to Rev. James Riddle, of Wilmington, Del., who sends it to us for publication.—*The Methodist*.

BURLINGTON, VT., June 19, 1863.

"I arrived here 15th inst., from her British Majesty's Canadian dominions. I had a pleasant and successful visit to those old cities, Montreal and Quebec. The Wesleyans had sent me a pressing invitation to visit them and gave me a cordial welcome.

We attacked the works of darkness immediately, our God helping us in a glorious manner, from the first to the last meeting. Upwards of one thousand souls were saved, of whom between seven and eight hundred were from the world. A portion of them joined other churches, but the majority the Wesleyans. My health during most of my visit was in a depressed and feeble state; sometimes, indeed miserable, but my soul constantly happy, resting in Jesus and in his redeeming love.

The Wesleyans, ministers and people, showed me much kindness, and labored faithfully and heartily in the work, and surely God gave them a rich reward!

My health is still in a fluctuating state; and I think it best to retreat again to Europe—shall sail, if God will, in August—where I hope to raise my humble voice once more in the ears of tens of thousands, in behalf of the Federal cause, in this terrible struggle of freedom against slavery and oppression. I know the right, God speed it! and intend to stand by it to the end."

Small Things.

A young lady once presented me with a book-mark having the inscription "God bless you," and exacted the promise that it should be placed in my Bible, but never to remain a day opposite the same chapter. Faithful to my promise, I took it home, and, rubbing from the lids of my Bible the dust of a week, I placed it in the first chapter of Matthew, and daily read a chapter and changed its place. I had not read long before I became interested as I had never been before in this good book; and I saw its truths, that I was a sinner, and must repent if I would be saved. I then promised God that I would seek his face at the earliest opportunity, and if he saw fit to convert my soul, that I would spend my life in his cause. It came; I sought his face, and received the smiles of his love; and now I have a hope within me, "big with immortality;" and all, I do attribute to that book-mark and the grace of God. Oh, my readers, "despise not the day of small things." A word spoken in season, a simple Christian act, a sincere, simple prayer, may turn a poor wandering sinner from the error of his ways.



ADVENT HERALD.

BOSTON, JULY 21, 1863.

JOSHUA LITCH, EDITOR.

The readers of the *Herald* are most earnestly besought to give it room in their prayers; that by means of it God may be honored and his truth advanced; also, that it may be conducted in faith and love, with sobriety of judgment and discernment of the truth, in nothing carried away into error, or hasty speech, or sharp, unbrotherly dispute.

The Outgoing and Incoming Administrations.

We are now to consider the theatre of the great conflict between Christ and his enemies. The most usual locality fixed in the public mind, is, Armageddon. Hence the frequent expression, "the battle of Armageddon."

But as yet the wisest expositors have not been able to locate any such place. Most critics attempt to derive the word from the Hebrew word *Har*, signifying mountain and *megiddo*, signifying destruction; "mountain of destruction."

But Rev. Dr. Berg has conclusively shown the incorrectness of this derivation. 1. Although the word spelled with Greek letters is a Hebrew word, yet if it had been *Har*, the aspirate would have been used before the initial vowel A. But as the aspirate is not used, but A has the simple vowel sound, in *Ar*, it is not *Har*, a mountain, but the Hebrew *Ar*, a city. Further, that the other component is not *Megiddo*, destruction; but *Maged*—illustrious or august. The word therefore signifies, not the "mountain of destruction," but "The august or illustrious city."

If the Doctor is correct in this criticism, and we see no reason to dispute it, then Armageddon is more likely to be the New Jerusalem to which Christ will gather his watching ones, than the place where the devil and his agents will gather the kings of the earth and of the whole world with their armies, against Christ. And this is our belief. Hence we discard the phraseology, "the battle of Armageddon," and use "The battle of that great day of God Almighty," and look elsewhere for its locality.

There are various portions of scripture which indicate that the tide of events in the last days is to flow toward Palestine, and that it is to be a bone of contention among the nations.

The prophet Zachariah is exceedingly explicit on this subject. He says:—14: 1, 2; "Behold the day of the Lord cometh; and thy spoil shall be divided in the midst of thee. For I will gather all nations against Jerusalem to battle; and the city shall be taken and the houses shall be rifled, and the women ravished; and half of the city shall go forth into captivity and the residue of the people shall not be cut off from the city."

This is clearly to precede the descent of the Lord from heaven. Some other object than to fight him will be presented before them, to draw them to that place. For "Then shall the Lord go forth to fight against these nations as when he fought in the day of battle. And his feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east."

So far, then, as language is competent to define the spot for this gathering, it is here settled; and Jerusalem and its vicinity is that place.

To the same effect are the words of Dan 11: 41-45—"He shall enter also into the glorious land, and many countries shall be overthrown: but these shall escape out of his hand, even Edom, and Moab, and the chief of the children of Ammon. He shall stretch forth his hand also upon the countries: and the land of Egypt shall not escape. But he shall have power over the treasures of gold and of silver, and over all the precious things of Egypt: and the Lybians and the Ethiopians shall be at his steps. But tidings out of the east and out of the north shall trouble him: therefore he shall go forth with great fury to destroy, and utterly to make away many. And he shall plant the tabernacles of his palace between the seas in the glorious holy mountain: yet he shall come to his end, and none shall help him."

This scene is laid in the east, in Egypt, and the "glorious land" and the "glorious holy mountain." The leader of the armies of earth, is to take Jerusalem and plant the "tabernacles of his palace," there. And there he is to be conquered,—for at

that time shall Michael stand up." But Joel, 2: 2, locates the gathering in the "valley of Jehosaphat."

Although it is said by eminent commentators that no such place exists, yet it is true that the moderns have given that name to the valley of Kedron, running between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives. And this is the place where Zachariah locates the battle; when the Lord's feet shall stand on that Mount. But Joel fixes the time when this great gathering and battle will take place: 3: 4, 2. "For behold, in those days and at that time, when I shall bring again the captivity of Judah and Jerusalem. I will also gather all nations and will bring them down into the valley of Jehosaphat," &c.

But although that is to be the great centre where the battle shall begin, it is evident that the valley of Kedron cannot contain an army so great. But this great leader is to extend his dominion over Egypt. We may suppose, then, that his army will stretch from Egypt to Jerusalem, and perhaps even further northward.

Isa. 34th chapter describes the same scene, and also Isa. 63d chapter; and both of them speak of its being the year of recompense for the controversy of Zion. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?" Answer. "I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."

Question:—"Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth the wine-vat?" Answer. I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me: I will tread them in mine anger and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment, for the day of vengeance is in my heart and the year of my redeemed is come."

It is clear from this that the great battle is to rage down into Idumea and the ancient city of Bozrah, and back again to Jerusalem. It is thus that the mountains of Idumea are to be soaked with blood and made fat with fatness.

But the Revelator, Rev. 14: 19, 20, describes this great vintage when the wine press of God's wrath is to be trodden, and says, that blood came out of the wine-press even to the horse bridles by the space of sixteen hundred furlongs, (about two hundred miles.) This, starting from Jerusalem, would reach nearly to the Dead Sea, passing through Idumea.

We have reason, therefore to believe that this will be the great battle field of the day of the Lord.

And are not things now shaping themselves to that end? The time never has been when the nations generally were so interested in reference to that land, and the great nations each shaping their policy so as to secure themselves in that stronghold, the key to the east, as now. We may look constantly for great events in that direction. But Jerusalem is to be a burdensome stone to all who burden themselves with it. Our Lord Jesus Christ is the heir, and will soon vindicate and establish his rights.

New Directing Machine.

We propose in a few weeks making a change of machine for directing the *Herald*, and adopting Dick's system of mailing papers. In doing this we shall furnish each subscriber with a weekly statement of his account with the *Herald*, and he will always know how he stands. It will always report in a form not to be mistaken whether the money is received or not, in one or two weeks after it is sent. We hope to be able to commence this system early in August.

It is said by those who use it to be the most convenient, simple and accurate form of book-keeping ever used; and that from one to two thousand papers can be directed in an hour.

Pensions.

The question is often asked, "Who are entitled to draw pensions?" The act of Congress, passed July, 1862, made liberal provisions for granting pensions to disabled and invalid soldiers who have served in the army of the Union since the fourth of March, 1861, and also to all widows and children (under sixteen years of age,) as well as mothers and dependent sisters of soldiers killed in battle, or who shall die by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in the service and in the line of duty. The provisions, as a whole, are much more liberal than the old pension laws for the Revolution, or the war of 1812. The amount of pensions for total disability are fixed as follows:

Non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates, per month	\$8 00
Second Lieutenants	15 00
First Lieutenants	17 00
Captains	20 00
Majors	26 00
All kinds of higher rank	30 00

But a large majority of those accepted as pensioners are only partially disabled, and the amount of pension is rated according to their disability, which may be one-fourth, one-third, two-thirds, three-fourths, &c. The disability is based on the proportion which the effects of a wound received or disease contracted in public service, actually disables one from obtaining a livelihood.

The Madness of Human Passion.

THE GREAT RIOTS.

The past has been a week of riots. Just at a time when people north of Pennsylvania were rejoicing that such a barrier existed between them and rebel invasion, the restraining grace of God seemed to be removed and our Northern cities run with blood, and the flames kindle upon our dwellings.

Nothing is more terrible among earthly things than an infuriated mob. A promiscuous multitude, with no certain or definite object, swayed by passion or the wild shout of a leader who is as aimless as his followers, is ready for any adventure, or to commit any crime which may at the moment be suggested. Woe be to the luckless one who shall incur their displeasure.

The New York papers of Monday morning announced that on that day the draft for the United States army, in that city, would take place. This called forth the spirit of resistance, and before nine o'clock, squads of men and woman began to congregate and wend their way toward the place where the draft was to take place. The multitude increased with its progress,—calling at various shops compelled the proprietors to suspend business and give their men a chance to join the mob. All kinds of missiles and weapons were seized for use, such as stones, saws, axes, table legs, bricks, pitchforks, sabres, swords, pistols, guns, &c. It soon became evident there had been prearrangement and concert of action on the part of the rioters. They organized on an open lot near the Park, and then returned to the marshal's office. The first thing they did was to break the wheel where the names of the conscripts were deposited for drawing, scattering the names over the floor. They poured over them a can of spirits of turpentine and set it on fire. The firemen were not permitted to work and the house was burnt. The telegraph wires were torn down and cut, so that no dispatch should go out of the city for help.

The mob then started for the arsenal; but being informed that a squad of soldiers was coming, they paused, awaiting their arrival. When they came up the mob were ordered to disperse, but refused, and pressed upon the soldiers with great violence, when they were ordered to fire upon the mob, which they did, to the number of about forty. This resulted in killing and wounding several persons, but only infuriated the excited crowd, who made a rush on the military, compelling them to run, throwing away their arms to facilitate their flight. Many of them were seized and terribly mangled.

Several policemen were seriously injured; private houses sacked and burnt; private citizens assaulted in the streets and robbed; railroad trains for Boston were assailed and compelled to discontinue running; the city railroad cars were also compelled to stop running. During Monday the rioters proceeded to the *Tribune* building, in order to demolish it, but were prevented from executing their purpose, (except to break in the doors and windows,) by the police and military. But for the most part the rioters had their own way all day on Monday.

Tuesday morning they began again their work of destruction, when a detachment of Regulars was sent out under Lieut. Ward, to the number of 150, who encountered a body of 2000 rioters. The ring-leader approached Lieut. W., and wanted to speak with him. The officer told him to stand aside, when a shower of stones were hurled at the soldiers. They were ordered to fire over the heads of the mob, when they received a discharge of pistols. The soldiers were then ordered to fire point blank into the mob, which they did, killing twelve men and two children, and wounding seventeen men. The soldiers then loaded for another volley, but the mob did not wait for it, but scattered in every direction, and in five minutes the street was clear.

About ten o'clock a mob, five thousand strong, collected at 34th Street and Second Avenue. The police and military were promptly on the spot, and fired blank cartridges from two 6-pounders, when the mob broke and ran again. The rioters would scatter, and meet in another place, and commence their depredations, till assailed and driven off by police and military. Thus things remained up to Tuesday evening.

BOSTON THE SCENE OF RIOT.

While these things were progressing in New York, and we were congratulating ourselves on our quiet and orderly city, the news passed from mouth to mouth, that a fearful riot was in progress at the

"North End," and the city was in an uproar. Enrolling officers, policemen and citizens were assailed and wounded. The Mayor promptly called out the militia, and the soldiers from Forts Independence and Warren were speedily on the ground. By the exertions of the authorities comparative quiet was restored, but in the course of the night the mob rallied in Cooper Street to attack the armory, when the doors of the armory were opened and a 6-pounder, charged with grape and canister shot, was fired into the mass of rioters. For a moment all was pitch darkness, and no sound heard but the screams of the wounded, when the soldiers formed in a semicircle, discharged their rifles at the mob, who broke and ran; and in a few moments the street was clear, and comparative quiet reigned. Several were killed and others wounded. The colored people are objects of special vengeance to the mob.

Since Tuesday night, Boston has remained quiet. But the destruction of life and property in New York city, Brooklyn, Jersey City and on Staten Island, has been fearful. The mob in New York made a rush upon the colored orphan asylum, containing several hundred orphan children, and burned it to the ground, and with it some of its inmates. The energetic action of the authorities, but more especially the commands of the Catholic clergy, has been successful in restoring comparative quiet to the city.

The colored population of New York have been terrible sufferers from the mob. Their houses burned, their furniture broken up, and in many cases their lives lost. Numbers of the police and military have been killed and wounded.

It would seem that madness rules the hour, and that demons had taken possession of men. The apostle said, "And then shall that lawless be revealed." It would almost seem as if from the defiance of law and authority which characterize the age, we had reached that point. Who, looking on this state of things, and being assured of increasing wickedness till the Prince of Peace shall reign, can refrain from crying out, "Come, Lord Jesus?"

THE LATEST NEWS.

Army Movements.

The Confederate losses the last fortnight have been prodigious. Gen. Meade places their loss in Pennsylvania at 35,000. At Vicksburg they lost 31,277 men, who were paroled, besides their killed, which, with the prisoners taken at Donaldsonville, Helena, and elsewhere, amount to 90,000 men. They also lost at least fifty cannon in Pennsylvania, and immensely in horses, vehicles, small arms, stores, &c. All their material at Vicksburg, and all the guns there mounted, are ours.

The rebels have succeeded in escaping into Virginia. They commenced crossing the Potomac, July 12, sending all their wagon trains and plundered stock over the ford at Williamsport. A dispatch dated from headquarters of the army of the Potomac, July 15, says that our cavalry overtook and engaged the enemy's rear, this forenoon, near Charleston, and captured about one hundred prisoners. Gen. Meade is now in pursuit of Lee, and there can be little doubt that he will intercept Lee before he reaches Gordonsville, by moving on the interior and shorter line, and by taking advantage of railroad facilities for the transportation of supplies from Washington, while his cavalry can assail the flank and rear of Lee through the gaps of the mountains while he is on his march, and thus weaken and demoralize his army for the decisive conflict. Later dispatches state that the whole Federal army is south of the Potomac, and our cavalry are reported at Culpepper Court House. There is nothing definitely known about Lee's army. The impression is, he is making his way to Culpepper and Gordonsville with all possible speed.

The rebels are said to have captured Corrydon, Ind., and taken 500 of the guard prisoners. They also burned the depot and railroad bridge at Vienna, on the Jefferson railroad. A force of cavalry was in pursuit. Fifty thousand of the Indiana militia had reported for duty.

It is said that there was iron enough thrown into the city of Vicksburg to stock immense foundries, and build monuments for those who had fallen. The mortar boats fired 7,000 mortar shells, and the gunboats 4,500. Four thousand five hundred shots were fired from the naval guns on shore, and the navy supplied over 6,000 to the different army corps.

On the 8th inst., Gen. Gardiner sent a flag of truce to Gen. Banks, asking terms of surrender. Gen. Banks replied, "Unconditional surrender, with twenty-four hours to consider." At 7 o'clock A. M., on the 9th, the rebel general surrendered unconditionally. Five thousand prisoners, 50 pieces of artillery, all the small arms, &c., fell into our hands. No mention is made of any of Gen. Grant's men reaching Port Hudson, and the surrender must

The London (Eng.) *Star* says that "one of the most deplorable features of English life at present is the increase of child-murder. This crime is positively becoming a national institution."

In Haverhill, June 18, Mr. A. G. Farrington to
Miss Eunice D. Haskell of Bradford.

DONATIONS.

A Friend.....	\$5.00
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	Brook on the Lord's Coming a Practical D	4 "
	Brook on the Glorification of the Saints	4 "
00.	Litch's Dialogue on the Nature of Man	6 "

CORRESPONDENCE.



In this department, articles are solicited, on the general subject of the Advent, from friends of the Herald, over their own signatures, irrespective of the particular views which it defends. Views of correspondents not dissented from, are not necessarily to be considered as editorially endorsed. Correspondents are expected to avoid all personalities, and to study Christian courtesy in all references to views and persons. Any departure from this should be regarded as disintitling the writer to any reply. Christian and gentlemanly discussion will be in order; but not needless, unkind, or uncourteous controversy.

The Second Death.—No. 2.

BROTHER LITCH:—In your reply to my article on the "Second Death," as found in the *Herald* of June 9th, you say, "The lake is the second death." But I am inclined to the opinion still, that *duteros thanatos* refers to the sinner, which can die, and not to the lake, which cannot die! You say, "If our brother can find any other definition of the second death given by Divine authority, we shall be happy to see it, and give the readers of the *Herald* the benefit of the discovery."

To this I reply, that I think the definition given in Rev. 21: 8, is as good as any I have ever seen. I will here repeat it: "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." What is the sinner's part, or portion? Why, to "be hurt of the second death," "in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." This appears to be God's definition of the second death; and as you say, "To God's definition we submit!" Thus we see that "Greenfield" and the "Spirit" are in harmony in their definition.

You also say, that "torment and extinction are incompatibles; they cannot coexist." In this we agree. But surely the sinner can and will be tormented as long as he does exist, and no longer. Can he? You again say, "But our brother asks if it does not hurt to die?" We reply, it may be a momentary pain, but hurts the sinner no more than the saint! Now, brother Editor, please tell us how you know that the second death, or *duteros thanatos*, will not hurt the sinner any more than the first death will hurt the saint! I am of the opinion that to "be hurt of the second death" for one's own transgressions will be more "tormenting" than for the "saint" to die the first death in consequence of Adam's transgression! Do you intend for us to understand you to say that "forever and ever" is the "strongest term the Scriptures ever use to express the eternity of a thing?" If so, I will notice it at another time.

Again you say, "All our brother's quotations of the words second death, or *duteros thanatos*, are correctly quoted and true in themselves, but are irrelevant to the point before us, and, therefore, amount to nothing in establishing his position that the sinner will die the second death; for God's definition of that second death will stand." Yes, bro. Editor, "God's definition will stand!" And I thank you for admitting that "all" my "quotations of the words second death" are "correctly quoted and true in themselves!" That is just why we abide by them because they are "true in themselves." In regard to the "keenness" of your remarks respecting my "adding to the words" of God, I did not receive them as being very keen in their reference to me! You continue and say, "In our judgment it is a fearful thing for a minister of the Gospel to spend his time, and such ability as God has given our brother, in going about to soften God's truth, or soothe the fears of sinners by teaching them that God will not do as He says, in unambiguous terms. This age is almost void of the fear of God. What has produced this fearful result except the teachings of men, in holy garments, that all the sinner has to fear is, that he shall be struck out of being?"

In regard to the charge in the above extract, I would ask, How can I be "a minister of the Gospel," (?) and yet spend my time "in going about to soften God's truth, or soothe the fears of the sinner, by teaching them that God will not do as He says?" And if I am thus teaching "rebellion against the Lord," (?) how can you, brother Editor, call me BROTHER?

In regard to this age being "almost void of the fear of the Lord," as you say, we are agreed in this. But you ask, "What has produced this fearful result except the teachings of men, in holy garments, that all the sinner has to fear is, that he shall be struck out of being?" When, and where, and how, did I ever teach men "that all the sinner has to fear is, that he shall be struck out of being?"

But have you not, brother Editor, in your reply to me now under consideration, taught that "the second death may be a momentary pain, but hurts the sinner no more than the saint?" May we not say of this, then, that its tendency will be to "soften God's truth?" Would it not be equally "fearful" to harden God's truth as to "soften" it? Is it the revenge of an angry God, or is it His goodness which leads men to repentance? Has the Lord anywhere said that He will PRESERVE the sinner eternally in hell, neither letting him repent nor die, but there tormenting him eternally—without end?

Thus the wicked would be always in advance of God—they eternally sinning, and God eternally punishing, but never able to complete the punishment! Or will God "DESTROY BOTH SOUL AND BODY IN HELL?" And what hell is this? Not *hades*, surely, but *gehenna*! And the wicked cannot be cast into *gehenna*, certainly, till after they are resurrected from *hades*! Now, then, where will be *gehenna* hell? Will it be in the bowels of the new earth? If so, will the earth remain open (?) when they are cast in, or will it be closed up (?) or will they be eternally burning on the surface of the new earth (?) or will "FIRE COME DOWN FROM GOD OUT OF HEAVEN AND DEVOUR THEM?" Say, brother Editor, will you tell us where *gehenna* hell will be?

I have known persons of good intellectual powers who have been driven into infidelity, because some preachers have so hardened "God's truth" that they were compelled to look upon God as a TYRANT, rather than a God of goodness; and never could be led to repentance, till there was a little more of God's goodness displayed in the punishment of the sinner!

T. M. PREBLE.

Concord, N. H., June 26, 1863.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

We are glad our correspondent is satisfied to abide by God's definition of the second death, of which he says, "The lake of fire, this is the second death." (Rev. 20: 14.) "The lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death." But brother P. says, that the "definition of Greenfield and the Spirit are in harmony." We reply, not if Greenfield defines the second death as extinction of being. We grant that natural death is the extinction of animal life from the body, but do not admit that the soul is extinguished by its leaving the body; for our Lord contradicts the idea when he says, "Fear not them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul," thus teaching that the soul, or natural life, survives the body. But concerning the second death there is no intimation from the beginning to the end of the Bible, that it is extinction at all. It is to be the fate of sinners to be "hurt of the second death," "to be cast into the lake of fire: this is the second death." And the second death will have power over them; but no intimation of their extinction.

We said "torment and extinction" are incompatibles. Brother P. agrees with us. But we now say, that torment and extinction cannot both constitute the sinner's punishment. For the torment must evidently come before the extinction. But while being tormented to the extent of "wailing and gnashing of teeth," with "no rest day nor night," relief by extinction would be a great blessing, and one for which the sinner would ardently pray. It would be relief, not punishment. Hence torment first, and then final extinction, are incompatibles as punishment.

"How do you know that *duteros thanatos*, the second death, will not hurt the sinner any more than the first death will hurt the saint?"

We reply, that the definition quoted from Greenfield was, "death, extinction of life;" with several quotations to show that this is the usage of the word, when used to express a natural or violent death. The argument deduced from this definition, was, that *duteros thanatos* is like the first *thanatos*, extinction of life. The question was asked, "Does it not hurt to die?" To this we replied, "Yes, a momentary hurt. But it hurts the sinner no more than the saint." We said nothing about the second death in that connection, nor did our correspondent. Nor did he intimate that any more was implied in the second death than in the definition of natural death, extinction of life. He rested the whole on Greenfield's definition. Will he now tell us which he regards as the penalty, "extinction of life," or the torment which will precede it? Our view is, that the lake of fire is the second death; and that to be in it, hurt in it, and of it, is the punishment, and hurt forever; for there can be no everlasting punishment without an everlasting hurt or pain. Whenever existence ceases, pain or punishment ceases. "Have you not taught" that the "second death may be a momentary pain?" Certainly not. We have, on your definition of death, "extinction of life," said it may be a momentary pain. For that definition embraces nothing at all of pain; so that we could only say, "may be."

No one hardens God's truth by using his own

words, and using them just in the phraseology in which he has used them. Therefore we plead not guilty to the charge.

Again, "Where will be *gehenna* hell?" We reply, we do not know. We believe it will be; but as to the where, we have no faith on the subject; for the reason that we do not know of any revelation of the fact. We might theorize, but it would be of no benefit.

If it is the goodness of God alone which leads men to repentance, then his judgments are a part of his goodness. For our Lord did solemnly denounce judgments as a motive to repentance. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." "Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth fruits meet for repentance." Why all the threatenings of the Bible, if not to lead men to repentance?

We do intend to say that the words "forever and ever," used by John in the book of Revelation, express as unmistakably as words can do it, the eternity of the subject to which they refer. Rev. 11: 15—"He shall reign forever and ever." Rev. 22: 5—"And they shall reign forever and ever." These are instances of its use, and can mean nothing else than an eternal reign. When the same words are applied to the wicked, the enemies of God, and their torment, and it takes its departure from the time when the final subjection of the devil and his hosts takes place, after the millennial period is closed and the eternal cycles have begun, what limitation is there or can there be to the period used to express duration, as in Rev. 20: 10?

But the same phraseology is used in Rev. 14: 10—"And he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb: and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever; and they have no rest day nor night, who worship the beast and his image, and whosoever receiveth the mark of his name."

It is sometimes said that the worshippers of the beast are to be tormented with fire and brimstone; and the beast, false prophet and devil in fire and brimstone. To this we reply, the worshippers of the beast are to be tormented in and with fire and brimstone; and the distinction is a play upon words. "All that dwell on the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life"—Rev. 13: 8. "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire"—Rev. 20: 15. All the worshippers of the beast, then, will be finally cast into the lake of fire, with their master, and share his fate. It is the "everlasting," or eternal fire, "prepared for the devil and his angels."

We are asked, "Or will fire come down out of heaven and devour them?" We reply, certainly. But devour is an ambiguous word, and does not necessarily mean to extinguish. Jer. 50: 17—"First the king of Assyria hath devoured him; and last this Nebuchadnezzar the king of Babylon hath broken his bones." If the king of Assyria had extinguished Israel, Nebuchadnezzar could not have broken his bones afterward. The devouring of the king of Assyria was to take them away into captivity. So the fire of God will come down and take the host of Gog, &c., and cast them into the lake of fire; for that is the doom of all who are not written in the book of life. But if that great host who are not written in the book of life are extinguished before they get there, it will not be true.

The faithful servants of God are no more responsible for the rebellion and wrath stirred up against God by their plain dealing, than was Moses before Pharaoh, or Meebaiah and Elijah before Ahab, or Jeremiah before Zedekiah. It is the denunciations of wrath after long suffering, which God has always used as a last resort to bring men to repentance. The cases referred to were probably persons quite as intellectual as our brother's infidels. But they did not escape the wrath denounced because of either their rage or unbelief. Neither will sinners in the final issue. Our advice to all is, to be reconciled to God, and it shall be well with them.

It is precisely this kind of teaching which stirs up the spirit of rebellion, and removes the fear of God from the minds of men. Why cannot brother P. be satisfied to teach the sinner his doom just in God's words, and leave him to decide it with God?

We have but one object in treating of this awful theme, and that is, to know exactly what God has spoken, and then, though earth or hell oppose, to speak it fearlessly. And we are sure that although some may now wish we were not so plain, they will think differently of it in the day of Christ. Only the exact truth will then stand.

QUESTION.

FRIEND LITCH:—In the *Herald* of July 7th, I find a few questions asked by an aged friend which seem somewhat to puzzle the *Herald* to tell how the beast and false prophet can be tormented day and night forever and ever, and the sinner burned up

and be as though he had not been. Now I am a believer in both; that the beast and false prophet can be tormented day and night forever and ever, and the sinner burned up. But before answering this question I want to ask one, and have it answered through the *Herald*: That is, if this earth is to be cleansed or purified by fire, and made the abode of the saints under the whole heaven, when is the curse to be removed from that portion of the earth spoken of in the thirty-fourth chapter of Isaiah—Bozrah, Idumea, the land of Esau? This curse is to remain on this land as long as the beast and false prophet is to be in the lake of fire and brimstone, that is, day and night forever and ever, verse 10th. Now if you can tell me how long the curse is to last, and when forever and ever runs out, and that portion of the earth purified, I will tell you how long the beast and false prophet will be tormented, and when the sinner will be burned up. If you should come to the conclusion that that territory was the place spoken of by the Revelator, I should not be surprised, for it is to be a habitation for dragons.

Yours in love and charity, looking for that blessed hope.

J. GILBERT.

Richford, July 9, 1863.

REPLY.

If there is any human language which can communicate to us the idea of eternal burning and desolation, it is used in Isa. 34: 8—10; and we firmly believe the language in its simple and literal sense. What language can be more strong and positive than verses 16th and 17th?—"No one of these shall fail."

Read, also, Ezk. 35: 14, 15—"Thus saith the Lord God; when the whole earth rejoiceth, I will make thee desolate. As thou didst rejoice at the inheritance of the house of Israel, because it was desolate, so will I do unto thee: thou shalt be desolate, O mount Seir, and all Idumea, even all of it; and they shall know that I am the Lord." Idumea, therefore, is excepted from the general restitution of the earth, and is to remain desolate when the whole earth rejoiceth. So, also, is mystery Babylon the great. Rev. 18th and 19th chapters.

Another testimony as to this desolation is found in Mal. 1: 3—5—"I hated Esau, and laid his mountains and his heritage waste for the dragons of the wilderness. They shall build, but I will throw down; and they shall call them the border of wickedness, and the people against whom the Lord hath indignation forever. And your eyes shall see, and ye shall say, the Lord will be magnified from the border of Israel." This is in perfect accordance with Isa. 34th and Ezk. 35th. In the mouth of these three witnesses every word must be established.

Thus we have answered our brother's question; and perhaps it may not be amiss for us also to exercise a prerogative peculiar to a certain race, and ask another question. What kind of a forever and ever must that be which takes its departure after the thousand years are ended, the devil's last assault made, his final subjection achieved, and his doom inflicted?

Questions on Incorruptibility.

1st. Does not *aphtharsia* mean precisely the same as the Latin word *incorruption* and the English word *incorruptibility*, or life without decay and dissolution?

2d. Is not *aphtharsia* regarded in the scriptures as an inestimable blessing bestowed by him "who only hath immortality" on those who "seek for glory, honor, and *aphtharsia*?"

3d. If incorruptibility, or what amounts to the same, eternal life, is the graciously bestowed portion of the righteous, what can *thanatos* (death), the doom of the sinner, mean, but cessation of physical life?

3d. Are not the wicked said to reap corruption, while the righteous reap eternal life; as if life eternal and corruption are antithetical ideas? Are the terms *aphtharsia*, incorruptibility, or *athanasia* (endless life, or never-dying existence) ever applied to the wicked, or are the wicked anywhere said to come forth to the resurrection of life?

4th. Is not death the wages of sin, and will not the soul that sinneth die?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANSWER.

To the first question we reply that *aphtharsia* unquestionably means *incorruptibility*, not subject to decay; as "The incorruptible God," Rom. 1: 23. To question second, we answer in the affirmative. To the third question we reply:—That both the righteous and wicked here have corruptible bodies, or are the subjects of corruption, but still live or have animal existence. The fact of being corruptible therefore does not necessarily imply extinction of physical life. There is continual tendency to decay, change, waste, but conservative and recuperative

agencies and influences keep the body in being a long time. And if such be the will of God, can keep it eternally as well as one day. To illustrate. Both flesh and vegetables are corruptible, i. e., subject to decay; and left to their natural course do speedily decay. But immersed in spirits, or brine, that tendency is counteracted; but remove the counteracting cause and corruption results.

What does our Lord mean, when speaking of the torment of the sinner, Mark 9th chapter; in Ghe-henna, he says, "Where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched. For every one shall be salted with fire even as every sacrifice shall be salted with salt?" It is a terrible expression, and to our mind teaches unmistakably, that the instrument of the sinner's punishment is the conservative agency.

Eternal life we regard as something more than the simple union of soul and body, or animal life forever. Christ is its fountain. It is the indwelling of the spirit of Christ, rendering in the resurrection, the believers body incorruptible and immortal. The natural soul gives animal life to the body, and if it please God, to so ordain, it may, and we believe will, live by the life-giving soul forever. But it is not *zoe aionion*. For this *zoe* is in his Son. "He that hath the Son hath *zoe*; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not *zoe*," 1 John 5: 11, 12.

If *zoe* means, as our correspondent in our last issue seems to imply by his questions, simple animal existence, then according to John the sinner has no animal existence. This single consideration is sufficient to show the fallacy of the theory, and to prove that *zoe* means, where used in the New Testament the new and Divine life, with the specified exceptions. Our friend must acknowledge this, unless he is prepared to take the ground of some materialists who write on this subject, that "He that hath the Son hath *existence*, and he that hath not the Son hath not *existence*?" We say man has *existence* without the Son, and without the *zoe* which flows from him.

To the fourth question we reply:—

1st. The wages of sin is death. And the death of which it is the wages, is the lake of fire; which is the second death.

2d. In confounding the language of Paul and Ezekiel, or rather blending them in one, our friend confuses the subject. The prophet uses the word soul as a synecdoche, for the person, not for the element of life; and we regard it as a statement of a fact in civil jurisprudence under Jewish law, which provided capital punishment for a variety of crimes; and the principle is, that the person sinning, not his father nor his son, shall die for the crime.

OBITUARY.

SOPHRONIA D. HIMES.

In Danesville, N. Y., June 10, 1863, Mrs. (Sophronia D. Himes, wife of John G. S. Himes, aged 33 years.

The deceased was born in Spencer, Mass. Losing her mother at the early age of six years, the family being by this event broken up, she was brought up by her eldest sister, Mrs. Emily Ratt, of Rutland, Mass., and resided in that and the neighboring town. In 1840, when attending school in Worcester, she was converted under the labors of Elder Shipman. Following the occupation of a teacher, she taught school several years in Worcester county, and afterwards in Sugarhill and Brentwood, N. H. Scores of her pupils now live, engaged in the active scenes of life, who attest her faithfulness, zeal and excellence in the duties of that arduous profession.

During her whole life, especially after childhood, she was an invalid. Naturally feeble, of a scrofulous habit, and nervous temperament, she suffered several fits of sickness during her student life, and her efforts in teaching were always attended by great reactions, from overworking the nervous energies. Her digestive and assimilative organs being weak, were greatly impaired by the varieties of diet consequent upon the local changes of her occupation. Her countenance was round and full, and generally flushed, seeming to indicate a state of health; while in fact it was not the hue of health.

Married in December, 1856, she resided in Boston, her health declining gradually, until the spring of 1858, when, burying a sister, the depressing influence attendant upon that sad event left her in a state of prostration, which ended in fainting turns; her friends supposed she was dying; but rallying she found herself a cripple, and continued bed-ridden; the right leg contracted and wasted, with constant and agonizing pain in the side, and other like symptoms, which defied ordinary medical skill; and she was given up to die by inches in this distressing way, when hearing of the motive cure—kneading and rubbing of the flesh, without medi-

cine, and a diet consisting of oat meal principally—she was gradually restored to the use of her limbs, and to a state of general health, which gave flattering promise of further improvement. Being unable, however, to obtain a continuance of the treatment, there were evident symptoms of a relapse into her former condition. I was then determined, as a last resort to make trial of the hygienic method of treatment, practiced at the Institution under the supervision of Dr. Jackson, located in Danesville, when, it was fondly anticipated, she might obtain means to more comfortably prolong a feeble life. After twelve week's treatment at Our Home, resulting in ultimate apparent benefit, she commenced house-keeping—the first of her married life—upon the hygienic method, and on a limited scale. It soon, however, became apparent, that her strength was unequal to the comparatively easy labors undertaken. Frequent coughing gave rise to painful apprehensions; and as it increased with the unsettled weather of early spring, the crisis came at last, and the month of March found her much debilitated; her cough became exceedingly irritating and exhausting. Soon losing the use of her lower limbs, (as in the previous sickness alluded to) she became bed-ridden, and helpless to the last degree. A medical examination showed that tubercle had softened in the right lung—and she was assured of what she had from the first anticipated, that her disease was incurable, and would soon terminate her mortal cares. In comfortable intervals she sent messages to beloved sisters and brothers, and gave instructions for the distribution of tokens of affectionate remembrance. This done, she was ready to depart; and as the time could not long be delayed, sometimes, when in great distress, she ardently desired to be released from suffering. But even amid these sad scenes, by night and by day, she was generally cheerful, being secure as to her Christian hope, receiving unnumbered attentions from kind friends, (and never did a poor sufferer, especially among strangers, have more marks of kindness shown) and great comfort from Christian visitations, reading of Scripture, prayer and music,—under whose sweet influence she often slept. Indeed, music and flowers were her special delight; her passion for the latter, of which she had many beautiful ones sent her, continuing until her eyes being dimmed by death's approach, she said to one who brought a bouquet to her bedside, "O yes, they are very beautiful, but I cannot see them!"

Thus the poet sings:—

"Let flowers be brought in my dying hour;
Meet emblem, myself a drooping flower;
Let the air with incense sweet be fraught,
And music, low music, be also brought."

One day, when a scriptural allusion to the resurrection had been read, she looked up and asked, "Do you think we shall know each other in the resurrection?" and from the conversation which followed she derived much comfort.

Oh, ye weary, sad and tried ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day;
Harpstrings touched by angel fingers,
Murmur in my raptured ear,
Evermore the sweet song lingers,
"We shall know each other there!"

In the third month of her sickness she expressed a desire for a speedy release; and with this wish was coupled a wish for an easy death. Both desires were gratified. The week previous to her death was one of extreme suffering. She well knew death was near. The day previous to her departure she had a sinking turn, and supposing herself dying, sent for her husband to be with her—he being necessarily absent. Never was more tender affection evinced.

"Let my hand in my loved one's close be prest,
And lay my head upon his breast,"

was her latest wish, and it was gratified, for it was permitted him to smooth her dying pillow, to hold her drooping head as she passed through the death struggles, when, as the breath grew shorter, the sufferer sank rapidly, yet with comparative ease and quietude,—consciously speaking and returning a kiss of recognition at the very last moment, until, the heart ceasing to beat, life departed, without a struggle or a groan; the anguish was past—her sufferings were ended—she slept in Jesus.

"So fades the summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore."

Her funeral was attended June 12, in the house where she passed away, by a large number of sympathizing friends, who made the mourning husband to feel sensibly, that he was not left alone in the hour of his grief.

Eld. J. G. Sterling, from Springwater, preached a consoling sermon, from Rom. 5: 12; and friends from "Our Home on the Hillside" sang sweetly, "Asleep in Jesus blessed sleep;" "Joyfully, joy-

fully, onward I move," and "Come ye disconsolate," at the funeral service; and at the grave—whither many friends repaired—

"Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen and man shall not die."
and "My heavenly home is bright and fair," when Sophronia's form was left in the grave, on a shaded hill-top in Green Mount Cemetery, in Danesville, to await the resurrection morn.

Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee,
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is now a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.

J. G. S. H.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHITTEN'S GOLDEN SALVE is a step by way of progress in the healing art. It is adapted to all the purposes of a family Salve. It effectually cures piles, wounds, bruises, sprains, cuts, chilblains, corns, burns, fever-sores, scrofulous humors, erysipelas, salt-rheum, king's evil, rheumatism, spinal difficulties, chafings in warm weather, &c. &c., and is believed by many experienced and competent judges to be the best combination of medicinal ingredients for external inflammatory difficulties that has ever been produced. Many of the best physicians of the various schools use it and also recommend it. Every farmer should have it for horses; for the cure of scratches, sprains, chafings, &c., and also for "retzat on cows." It cures felons. It cures warts.

From Mr. Morris Fuller, of North Creek, N. Y.: "We have your Golden Salve to be good for everything that we have tried it for. Among other things for which we have used it, is a bad case of 'scald head' of our little girl as affected in this case was also favorable."

We like your Golden Salve very much in this place. Among other things I knew a lady who was cured of a very bad case of sore eyes. Walter S. Plummer Lake Village, N. H.

Mrs. Glover, East Merrimack street, Lowell, was cured of a bad case of piles by the use of one box of the Salve. Mr. Farrington, a wealthy merchant and manufacturer in Lowell, was relieved of piles which had afflicted him for many years, and remarked to friend that it was worth \$100 a box for piles.

Miss Harriet Morrill, of East Kingston, N. H., says: "I have been afflicted with piles for over twenty years. The last seven years I have been a great sufferer. And though never expect to be well, yet to be relieved as I am from day to day by the use of your Golden Salve, fills my heart with gratitude."

From Mr. J. O. Merriam, Tewksbury, Mass. "I have a large milk farm. I have used a great deal of your Golden Salve for sore teats on my cows. I have used many other kinds of salve. Yours is the best I ever saw. I have also used it for sprains and scratches on my horses. It cures them in a short time. I recommend it to all who keep cows or horses."

From Dr. Geo. Pierce, Lowell: "Your Golden Salve is good. It will have a great sale."

"I received a wound in my foot by a rusty nail; by reason of which I could not set my foot to the floor for two weeks. The pain was excruciating. When your Golden Salve was applied, it relieved the pain in a short time, and two and a half boxes of it wrought a perfect cure."—Mrs. Lucinda A. Swain, Merideth Centre, N. H.

Mr. H. L. W. Roberts, Editor of Marion Intelligencer, Marion, Ill., says, "Every person that uses the Golden Salve testifies favorably." He has also published a list of names in his paper, of persons cured of wounds, sores, humors, rheumatism, &c., and gives the public reference to them; who, he says, are among the first citizens of the place.

THE GOLDEN SALVE—A GREAT HEALING REMEDY.—It is with much pleasure we announce the advent of this new article in our city, which has met with such signal success in Lowell, where it is made, that the papers have teemed with cases of truly marvelous cures. They chronicle one where the life of a lady was recently saved—a case of broken breast; another where the life of a child was saved—a case of chafing; another of a lady whose face was much disfigured by scrofulous humor, which was brought to a healthy action in a few days; also another of an old man, who had a sore on his foot for twenty years—cured in a few weeks. Our citizens will not be slow in getting at it merits, and will herald it over the land.—*Boston Herald*

Boston, July 12, 1859. Bro. Whitten: I have used your Golden Salve in my family, and I am acquainted with a large number of families also who have used it; and I have reason to believe that it is really what you recommend it to be.

J. V. HIMES.

From Dr. W. S. Campbell, New Britain, Conn.: "Your Golden Salve is a great thing for chilblains. I have also used it in afflicting cases of salt rheum, erysipelas, and sore nipples. Its effect was, speedy and permanent cure."

Dr. Bliss, of Brunswick, Me., says: "I have several friends who have been cured of scrofulous humors by the Golden Salve. You may recommend it from me as a valuable Salve."

Made only by C. P. Whitten, No. 35 and 37 East Merrimack street, Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists, and at country stores. Price 25 cts. per box, or \$2 per dozen.

I want good, reliable, persevering agents to canvass, in all parts of the United States and Canada. A large discount will be made to agents. aug 13—pd to Jan 1 '63 For sale at this office.

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Ayer's
SARSAPARILLA
THE WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY
FOR

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS DISEASES.

From Emery Edes, a well-known merchant of Oxford, Maine.

"I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community."

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers, Sores, and all Diseases of the Skin.

From Rev. Robt. Stratton, Bristol, England. "I only do my duty to you and the public, when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your SARSAPARILLA. My daughter, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in her ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to cure until we tried your SARSAPARILLA. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known and much-esteemed lady of Dennisville, Cape May Co., N. J.

"My daughter has suffered for a year past with a scrofulous eruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried your SARSAPARILLA, which soon completely cured her."

From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely-known firm of Gage, Murray, & Co., manufacturers of enamelled papers in Nashua, N. H.

"I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became an intolerable affliction. I tried almost everything a man could of both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever, until I took your SARSAPARILLA. It immediately made my face worse, as you told me it might for a time; but in a few weeks the new skin began to form under the blotches, and continued until my face is as smooth as anybody's, and I am without any symptoms of the disease that I know of. I enjoy perfect health, and without a doubt owe it to your SARSAPARILLA."

Erysipelas—General Debility—Purify the Blood.

From Dr. Robt. Sawin, Houston St., N. Y.

DR. AYER: I seldom fail to remove Eruptions and Scrofulous Sores by the persevering use of your SARSAPARILLA, and I have just now cured an attack of Malignant Erysipelas with it. No alterative we possess equals the SARSAPARILLA you have supplied to the profession as well as to the people."

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Wakeman, Ohio.

"For twelve years I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds of dollars' worth of medicines. The ulcers were so bad that the cords became visible, and the doctors decided that my arm must be amputated. I began taking your SARSAPARILLA. Took two bottles, and some of your PILLS. Together they have cured me. I am now as well and sound as anybody. Being in a public place, my case is known to everybody in this community, and excites the wonder of all."

From Hon. Henry Monroe, M. P. P., of Newcastle, C. W., a leading member of the Canadian Parliament.

"I have used your SARSAPARILLA in my family, for general debility, and for purifying the blood, with very beneficial results, and feel confidence in commending it to the afflicted."

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.

From Harvey Sickler, Esq., the able editor of the Tunkhannock Democrat, Pennsylvania.

"Our only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead. They rapidly spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and actually blinded his eyes for some days. A skillful physician applied nitrate of silver and other remedies, without any apparent effect. For fifteen days we guarded his hands, lest with them he should tear open the festering and corrupt wound which covered his whole face. Having tried every thing else we had any hope from, we began giving your SARSAPARILLA, and applying the iodide of potash lotion, as you direct. The sore began to heal when we had given the first bottle, and was well when we had finished the second. The child's eyelashes, which had come out, grew again, and he is now as healthy and fair as any other. The whole neighborhood predicted that the child must die."

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

From Dr. Hiram Sloat, of St. Louis, Missouri.

"I find your SARSAPARILLA a more effectual remedy for the secondary symptoms of Syphilis, and for syphilitic disease than any other we possess. The profession are indebted to you for some of the best medicines we have."

From A. J. French, M. D., an eminent physician of Lawrence, Mass., who is a prominent member of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

"DR. AYER—My dear Sir: I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent remedy for Syphilis, both of the primary and secondary type, and effectual in some cases that were too obstinate to yield to other remedies. I do not know what we can employ with more certainty of success, where a powerful alterative is required."

Mr. Chas. S. Van Liew, of New Brunswick, N. J., had dreadful ulcers on his legs, caused by the abuse of mercury, or mercurial disease, which grew more and more aggravated for years, in spite of every remedy or treatment that could be applied, until the persevering use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA relieved him. Few cases can be found more inveterate and distressing than this, and it took several dozen bottles to cure him.

Leucorrhoea, Whites, Female Weakness, are generally produced by internal Scrofulous Ulceration, and are very often cured by the alterative effect of this SARSAPARILLA. Some cases require, however, in aid of the SARSAPARILLA, the skillful application of local remedies.

From the well-known and widely-celebrated Dr. Jacob Morrill, of Cincinnati.

"I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent alterative in diseases of females. Many cases of irregularity, Leucorrhoea, Internal Ulceration, and local debility, arising from the scrofulous diathesis, have yielded to it, and there are few that do not, when its effect is properly aided by local treatment."

A lady, unwilling to allow the publication of her name, writes:

"My daughter and myself have been cured of a very debilitating Leucorrhoea of long standing, by two bottles of your SARSAPARILLA."

Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Neuralgia, when caused by Scrofula in the system, are rapidly cured by this EXF. SARSAPARILLA.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

possess so many advantages over the other purgatives in the market, and their superior virtues are so universally known, that we need not do more than to assure the public their quality is maintained equal to the best it ever has been and that they may be depended on to do all that they have ever done.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, M. D., & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

"FEED MY LAMBS."—John 21:15.

BOSTON, JULY 21, 1863.

American Do Society.

DEAR TREASURER:—The enclosed two dollars and twenty cents is to aid the Do Society. Charlie, Joshua, Will, Louisa, Hannah, 25 cents each. Thornton, Mary Ellen, Willie, Joseph, Mary Emma, Samuel, Suanna, 10 cents each. John, 15 cents; Eddie, and Willie, 5 cents each.

Morrisville, Pa. July 9th. H. L. P.

And here comes

Chrissie, Phillie, Lemie, Bertie, Jonnie, Litchie, Henry, Abbie, and Georgie, 10 cents each. Ettie, and Mary, 5 cents each. \$1.00.

The Fortunes of a Poor Irish Boy.

Nicholas was a bright little Irish boy, who lost his father when he was only three years old; and his mother having a large family to look after, early apprenticed him to a man who was a hard master. He often begged his mother to take him away, and put him to a better place; but she, thinking perhaps that children are not the best judges of what is best for them, did not like to change; and he stayed till he could stay no longer, and then he ran away.

Where did he run to? He shipped on board a vessel, and came to the United States. Nicholas landed in New York, a friendless stranger, and he wandered round trying to find something to do. God led his steps to a printing-office carried on by some pious young men, who being in want of a hand, took him in; and they not only took him into their office, but took him home to their mother's house. Their mother received the poor lad with motherly kindness, and he found himself in a lovely Christian family. Nicholas was brought up a Romanist, and at this time he had never read a chapter of the Bible in his life; indeed, he had scarcely seen a Bible. Of course there was much that was new to him, and some things he did not like; but the pious talk and blessed example of Mrs. Harper—for it was the family of the Harpers that God had thus led him to—interested the lad, and set him a thinking.

Nicholas was a stout, clumsy boy, full of good-humor, and very bright. He was easy to make friends, and he was thrown into a company worth making friends of. As they were of the household of Jesus, the Holy Spirit was there, and the Holy Spirit came into the heart of this Irish boy, and drew him to his Saviour. He bought a Bible, and studied that. He went to Dr. Spring's church, and heard the truth as it is in Jesus there. He even ventured to call on Dr. Spring in his study, and opened his mind to that good man, who helped bring him on his way to God. Of course he had much to unlearn before he learned the true way.

The young men too invited him to their prayer-meeting, which was held every Sabbath afternoon in the room of a poor old colored woman. It was sometimes called "Aunt Betsey's prayer-meeting," and there he had his good resolutions strengthened and his heart warmed by the songs and prayers and godly conversations of these young Christians.

Not a great many doors from Aunt Betsey's—it was somewhere in the vicinity of the Fulton Street Church, when small wooden houses stood where those high stores now are—not far, I say, from Aunt Betsey's prayer-meeting, there was another

meeting of young men held, but of a far different character; and some drawn to the one and some to the other. It was a club which met to laugh at the Bible, and to pass the Sabbath in playing cards and drinking. Nicholas might have been there, had he not followed God's lead another way.

At length he wished to join himself to the people of God, and unite with the church. He heard a notice read one Sabbath-day from the pulpit, inviting all such to come and meet the minister on a certain evening in the vestry. Nicholas wanted so to go, but he felt shy. He, however, went to the door, put his hand on the latch, then was afraid, drew back, and went away. Three months after, another invitation was given, and Nicholas went again. He had his hand on the latch, and his courage was almost failing him, when a gentleman came along, took him kindly by the hand, and invited him in. A few Sabbath-days after, he joined the church.

Nicholas' mind was all alive for improvement, and everybody who saw him saw that it was; and his friends began to say, "That boy should be educated."

One day, while he was at work in the printing-office, two gentlemen came into the office and asked to see him; and they said, "Nicholas, if you want an education, the church you have joined will raise the money and send you to college." Was not God good to that poor Irish boy? I reckon he thought so himself, for he loved to speak the praises of God.

To make my story short, he went to Williams College, graduated at Princeton Theological Seminary, and for thirty years or more was a distinguished preacher of the gospel—the Rev. Dr. Murray of Elizabeth, New Jersey, whom many of you have seen and heard, and who died two years ago in the midst of a life of eminent usefulness.

It would be interesting perhaps to follow the history of some other members of that little prayer-meeting. One has been mayor of New York, with heart and hand for every good word and work; another a distinguished Christian merchant in Liverpool; another a minister to a foreign court; another a godly pastor in the West, greatly blessed of God. Others are honored merchants of New York, distinguished for zeal in their Master's work, making good what the Bible says, that "godliness is profitable for the life that now is, and that which is to come."

Perhaps somebody may say, "I wonder what became of the fellows who went to that other meeting—the club." I can tell you that too, and I am glad I can. One died by his own hand; another by violence; some of delirium tremens; others in prison. Only one lives, or did a while ago, and he is a prisoner at Sing Sing. For "the wicked," as the word of God also says, "shall not live out half their days."—H. C. K. in *Child's Paper*.

The History of Cora's Faith.

Last New Year's morning, Cora Louisa Bigelow rang out upon the quiet air of the room, "A happy New Year, papa and mamma!" After a response which gladdened her heart, she added, with a softer tone, "My throat feels bad." She was only five years old, and lay in her little crib. But she rose, and was happy during the day, requesting her mother to sing—"I have a Father in the promised land," and "Around the throne of God in heaven," with similar songs she had learned in the Sabbath-School. Cora was a sweet singer, and greatly beloved in the school. She grew sicker every day, but had no fear of

death. Often would she stop her mother while reading of heaven, and ask her questions about it. She said at one time, "Shall I have a harp in heaven, mamma?"

Not long before she died, she inquired, "Papa, are you willing to let me go to heaven?"

Her father replied, "Yes, Cora, if God calls you, I must let you go; but I would like to have you stay with me."

She said, "Yes, I must go, papa, and I want you to come, too."

The morning of her departure she looked steadily and earnestly towards the ceiling, and with a glowing face exclaimed, "Don't you see him, mamma? don't you see him? Who is it?" Her mother answered, "Pe haps it i Jesus." Instantly she said, with joy, "Yes, it is Jesus, come for me!"

She called the physician, her parents, grandparents, and other friends to her bedside, and kissed them a good-bye, sending a kiss to a little brother not present. She then desired to be carried to her mother's bed to die. And so she fell asleep.

What a history of faith in a child five years old! What little child, then, cannot or will not be a Christian?—*Tract Jour.*

A Child's Hymn.

Lovely Jesus, from on high,
Look upon a helpless child;
Hear my feeble, artless cry,
Jesus, make my actions mild—

Mild as Bethlehem's sweetest babe,
Full of love and grace divine;
Clothe me with Thy shining robe,
And to heaven my heart incline.

As I grow in age and size,
More like Jesus may I be;
Then at death to glory rise,
And the lovely Jesus see!

The Little Philosopher.

"Where do you think Jim Wilson says nickel comes from, Uncle John?"

"What nickel, Robert?"

"Why, the nickel we make our new cents of."

"I'm sure I can't say: perhaps he says it comes from the Mint in Philadelphia."

"No, sir, from a far greater distance than that, a distance of over 240,000 miles."

"Then it can't be from any part of this earth; for the greatest distance that any two things can be from one another on this globe must be less than 13,000 miles."

"Or rather 25,000 miles, you should have said, Uncle John: that being the circumference of our earth."

"I think you are wrong, my little philosopher. You forget that after you have gone half way round the globe you are then coming back again."

"Sure enough, sir; I did, indeed, overlook that."

"But what does Jim Wilson mean by saying the nickel comes from such a distance?"

"Why, that it comes from the moon, Uncle John. Is that really the case?"

"Well, now that I come to think of it, I really believe something of the kind has been asserted by one or more French philosophers. Let me see, let me think a moment. Yes, yes, I recollect all about it now. Nickel has been found invariably in those stones to which we give the name *meteoric*."

"Meteoric stones? What are they, sir?"

"Why, stones that in different parts of the earth, and at different periods in the world's history, have been seen to fall from the sky in the shape of meteors. When

first taken up they have proved quite warm; indeed, in some instances they have been found so hot that they could not be handled. Now chemists tell us that in these stones they always find nickel."

"But why suppose that it came from the moon?"

"Because it is plain that it came from wherever the stones came from, and the famous French astronomer, La Place, has calculated that it was possible for them to have been projected from a volcano in the moon. If there was a force in the moon sufficient to drive them to the distance of about 4,000 miles, they would be sure to fall to the earth, and not back to the moon, because at that distance from the moon the attraction of the earth would over balance that of the moon."

"And is it really supposed they do come from the moon?"

"Not now, Robert, since it has been shown that those falling bodies may come from another source, namely, small planetary bodies revolving round the sun as their centre, and coming at certain periods within the attraction of the earth."

"In either case, it is wonderful they should have descended from the sky."

"That is quite true, Robert, but those stones are found in such remarkable places that it is difficult to see how they could have come from any other direction."

"Well, uncle, every time I get a cent I shall fancy that I have a piece of the moon in my hands."—*Youth's Companion*.

A Touching Incident.

A little boy had died. His body had been laid out in a darkened room, waiting to be laid in the cold, lone grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the face of the precious sleeper; for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing on the face of one so beloved and cherished, the little girl asked to shake his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but the child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it; she took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping boy, and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister.

The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother through tears and love, and said:

"Mother, this hand never struck me."

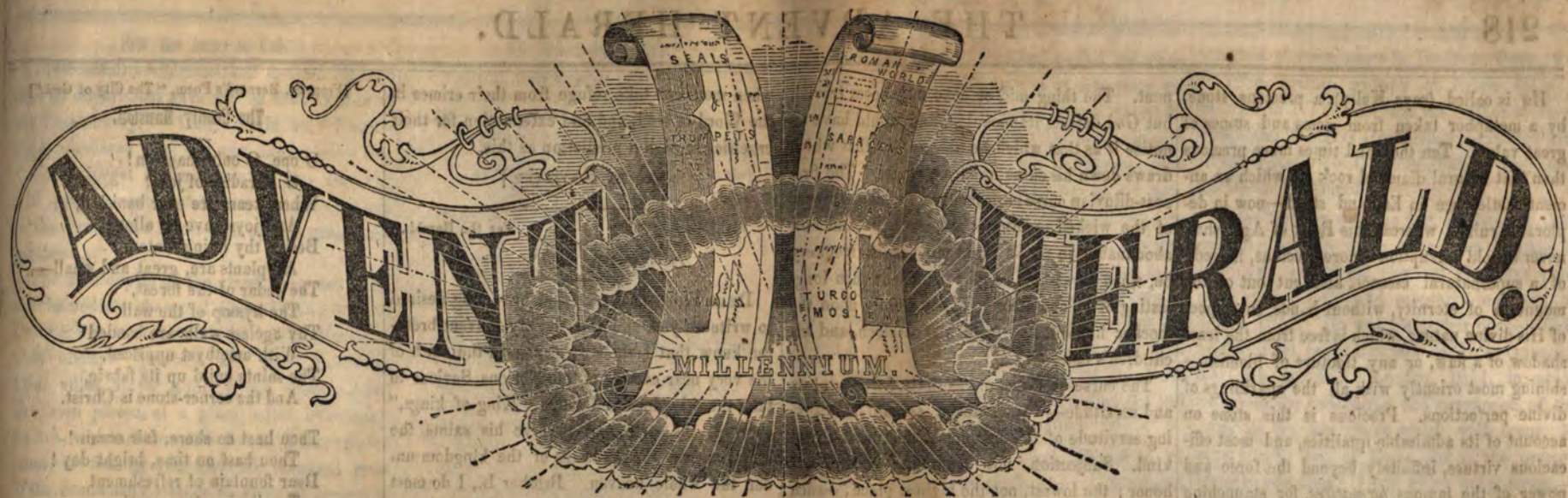
What could have been more touching and lovely?

Resolutions for Children.

1. I resolve, if possible, to attend the Sunday School every Sabbath, and to be there in good time.
2. I resolve to get my lessons well every week, before the Sabbath comes.
3. I resolve never to play on the Sabbath.
4. I resolve never to tell an untruth, or attempt to deceive.
5. I resolve always to obey my parents.
6. I resolve to read over these resolutions every Sabbath during the year, and to make a mark against every one of them that I have not broken during the week past.
7. I resolve to pray to God every day, and especially that he will help me to keep these resolutions.

The following is intended to be a companion-piece for the well-known evening prayer for children, beginning, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc.:

"Now I rise from off my bed;
I pray the Lord for daily bread,
Keep me from sinful thought and deed;
Be with my steps in hour of need;
And make my soul, if thou dost take,
All clean and pure, for Jesus' sake."



WHOLE NO. 1156.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, JULY 28, 1863.

VOLUME XXIV. NO. 29.

For the Herald.

Foreign Correspondence.

IN LONDON AND PARIS AT WHITSUNTIDE.

[Continued.]

There being a cheap excursion to Paris on Tuesday, May 26th, I made up my mind to go, in the hopes that the visit might improve my health, and be otherwise useful. At ten o'clock, A. M., we left the Brighton Station, London Bridge. The morning was most lovely, and we had a most delightful ride through the Southern counties of England, and arrived at Newhaven about noon, where we remained an hour, and then took the steamer "Lyons," and landed at Dieppe, France, between six and seven P. M. Spent about three hours in Dieppe, where everything told me that I was not in England. The people and the buildings reminded me of French towns in Eastern Canada. After taking a cup of *café au lait*, we started for Paris by the *Chemin de fer de l'Ouest*, and got to the ancient city of Rouen—called the Manchester of France—about midnight. After a stay for refreshments, we started again. The sky was cloudless, and the moon and stars shone brightly, giving us pleasing, though imperfect views of the charming country through which we were passing, and especially of the placid river Seine, which crosses and recrosses our line of travel several times. Between three and four in the morning day began to dawn—the scene gradually improved in grandeur and beauty, and soon everything indicated our approach to some great national centre. Innumerable pleasant villas or chateaux, elegant houses, exquisitely arranged gardens and vineyards might be seen from our car windows. At five o'clock we were in Paris.

After putting up at the "Grand hotel de la Havane," I started out in company with an Englishman who had been in Paris before, and having previously acquainted myself with the city, in the use of maps, pictures and books, afforded me by brother Robertson, we had by four o'clock in the afternoon accomplished wonders in visiting principal places, such as the royal palaces, the Tuilleries garden of sixty-seven acres, the Louvre, the Chamber of Deputies, the Palais of Justice, the Sainte Chapelle, and the Church of Notre Dame.

The church of Notre Dame stands on the site of an ancient Temple to Jupiter; became the "Temple of Reason" under the Convention, and Napoleon I. was crowned there. It is now being thoroughly renovated and greatly beautified. In passing through it I met one of my former brethren in the ministry.

The far-famed Louvre, which consists of eleven museums, is said to possess the richest paintings and sculpture collection in the world. I noticed several employed in copying the paintings. The old Louvre was a chief theatre in the bloody deed on the memorable eve of St. Bartholomew.

The Tuilleries—the chief palace of Napoleon III.—wears quite an imperial aspect, and especially in its military guards, consisting not only of native troops, but of Arabians and others, called Spahis and Turcos. These, being dressed in their native costume, give an air of imperialism. When the Emperor takes his rides, these in part form his body guard.

In the evening we visited the Madeleine, and passed through the much admired Boulevards.

The Boulevards are great thoroughfares of surpassing splendor and beauty, which are much frequented by all classes. Strauss, in his "Guide to Paris," says: "On a fine summer's day, and by four in the afternoon, start from the Madeleine, and following the Boulevards up to the Bastille, or even to the Barriere du Trone, and you will be able to say, with all assurance, I have seen Paris."

I retired to rest at a late hour, and rose at five in the morning, feeling the good effects of "tired nature's sweet restorer." I had a long walk alone, and then, after breakfast, I took some long omnibus rides—visited St. Cloud, Champs de Mars, Hotel des Invalids, Tomb of Napoleon I., and the Hotel de Ville.

St. Cloud is a residence of the Emperor, and is famed for its Park, and its splendid water-works. It has quite a military appearance, which is true, indeed, of all I saw of France. The Zouaves have a most remarkable quickness of motion, so that a charge by them must be very impetuous.

Champs de Mars is a vast territory commanded by the military school. Various events in the annals of French history have occurred here, such as the execution of Bailly, in 1793, the Fete of the Republic in 1848; and the distribution of the Imperial Eagles by Napoleon III.

The Hotel des Invalides is the old pensioners' palace. The chapel connected with this immense building is distinguished by its innumerable flags, captured in war, as well as for its splendid paintings. The remains of the great Napoleon were brought hither from St. Helena, in 1840, and are deposited directly under the high and singularly beautiful dome, and where a tomb—*Tombeau de Napoleon I.*—has been erected, which, doubtless, surpasses anything of the kind on earth.

The Hotel de Ville was begun in 1533, in the reign of Francis I., and contained numerous rooms of great splendor. It is open every Thursday, and persons are admitted on presentation of a ticket issued by the Prefect de la Seine. It was the principal theatre of the tumultuous scenes of the revolution, and was stripped, interiorly, of everything that could recall to mind a monarchical government—that is, of almost all the works of art which served to decorate it. Here Louis XVI. was exhibited to the infuriated multitude; here, too, the ferocious Robespierre retreated after his outlawry; the guillotine, during the revolution, daily immolated numbers in the square before the building, called *Place de Greve*. In the Hotel de Ville, a ball was given to the Queen of England in 1855.

While I was thus going from place to place, and viewing these celebrated spots, Paris was resounding with military music,—regiments were marching in all directions,—brilliant staff officers riding recklessly over civilians who wished to see what was going on; and the garrison of the Turcos and Spahis was under arms in the Bois de Boulogne, waiting to be reviewed by the Emperor.

The elections were to take place on the following Sunday and Monday; and I inferred from the bills which were being posted, as well as from what I heard, that the tide of opposition against the Government was not only in existence and on the increase, but also was about

to manifest itself more decidedly. I notice that Count Persigny, Minister of the Interior, in addressing a circular to the Prefects of the Departments, on the day previous to the election, said:—"For the first time since the formation of the Empire, parties inimical to the institutions which the French nation has given itself, dare to attack these institutions in the face of universal suffrage."

I see by the papers that the opposition candidates were successful in Paris. And opposition to the government in France means more than it does in England. In England it is only opposition to the political party in power, not opposition to the Queen; but in France it is opposition to the Emperor, the party in power being merely the echo of Imperial mind.

While standing in front of the Imperial palace, my friend asked a Frenchman if the Emperor was a good man. He shook his head, and answered in the negative. From conversations I had, I gathered that he does not live in the affections of his subjects, as does Queen Victoria.

M. Theirs, the author of the "Consulate and Empire of Napoleon," and who was Prime Minister of France, in the reign of Louis Philippe, had been chosen as an opposition member; and though there is not enough of that element for a successful vote, yet there is enough for warm debate.

You will see by the above that the first day of the election was the Sabbath. I noticed too that the Imperial prize was to be run for on the same day. And when we are told that the theatres are all open, and every form of amusement and pleasure in full blast, we may form some idea of a Sabbath day in Paris.

As to the state of evangelical religion, I had not time to gain much information. The church of England is represented here, also the Wesleyans. There is an American church or two, and some French Protestant churches. I formed a very agreeable acquaintance with a young lady, an evangelical Protestant, who was very useful to me, and able to give me every information. I gave her some copies of the "Millennial News" to read and circulate. Twenty years ago I had an agent in Paris for the free distribution of the "Voice of Elijah." Reasoning from the effects of that paper in Great Britain and Ireland, I may hope that some were enlightened in this great capitol, who are now waiting for the kingdom of God.

While I was very favorably impressed with Paris, which is doubtless in many respects the first city in the world; and also with the good behavior and urbanity of the people, yet I could not but feel that

"This world's a dream an empty show,"—that the cities of the nations will soon fall, and their glory be gone forever; and that it is better to be the humblest child of God than to be the Emperor of France; for those who are least in the kingdom to come, will be greater than he.

On our return we had fine views of the country. We stopped an hour and a half in Rouen, and a few of us walked through several streets; some of which are very narrow, and some of the buildings have a most ancient appearance.

On Friday, the 29th, we took our leave of France, and in the course of five hours we were

at New Haven, England, where Louis Philippe and his Queen landed in 1848, when they fled from France to save their lives. Poor things! they were weary and faint when they arrived at this port, and found a safe resting place.

In the afternoon I got to London, and repairing to the residence of R. Robertson, Esq., I was very much gratified to meet his daughter, Mrs. Napper, and her husband, who had come about forty miles distant to see me before my departure. I was glad to form acquaintance with him, and to renew it with her, for I found in her the same warm friendship as existed sixteen years ago. I accompanied them to the station, and we parted, after appointing to meet in the kingdom of God. Next morning I had to leave our friends, Bro. Robertson and family, for whose hospitality and kind attentions I am much obliged; and in the evening I got safe to Halifax, having within eight days travelled by railway and steam boat about nine hundred and fifty miles; the fare for the entire distance being only one pound seven shillings and sixpence, or a little over six dollars. Though I had seen but little rest, and slept but little, yet I felt my health to be improved. God is good, and I will praise him.

Yours, looking for the King of kings.

R. HUTCHINSON.

Halifax, Eng. June 1, 1863.

The Corner Stone.

"Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation."

The figure of a rock or stone is repeatedly employed throughout the Holy Scriptures, whenever it is requisite to express vast strength, indestructibility, or firmness. We can conceive of no more forcible symbol of durability than a massive, mighty rock, which has withstood the shocks of the fierce tornado, and the corroding influences of centuries. And hence is God the Son often, both by the inspired writers and himself, likened unto one, because He has endured unscathed the brunt of ages, and stood immovable against the terrible threefold ordeal of heaven, of earth, and of hell. He suffered the righteous indignation of heaven for the accumulated sins of the whole world which He had voluntarily assumed; He endured the ingratitude and malice of foolish men who disowned their Deliverer from wrath divine; and he met undaunted the demoniac fury of hell with its legions of myrmidons, crushed its power forever, sheltered within His cleft side its longed-for prey, and triumphed gloriously over all, the Mighty Conqueror!

But He, the Savior, is more frequently alluded to under the metaphor of a corner-stone—the most essential prop or pillar of a building. Christ, as the corner-stone of His Church, is not only a solid block of living-stone at the base of the structure; He is incorporated with it, and arising with it, stands exalted in towering glory at the head of the corner; and from the very summit of the edifice, issues His loving summons: "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price!" Thus is it He becomes "the head of the body, the Church."

He is called (says Kelly), a precious stone, by a metaphor taken from gems and stones of great value. Ten thousand times more precious than that natural diamond rock on which an ancient castle once in England stood—now in deplorable ruins; whereas this Rock of Ages shall never behold corruption: more precious, indeed! of a supernatural essence, and cut out of the mountain of eternity, without hands, in respect of His divine nature, which is free from the least shadow of a flaw, or any tincture of blemish—shining most oriently with all the sparklings of divine perfections. Precious is this stone on account of its admirable qualities, and most efficacious virtues, infinitely beyond the force and power of the famous *hamatites*, for staunching the bleeding wounds of our souls, which would have bled to death through the gashes received in Paradise, had not virtue issued from Christ for their restraint. Beyond the fiery carbuncle in resisting the flames of His Father's wrath, that are ready to devour the vital spirits of wretched sinners, who dare presume to draw nigh to this consuming fire without Christ, or converse with such everlasting burnings. Beyond the attractive virtue of the magnetical stone in the drawing of souls after Him, and alluring them into union and communion with himself. Nay, more precious than impenetrable adamant, whereof some ancients report such a quality to be inherent in it that those who carry it about them, shall prove valiant in fight and unconquerable in their enterprises. Thus we are made more than conquerors through Him that loved us, by whose means it is that we receive the victory, when fighting under the banner of this heavenly Achilles, who, being himself animated with a more precious unction than his, of ambrosia from above, is in every part invulnerable, except His heel, which for awhile is bruised in His poor members militant upon the earth, till all His enemies be subdued under His feet in the behalf of His dear church.

"Besides, He is a most precious stone, by reason of His incomparable rarity; their being but one of this nature found in the whole world. Who would not turn a spiritual merchant, and selling all that he hath, endeavor to purchase this inestimable treasure? This is that stone, says holy Peter, on which only our salvation resteth. There being no other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved, than that new name engraven on this white stone, the Lord our Righteousness. The Lord Jesus Christ is the only sun, which, by His bright and fulgent rays, dispels the darkness of the chambers of death, and of the bottomless pit. He is the only Phoenix, out of whose perfumed ashes doth arise the curiously plumed progeny of the church, whose wings are covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold. This is the only stone, the Rock of Ages so precious to them that believe, on which alone our feet can be steadily fixed, that our goings may be established."

Imperial Rock of Ages! on whom no tempest-tossed voyager ever suffered shipwreck; trusting in whom none ever was disappointed; and clinging to whom none ever perished! Evermore be Thou our sure refuge and our secure hiding-place!

A. B. G.

Prophetic Destiny of Noah's Sons.

Continued.

But let us now take up the prophetic curse and blessing of the patriarch; for it is an awful mingling of both. And we may remark, at the outset, that the use which God makes of Noah, to utter these revelations of his purpose regarding the world and its races, does not give the slightest countenance to his sin. It is not because God heeded not the sin which had been committed, but his desire was to show especially how he hated *Canaan's* sin—the sin of mocking his saints. "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm," was the great lesson he meant to teach; "he that toucheth them, toucheth the apple of mine eye."

This was the first outbreak of ungodliness after the flood; the first exhibition of the principles and feelings of the serpent's seed. In *Canaan's* mockery we hear the hiss of the ser-

pent. The thing said or done may seem trivial, but God detects its meaning, and would have us notice it as that which he abhors—as that which draws down his curse upon the world. The first post-diluvian curse is pronounced in consequence of the wicked scoffing at the godly. And how abominable in God's sight must such mockery be, when he assigns as its punishment such long-lasting evils, age after age, not merely upon the mocker himself, but upon his children, and his children's children!

The curse on *Canaan* was that of degradation and servitude—"a servant of servants," implying servitude of the completest and most abject kind. Subjection, not dominion; shame, not honor; the lowest, not the highest place;—such was to be *Canaan's* lot! Nay, more, all this subjection was to be "to his brethren;" that is, to the other tribes descending from *Ham*, who, in a peculiar sense, were his brethren. For though he was also to be subject to *Shem* and *Japheth*, yet his first subjection was to be to his own brethren. This confirms what we pointed out before, that it was not upon the whole families of *Ham* that the curse was to rest, but upon one of these—*Canaan* and his posterity. The other tribes of *Ham* are neither blessed nor cursed. Neither *Ham* nor his other children are so much as mentioned. Certainly, to be without the blessing pronounced on the other two sons of *Noah* was no small evil, but still there was no curse pronounced save on one.

This curse took place ere long. Whether it actually happened to *Canaan* personally that he was subject to his brothers, we know not. It is by no means unlikely that such was the case, and that his was the lowest place among all the children of *Noah*. His posterity soon migrated, and took possession of *Palestine*. While there, they were attacked by one of their own tribes, the descendants of *Cush*—*Phoenicians*, or *Philistines*—and brought under their yoke; and though not constantly in subjection, yet more or less, until the time that *Israel* entered the land and they became servants of *Shem*, were the *Canaanites* in servitude to one of their own tribes.

But further, *Canaan* is to be servant of *Shem*. When *Israel* entered *Canaan*, this was most fully verified; in what cases before this, it is not easy to say. But we see it clearly from the moment that *Israel* crossed the *Jordan*; for though most were destroyed, yet not all; and in the *Gibeonites* we have the completest specimen of *Canaan's* servitude to *Shem*; for that tribe of *Canaanites* was specially preserved, just that it might be "hewers of wood and drawers of water to *Israel*." Of the other *Canaanites* that were not exterminated, it is said that *Israel* "put them to tribute," fulfilling the prediction in another form.

But further still, *Canaan* was to be the servant of *Japheth*. Of his early subjection to *Japheth* we know nothing; but when the Median empire overthrew the *Babylonian*, and inherited its various conquests, such as *Palestine* and the vicinity, it took possession of the remnants of the *Canaanites*, thereby subjecting them to the sway of *Japheth*. And still more, when the *Macedonian* and then the *Roman* empire took the dominion, *Canaan* was made subject to these *Japhetic* kingdoms. Whichever empire rose, it mattered not, *Canaan* was still depressed and degraded, a servant of servants still.

It has been the custom to refer to the condition of *Africa* in fulfilment of this prediction; but the *Africans* are not *Canaanites*, they are descendants of another branch of the line of *Ham*. Some have gone the length of palliating the hateful system of slavery from this passage, as if the descendants of *Ham* were doomed to bondage. Even had it been so, prophecy, be it remembered, is not given us as our rule of duty. God's predictions of evil are no reason for our maintaining that it is not evil. So, even had *Ham's* posterity been doomed to chains, that could form no excuse for the horrid cruelties that have been perpetrated upon them. But the passage before us has nothing at all to do with the question in any form. The *Canaanites* and the *Africans* are as different from each other as two nations can be; and it is sad indeed,—nay, worse than sad, it is vile beyond expression,

when men can take refuge from their crimes in the Word of God, and find extenuation for their cruelties in such a prediction as this.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Herald.

QUESTIONS.

DEAR BROTHER LITCH:—I have long desired to write to you, and thus let my Advent brethren know that I am still strong in the faith of the very near coming of the glorious Saviour to take the kingdom and reign "King of kings," over all the earth, and to give his saints the kingdom and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven. Brother L., I do most earnestly pray God to bless you in your station and labors, and to give you grace and wisdom to give light and truth through the *Herald* to the scattered flock. It seems hardly possible that dear brother Bliss, whose name I have written so many times, and with whom I have done business for the *Herald*, is in the silent grave! I feel that I am bereaved of a friend indeed; and though you and other true and tried friends fill the place he has filled, yet I have one friend less, and I feel the bereavement, but "it is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth good to him."

I am so afflicted with rheumatism constantly, and with other diseases occasionally, that a portion of the time I can neither study nor write, and my hand is so stiffened that I write very slow and unsteady. I have been trying to understand more fully the matter of the papacy; and, after carefully examining the pros and cons, I am obliged to conclude that A. D. 533, is the period of the beginning of the 1260 years of the papal dominancy. I do not see the force of your argument in "The Restitution," for the commencement of the 1260 in 538, because the Pope did not obtain "the seat of the beast" until that date; and by your acknowledgment, p. 67, fig. 4, in connection with your conclusion for 538, you continue the saints in his hand 1265 years, i. e., from 533 to 1798. Is this an oversight of yours, or is my understanding at fault? You say again, p. 69: "If the Pope was not here entitled the head of all the holy churches, then he never can be." Page 121, you say: "What, then, I ask, did Justinian, the Greek Emperor do, but give his power to the beast?" And p. 122, "Croley rightly dates the title from the memorable year 533." How do you harmonize this excess of five years? If it is necessary that the Pope should occupy the "seat of the beast," Rome, 1260 years, then should not the saints "be given into his hand" at the same time that he came into possession of "the seat of the beast?"

An answer is earnestly requested for the benefit of your afflicted, affectionate brother,

J. CROFFUT.

ANSWER.

The little horn of Dan. 7: 25, is a part of the Roman dominion, and is designed to fill up the history of that government. As such its time of power can only be reckoned from the period when it became possessed of Rome as the supreme power. From 476 to 538, the barbarian kings governed Rome. The Pope could not be the governing power till they were displaced; consequently he could not occupy that position before 538.

If the little horn had been introduced simply as an ecclesiastical power, ruling the church, we should reckon his time from 533-4, when Justinian constituted him head of all the holy churches. But that is not the character—but the political head of the Roman government is to be pointed out. And not only were the saints, but also times and laws to be given into his hand; and also three of the first horns were to be plucked up by the roots, before him, before the time, times and dividing of time began, all of which did not occur till 538.

Again, there was a distinctly foretold event to mark the end of the period: "They shall take away his dominion," which did not take place till 1798, which will fix the beginning in 538, not 533; for had it begun in 533, the papal dominion must have been taken away in 1793, which it was not.

[From St. Bernard's Poem, "The City of God."]

The Goodly Mansion.

O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banish'd,
And joys have no alloy;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small—
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall.
Thy ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced,
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy power;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

What the War Does.

We said, some time since, that the war was not wholly evil, and cited several important inventions—especially such as enabled us to get around the present scarcity and high cost of cotton—to prove it. Paper became high, and a man—Mr. L. W. Wright—comes forward with a new process for making it as cheap as formerly, out of common straw; the secret being simply in taking the silica, or sand property, out of the stems of the straw, and leaving only the purely vegetable and fibrous matter of the pulp for paper. The same gentlemen has come out now with a startling invention, something that is to make cotton cloth just as plentiful and cheap—if not more so than it was before. From flax? we are asked. Not at all. From a plant that grows out of the ground, however, just as cotton and hemp do. Reader, what do you guess it is? Nothing but the common Mexican and South American Cactus; a plant that grows and will grow everywhere as plentifully as sweet fern and mullein and sumac in our own pastures.

The papers speak of this latest matter as the most wonderful yet. The cactus plant grows six or eight feet high, and produces great leathery leaves, from which the fibre, or fibrilla, is procured, three leaves giving a pound—which works with the same facility as cotton into cloth. It has been hitherto used for making ropes, but the thought of converting it into good cloth never before entered the inventive brain of man until this present searcher into Nature's secrets discovered the hidden charm for doing it. The cost of producing the desired fibre from the leaf of this plant is but a trifle above the simple cost of freight. Mr. Wright has put in operation a machine for producing the fibre from the leaf with astonishingly little trouble, and costing but half what the machines in use have cost hitherto. The fibre thus produced is converted by him, at a trifling expense, into a beautiful silky staple, which is capable of clothing us all as comfortably as we could wish. The enterprising men of New York are becoming interested in this most important matter, and it is said that a movement will soon be made that will compel King cotton to abdicate altogether. Anything to make cloth cheap and plentiful, and break down inhuman monopolies of would-be aristocrats. The slave will certainly be free, when he ceases to command a thousand and fifteen hundred dollars for the plantation.—*Indian Arcania*.

GRANDEUR OF THE BIBLE.—If you have ever tried it you must have been struck with the few solid thoughts, the few suggestive ideas which survive the perusal of the most brilliant of human books. Few of them can stand three readings, and of the memorabilia which you had marked in your first reading, on referring to them you find that many of them were not so striking, or weighty, or original as you thought. But the Word of God is solid, it will stand a thousand readings, and the man who has gone over it the most frequently and carefully is the surest of finding new wonders there.—*Rev. J. Hamilton*.

DISHONESTY requires skill to conduct it, and as great art to conceal—what it is every one's interest to detect.

How the Army is Fed.

President Lincoln remarked to Gen. Halleck that no department gave him so little trouble as the Commissary. "Unless," said he, "I sometimes wondered how our vast armies were fed, I should forget its existence." Any one who will spend a week at the army depots will join in the President's admiration of this modest department.

The field depots of the grand army are under the immediate charge of Capt. Wilson, a West Point graduate in the class with Gen. Burnside. This officer's quarters are near Falmouth. Four miles nearer Aquia Creek another depot has been placed, at a place called Stoneman's Switch, which shares with that at Falmouth the labor of feeding two hundred thousand men. With Stoneman's station we have at present to do. The Captain at this point, D. D. Wiley, was formerly a member of the 21st Massachusetts Regiment, and was promoted for efficiency as a clerk during the Peninsular campaign. His force comprises two or three under officers, half a dozen clerks, and a squad of negroes. How these are employed, the record of a single day will show.

At eight o'clock in the morning a sergeant from a division commissary presented an "estimate" of supplies. The Captain corrected this to correspond with the amount of stores on hand, and gave it to one of his clerks. The latter took the sergeant to a plain before the tent, where nearly an acre of ground was thickly covered with boxes and barrels, so arranged in tiers that any desired article could easily be found in its appropriate place. Here he directed the sergeant's men in loading the stores, carefully counting each barrel and box, as they went by him to the wagons, till the amounts issued agreed with those of the corrected estimate. This "issue" was then copied into the office-book, a similar copy furnished the sergeant, and another estimate committed to the clerk. The amount we have seen delivered was sixty thousand rations, loading more than fifty wagons.

Meanwhile, the plain was filling with soldiers, negroes, mules and wagons, in seemingly endless confusion; but the half-dozen clerks, check-book in hand, brought order out of the confusion, and sent off train after train, till the whole country, for miles in every direction, was white with the lines of shining canvas.

The clerks had hardly time for dinner before a locomotive was whistling at the station, and eight or ten cars required unloading. Here, again, everything must be counted while the porters are hurrying it from the train, and a record given to the clerk, with the name of the person unloading the car. The order is: "The clerk who makes a mistake may consider himself discharged." One train was barely off before another appeared, and by nine o'clock at night tired officials and men gladly lay down in their blankets, while the plaintive tattoo of bugles and drums rose and died away in a hundred camps. The supplies thus distributed are brought and forwarded from Alexandria, and the accounts are so carefully kept that an error in a single box could be traced from depot to depot, and from clerk to clerk, till the author of the mistake should be found.

Editors, preachers and kings have from time immemorial used the plural pronoun *we*, instead of *I*. In editors and kings it may still be admissible, because they may have helpers and counsellors; but I think it ill becomes a preacher. He addresses the Supreme Being as *Thou*, *Thee*, *Thy*—the very humblest sense of personal address; but when he comes to speak of himself, who is but a dust of the earth, he boastfully speaks of *we*, *us*, *our*, *ourselves*! All preachers of renown, who have thought of the matter, and see how insignificant a being man is, have abandoned this vaunting style, and speak of themselves as *I*, *myself*, *my*. How sickening it sounds to me, to hear a poor, ignorant, insignificant worm of the dust stretching himself up, and swelling himself into an imagined plurality of worms, begin his prayer or his sermon with the sentence, "We," &c. Let every preacher stand in his own boots, and individualize himself with the singular personal pronoun *I*.

The Saint's Inheritance.*

A city of light appears in sight,
By prophets long foretold;
And mansions fair await us there,
The streets are paved with gold.
Chorus—O Zion, blest Zion, we long to be there,
O Zion, blest Zion, we long to be there,
And its glories share.

There we shall sing to Christ our King,
The conquering hero's song;
And angel bands at his command
The joyful strains prolong.

There we shall greet at Jesus' feet,
Our friends and kindred dear;
And palms shall bear, and friendship share
In Zion ever more.

There will be there sweet fruit most rare,
On life's ambrosial tree,
And waters pure ever endure
Through all eternity.

Come, sinners, join in this our song,
And walk the heavenly road,
And then be blest, and ever rest,
Through Jesus' precious blood.

*This hymn with music in sheets will be furnished for 30 cents per dozen, postage included. Single, by mail, 5 cents; at the office, 5 cents. Liberal discount made to agents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Daniel T. Taylor, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

EARLY NEW ENGLAND ADVENTISM.

Or the views of the early American Christians respecting the doctrines of the Return of the Jews, Conversion of the World, Kingdom of God, New Earth, Millennium, Prophecy, Fall of Antichrist, Time of the End, Second Advent of Christ, &c. By DANIEL T. TAYLOR.

NO. XXVII.—VARIOUS TESTIMONIES.

All the early American Christians, whatever might be their views of the millennium, held that the latter day glory was just at hand. Some appeared to perceive it dimly, and spoke and wrote ambiguously, while others who had studied the prophecies more fully, saw the approaching day with clear vision, and gladly heralded its coming as the consummation of the hopes of the church.

In an old "History of New England, from the English Planting in 1628, until the year 1652, London, 1654," written by Capt. Edward Johnson, of Woburn, Mass., reprinted in the "Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Vols. 2 to Vol. 8, Second Series, pp. 230, there are many and repeated allusions to the downfall of antichrist and the complete establishment of Christ's kingdom. In one place, Vol. 4, p. 5, Johnson says: "Satan, knowing right well that at the fall of antichrist he must be chained up for a thousand years, strives with all the wicked craft his long experienced maliciousness could possibly invent to uphold the same," &c. And on page 27: "If the servants of Christ be not much mistaken, the downfall of antichrist is at hand, and then the kingdom of the earth shall become the kingdom of our Lord Christ," &c. In numerous places this early New England historian alludes to Christ's coming and kingdom being "near at hand," "the day is at hand," "the morning is dawning," &c. He also speaks of the "resurrection of the body," as though a belief in the same constituted the then prevalent faith.

In confirmation of these millennial sentiments, I quote the following from Cotton Mather's *Magnalia*, Vol. I, Book 3, chap. 4. Referring to the first Christians as wholly endorsing the pre-millennial doctrines and the subsequent defection from this faith by the church of Rome, who, in Jerome's day, A. D. 400, and later, persecuted the millenary truth and its defenders, Dr. Mather, in 1702, says: "So the mystery of our Lord's appearing in his kingdom lay buried in popish darkness till the light thereof had a fresh dawn, since the antichrist entered into the last half-time of the period allotted to him; and now, within the last few sevens of years, as things grow nearer to accomplishment, learned and pious men, in great numbers everywhere, come to receive, explain, and maintain the old faith about it. But here was the special favor of heaven to our Davenport, (John Davenport, of New Haven, T.) that so many years ago,—when in both Englands the true notion of the Chiland was hardly apprehended by as many divines of note as there are mouths of Nilus, yet this worthy man clearly saw into it, and both preached and wrote those very things about the future state and coming of the Lord, the calling

of the Jews, and the first and second resurrection of the dead, which do now of late years get more ground against the opposition of the otherwise minded, and find a kinder entertainment among them that search the Scriptures; and whereof he afterwards, when he was an old man, gave the world a little taste in a judicious preface before a most learned and nervous treatise, composed by one that was then a young man, (i. e., Increase Mather,) about the 'Mystery of Israel's Salvation.' Even then, so long ago, (in 1667,) it was that he asserted a personal, visible, powerful and glorious coming of the Lord Jesus Christ unto judgment, long before the end of the world," (or pre-millennially.)

Increase Mather, D. D., just referred to by his son, Cotton, in his preface to "A Discourse concerning Faith and Fervency in Prayer, and the Glorious Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ on Earth, now Approaching," &c., 18mo, pp. 112, Boston, 1710, in allusion to the reception of the millennial doctrine by the New England Christians, says, page 1st: "That the church of God shall have a glorious time on earth after the conversion of the Jews and destruction of antichrist, and this for a thousand years has ever been received as a truth in the churches of New England; nor are these churches the only ones that have believed that before the consummation of all things, the world will be in a happier state than ever yet it has been since man's apostasy from God. Eminent divines, of differing sentiments from us relating to ecclesiastical discipline, have been so persuaded." He then refers to various English and Latin writers on the millennium and new earth. Increase and Cotton Mather may be said to have been pre-millennialists. Copious extracts, with a full synopsis of their opinions, will be given in future numbers.

Nicholas Noyes, associate pastor with Higginson at Salem, in his work entitled "A Christian Warning Himself by the Fire," &c., 18, pp. 198, Boston, 1702, on pages 68-70, writing of the burning of the world, refers to the universal heathen expectation of a general conflagration, as a view supported by scripture and sustained by the known existence of earth's internal fires, and adds, "There are broad intimations in the prophecies, Dan. 7: 11-12, Isa. 66: 24, Ezk. 39: 9-10, Rev. 14: 20, that the conflagration will be at first partial, leisurely, and progressive; and that the first efforts and effects of it are like to be felt by Italy, whose horrendous volcanoes, together with the like shakings and breakings of the earth in the bowels of it, would suggest further suspicions of such a catastrophe impending over that seat of the beast. Rome is the Sodom of the New Testament, and the fate of old Sodom is impending over it, which was a conflagration intended for a type of that which is to come. At, and with the first essay of the conflagration our Lord is to come; now we are sure the antichrist is to be destroyed, 2 Thess 2: 8, with the brightness of his coming. And since the period set for the destruction of antichrist, is now so nearly expired, what cause have we to suspect that the conflagration may begin even in our days, and what manner of persons in all holy conversation and godliness ought we to be who look for such things! But then, whether the consummation of the conflagration will be before the end of the thousand years which are thus to begin with a conflagration? And what will be the difference between the inhabitants of the new heavens and new earth, during the blessed thousand years? And how the inhabitants of the new earth enjoying the soil refined by the prodigious fires, will, according to the promises, build houses and inhabit them, "plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them, and have an offspring that shall be the blessed of the Lord." Isa. 65—these are things hard to be understood. Indeed, these are questions which have puzzled others besides the pious Salem divine. Nevertheless, an almost pre-millennialism is here apparent. Noyes believed that the fire would only purify and renovate, and not annihilate the earth, and he calls this the times of restitution, Acts 3: 21—the true faith. Mr. Noyes was born in Newbury, 1647, graduated at Harvard, 1667,

preached thirteen years in Haddam, Conn., and in 1688 became minister at Salem, dying a bachelor in 1717. He was the author of three works, and was, says Dr. Allen, "acquainted with all the literature of the times, having uncommon talents for his sacred work."

Peter Bulkley was the first minister at Concord, N. H. He came over from England in 1635, and settled at Concord the next year, when after a holy and scholarly ministry he died in 1659. He was the author of the "Gospel Covenant, or the Covenant of Grace Opened," &c. 4to pp. 432. London, 1651, in which he argues the restoration and conversion of the Jews in the last times, which will occur, he says, on the face of Rome and at the seventh trumpet sounding. Upon which he observes,— "Consider the glory which shall then come to Christ by their coming in, the glory of his kingdom shall be enlarged, Jerusalem shall be a throne of glory to him, Isa. 3: 17, "then shall the Lord be glorified in them and all the house of Israel glory in the Lord." pp. 22. He fixes no dates, and says nothing definite about the advent or thousand years.

Solomon Stoddard, born in Boston, 1648, graduating at Harvard, 1662, and ordained minister at Northampton, 1672, till his death in 1729. He was a great revivalist, and was the author of fifteen separate works. In 1687 he published a work on the "Last Judgment," which though its title would indicate more, is mostly practical; the author making little or no allusion to that great day. Still, the doctrine that Christ will come personally to judge the world, to the utter dismay of sinners and the great joy of his people, appears on the pages of the work. But he, as Bulkley, are non-committal on the millennium.

A Pious Home.

Family prayer-meetings are beautiful, very beautiful. What is more beautiful than to behold a family group—the husband and wife, the father, the sons and daughters, from the least to the greatest—seated in order around the family altar, in breathless attention, each in turn engaged in audible acts of worship? The father, as the priest, opens the big book and reads and expounds the sacred volume. A song of praise follows, in which all unite harmoniously; prayer is then offered, each one bowing the knee before the Lord. The silent influence of a pious home is illustrated by the Prodigal Son. Had that home been repulsive to him, or had his father been a stern, forbidding man, that recovering thought about home would not have visited him. Take courage, parents of prodigals, if you are faithful with God and your family altars. Persevere, parents, in family religion. It may be like the fabulous song of the sea in the shell to the ear of a child when far from home and from God.

Mary Queen of Scots.

BRO. HAVEN:—I was glad to see that little gem of a prayer of Mary Queen of Scots in the last number of the *Herald*, but I think the "English Churchman" could have selected a better translation. The following has a place in my extract book beside the original; will you not give it a place in the *Herald*?

O Lord God of Hosts, I have trusted in Thee;
O Jesus beloved, now liberate me.
In fetters so galling, in tortures appalling,
I long after Thee.
In moaning, in groaning, on bent knee atoning,
I adore Thee, implore Thee to liberate me.
G. W. Brown, in *Zion's Herald*.

TRY KINDNESS.—"I once had a very awkward horse to shoe," said a smith, "and I was punishing it severely to make it stand still. My shop was just before the kitchen window, and my wife, who is a kind-hearted woman, came out and reproved me for my conduct to the animal. She went up to it, and patted it, stood up close to it, and it stood as quiet as a lamb, and we could have done anything with it." O, that people would try kindness. It is a mighty cheap cure.

Faith is the ring of light around the eclipse we call death.



ADVENT HERALD.

BOSTON, JULY 28, 1863.

JOSIAH LITCH, EDITOR.

The readers of the *Herald* are most earnestly besought to give it room in their prayers; that by means of it God may be honored and his truth advanced; also, that it may be conducted in faith and love, with sobriety of judgment and discernment of the truth, in nothing carried away into error, or hasty speech, or sharp, unbrotherly dispute.

The Outgoing and Incoming Administrations.

The great question for us to settle in reference to coming events, and the meaning of the prophecies relating to them, is, What rule of interpretation and fulfillment has always been observed in the past accomplishment of prophecy? The answer is, a literal fulfillment and a literal interpretation. And if all that claims to have been fulfilled in the past, is interpreted and fulfilled on the literal principle, then it has established a rule of interpretation; and we have no right to depart from it in reference to unfulfilled prophecy. If so, then there is no one subject so abundantly foretold as the reign of the Messiah on earth and on David's throne. And next to the reign itself, in explicitness, are the predictions of his great conquests by war, at his glorious appearing. Those predictions we have already considered.

The visible leader, and chieftain of the anti-christian hosts is called the *beast*, or more literally, the *wild beast*. This is what the "early Christians" called anti-christ. With them the opinion was general, if not universal, that this *beast* would in the last days constitute a personal anti-christ. The moderns, however, have adopted the view as expressed substantially by Buck, in *Theological Diet*—Article Anti-christ. He says, "anti-christ therefore is a word of great latitude of meaning, and not confined in the scriptures exclusively to any particular society, church, or communion, but as descriptive of all, in every place, and every age, who under the form of Christianity renounce its spirit, corrupt its doctrines, pervert its institutions, and assume the prerogatives of its head." This he applies principally to "Christian Rome." Again he says, "We are not to look upon the name as the designation of an individual person, or some formidable adversary, who was to arise and be a scourge to the church in the latter day, as was anciently believed, but rather as the denomination of a power corrupt and baneful in its influence, existing in a wicked mystical body, directly opposed to the spiritual body of Christ." But more recently there is a rapidly increasing number of prophetic students, both in Europe and America, who are disposed to the old view of the subject; and who believe that with the closing up of the present dispensation, the Roman government will be headed by an individual who will possess the characteristics of anti-christ, as given by St. John, and be the great and formidable leader against Christ and his people. Many believe this anti-christ will be Napoleon III, who is in actual possession of Rome, and seems determined to hold it. Who also holds the district of Lebanon, in Syria, and is said to have a hundred thousand armed men in Egypt, ostensibly, to construct a canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. Napoleon is a noted spiritualist, and probably while sustaining the pope for a season, for political or other purposes, is at heart in full sympathy with spiritualists.

The apostle, 1 John, 2: 18-22, defines anti-christ thus,—"Who is a liar, but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is anti-christ that denieth the Father and the Son." Here are three distinct marks of anti-christ. 1. He denies that "Jesus is the Christ." 2. He "denies the Father." 3. He "denies the Son."

4. Another truth is pointed out,—1 John 4: 3. "Every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is not of God: and this is that spirit of anti-christ, whereof ye have heard that it should come, and even now, already it is in the world."

To these four, may be added another—2 John 7. "For many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is coming (the Greek *erkmēnos*, being a participle should be rendered coming,) in the flesh. This is a deceiver and an anti-Christ."

Has "Rome Christian," as such, ever denied one of these points? From her earliest history she has adopted, professed, and maintained, what, from its great antiquity, has been called the Apostles' Creed; a creed incorporated into the written formulas of every Protestant church who have adopted a formula. Its confession is:—1st. The Father. "I believe in God the Father, Almighty, maker of heaven and earth." The individual church or party, making this confession does not deny the Father. The church of Rome, and her councils, priesthood and membership, have ever confessed it.

2. The Son. "And in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried, He descended into Hades; The third day he rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

This article confesses:—1. That Jesus is the Christ; 2. That Jesus Christ is come in the flesh; 3. That he is the only Son of God; and 4th. That he is coming in the flesh. In faith, then, the church of Rome does not bear the scriptural marks of anti-christ. And aside from John's definitions of anti-Christ, we have none in the Bible.

But spiritualism does bear every mark of anti-christ as given by the apostle. Almost every invocation in a spiritual meeting is addressed to our "father and mother." In the "*Banner of Light*," of July 25, 1863, we find the following invocation: "So, oh our Father and Mother, thy children would offer thee thanks, in return for immortality." Again:—"We praise thee, oh our Father and Mother, for the gift of life, of being, and for the wondrous manifestations of thy power," &c.

Is this the God of the Bible? Is it the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ? His character is thus defined by a medium, or the demon who possessed him. "You, (children of America,) should begin to feel that GOD YOUR FATHER, IS NO PERSONAL GOD." *Banner of Light*, July 25, 1863.

These sentiments in respect to God, are not isolated examples, but all-pervading expressions of sentiment in regard to God. It is genuine spiritualism.

And in respect to Jesus, the most they will allow is, that he was a good man; a great reformer, and a highly developed medium. But all the characters and attributes ascribed by the prophets to the Messiah, they deny him. While they will admit that he is a Son of God, they usually add, "and so we all are sons of God." But is Jesus of Nazareth the only begotten Son of God, as recorded in Matt. and Luke, 1st chapters? The answer uniformly is, "No." And spiritualists are as positive in their denial that Jesus Christ is coming in the flesh as they are that he has come in the flesh. They maintain that he never rose from the dead in the flesh; and hence never went to heaven in flesh; and will never come again from heaven in flesh or with a material body.

And this is the system that is pervading Christendom, and captivating its millions. It is the system which arrays itself against Jesus Christ with intense hatred. No religious system ever made the progress in its first fifteen years which spiritualism has made. It is developed in all lands; and has entered and made its votaries alike in the Imperial palace and the most humble cottage.

Such a movement must, in the nature of things, develop a leader, or chieftain, who shall wield its mighty power and shape its destiny.

We can see nothing to be gained by adhering to an application which requires the utmost force of construction to make it in any way plausible, when there is rising before our eyes, a system which so perfectly answers the inspired description, that there is only wanting the development of a head to make the thing complete.

The question raised by John the Baptist, after he was put in prison, will still agitate the minds of men:—"Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" Christ taught this when he said, "I am come in my Father's name and ye receive me not. If another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive."

There have been many false Christs who have made converts to their claims; but none were ever officially received by the Jewish nation, as they rejected Jesus of Nazareth. Will not such an one appear?

HARMONY.

What is wanted to determine what is truth, is a theory, or principle, which will perfectly harmonize all that is said in the Bible on a given subject, without any forced construction. We request the reader to keep in mind this axiom; and in the light of it to harmonize without violence, whatever the Bible has said of the last days, on the principle that the anti-christ is a system of the past. And after full and fair trial, to apply the principle of a

personal anti-christ, the leader of a violent contest with Christ at his glorious appearing; and then ask which theory the most perfectly harmonizes with the word of God?

Our conviction is, that every man and woman will be brought to the test, before the glorious appearing of our Savior, between the acceptance of Christ, or anti-christ, and make up their minds deliberately. The process is going on before our eyes to a certain extent, even now. Those who embrace spiritualism, uniformly reject the Lord Jesus Christ definitely; not in that general sense in which the sinners of Christendom in former days, and even now, reject him. Is Jesus the Christ? Is Jesus Christ coming in the flesh? These are the two great questions at issue between Christ and anti-Christ. Reader, how will you decide? For as you decide this you fix your destiny.

Questions on Incorruptibility.

[CONTINUED.]

1. If the wicked are not raised with incorruptible or immortal bodies, will not the lake of fire consume them, so that like as brute beasts made to be taken and destroyed, they will utterly perish in their own corruption? Is not their doom described by our Saviour, by the picture of chaff consumed in fire?

2. As the soul sins, and God says, "The soul that sinneth it shall die;" and that he is able to destroy both soul and body in gehenna, or what we suppose to be the same, the lake of fire, into which death and hades are cast when their existence is no longer required, what right have we to assert that souls and bodies will live and suffer forever?

3. Are we not taught that God will render to every man according to his deeds? that for some sinners it will be more tolerable in the day of judgment than for others? that the heathen will not perish in the same manner as those who have the Gospel and reject it? and that sinners by continuing in sin treasure up wrath against the day of wrath?

4. If the word death means eternal torment by fire, and was so understood by Adam and Eve, the patriarchs, prophets and apostles, does not that amount of torment befall the sinner for the first sin he commits, after arriving at the age when faith in Christ is essential to salvation? And if so, will not a lifetime of unpardoned sins meet with a punishment inconceivably greater than eternal torment by fire? But has God threatened to any creature, even the devil himself, any greater punishment than eternal torment by fire? And will he punish any one vastly more than he has threatened? If the lake of fire does not ultimately consume the bodies of the wicked, why, in Revelations, are the worshippers of the beast said to be tormented with fire, and the beast and false prophet said to be cast into the lake of fire a thousand years or more before the devil, who is cast in subsequent to the millennium?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANSWER.

To the first question we reply, If the words of Christ, Mark 9: 49, convey any distinct idea, "For every one shall be salted with fire, even as every sacrifice shall be salted with salt," they convey to us the idea that the instrument of the sinner's punishment will be the preserving menstruum. And that which is not incorruptible in itself may be preserved from dissolution by a preserving menstruum.

But even admitting the consumption of the body, it by no means follows that the soul will be consumed by the same process. "Shall utterly perish, in their own corruption." 2 Peter, 2: 12. "Shall utterly perish" is not the literal meaning of the Greek *kataphtheiro*. That meaning is only derived by implication. Robinson defines the word thus: *To spoil utterly; to corrupt, to lay waste*. By implication: *To destroy, to perish*. And as an instance of this implication, he cites 2 Peter, 2: 12. But we decline adopting the implication of even as learned men as King James' translators without question. We prefer to let St. Jude speak on this subject; and he says, verse 10th: "But these speak evil of the things which they know not; but what they know naturally, as brute beasts, in those things they corrupt themselves." *Phtheirentai*, "corrupt themselves," is here rendered according to its literal import. Why not do the same thing in 2 Peter, 2: 12, and read it: "And shall utterly spoil in their own (Phthora) corruption?" For our part, we prefer the literal to the implied meaning when it is equally in harmony with the rest of the word, as in this case. The text and context would read thus: "But chiefly them that walk after the flesh in the lust of uncleanness, and despise government. Presumptuous are they, self-willed; they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities. Whereas angels, which are greater in power and might, bring not railing accusation against them before the Lord. But these, as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, speak evil of the things that they understand not." So far the comparison between these wretched beings and brute beasts—they do not

understand what they speak evil of, any more than the natural brutes which are "made to be taken and destroyed," [literally *wasted*]; and in their own corruption shall utterly spoil. This implies an entire abandonment of all good, both of mind and body; so that they shall, in the resurrection, come forth "to shame and everlasting contempt;" and "be an abhorring to all flesh." But the passage in no wise implies a cessation of being.

"Is not their doom described?" &c. We answer, yes. A doom which awaits all the proud and all that do wickedly, at the coming of the Lord, so far as their bodies are concerned. For they shall then be ashes under the feet of the saints. Mal. 4: 3. But after this, they are to be raised and be cast soul and body into gehenna, or the lake of fire. Luke 12: 4, 5; and Rev. 20: 15; and 21: 8. This is undeniably their final doom.

Question two was answered last week: That *soul*, in the passage quoted, is used as a *synecdoche*, for the person, and refers to temporal death, not to the extinguishment of that *psyche*, or life, which Christ declares is with the body to be cast into "gehenna," "where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched;" and where he says "every one shall be salted with fire." We presume our readers know that the word rendered "destroy," Matt. 10: 28, "*destroy both soul and body in hell*," *apollumi*, does not necessarily imply extinction of being, but any degree of ruin, loss, or misery, which may befall anything. As, "I have found my sheep which was lost." "I have found my piece which was lost." "My son was lost and is found." These and a multitude of other instances of the word show that the idea of cessation of being cannot be predicated on it unless other words or circumstances demand it. It would be absurd to say, "I have found my piece which was annihilated;" "I have found my sheep which was extinguished;" or, "My son was annihilated and is found." "Save, Lord, or I perish," would read strangely were it to be written, "Save, Lord, or I shall be annihilated." Destroy is an ambiguous word; it may mean *annihilate*, but does not necessarily. "Torment" always implies suffering. But torment forever and ever is the sinner's portion; and whenever the word destroy is used in reference to his final doom, it must be in accordance with that unambiguous word; and, therefore, cannot mean extinction of being.

To the third question we reply: That nothing is more clearly taught than that every one shall be rewarded according to his works; and there is nothing which we more heartily believe. But we have so much faith in the power and wisdom of God that we believe he can graduate the retribution of the wicked, without extinguishing them at a given point.

To the fourth question: "If death means eternal torment," &c., we reply, that we do not know precisely what Adam and Eve understood by it, but we know something of what befell them for their sin, whether they understood it or not. "In sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life." "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow." "Thy desire shall be unto thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." Whether they knew that all this untold sorrow, toil and grief of six thousand years of uncounted millions was couched in that word "die," we cannot say. But we who live now, know that the righteous God who made the law and fixed its penalty, judged the sinners and pronounced their doom under that law, has faithfully inflicted it. Whether Adam had any knowledge of the second death, "which is the lake of fire," where God's enemies will be "tormented day and night forever and ever," we cannot say.

"Why are the worshippers of the beast said to be tormented with fire and brimstone, and the beast and false prophet said to be cast into the lake of fire?" &c. Answer. The worshippers of the beast are to be tormented with fire and brimstone, and be cast into the lake of fire. Rev. 13—"All that dwell on the earth shall worship him (the beast), whose names are not written in the book of life." Rev. 20: 15—"And whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire." Therefore, all the worshippers of the beast will be cast into the lake of fire, and be tormented there without rest day or night forever and ever. Rev. 14: 10, 11. The beast and false prophet are cast in a thousand years before the devil, because the righteous Judge so ordains.

Colored People in the Woods near Harlem.

Last week, about three miles above Harlem, one of the inspectors of the telegraph line there, while superintending repairs, heard peculiar sounds issuing from the woods. He determined to ascertain their origin, and walked in the direction whence they came. Coming to an opening, he discovered twenty or thirty persons in a kneeling attitude, and a man who apparently was praying. Approaching

CORRESPONDENCE.



In this department, articles are solicited, on the general subject of the Advent, from friends of the Herald, over their own signatures, irrespective of the particular views which it defends. Views of correspondents not dissented from, are not necessarily to be considered as editorially endorsed. Correspondents are expected to avoid all personalities, and to study Christian courtesy in all references to views and persons. Any departure from this should be regarded as discrediting the writer to any reply. Christian and gentlemanly discussion will be in order; but not needless, unkind, or uncourteous controversy.

MY JOURNAL.

SECOND TOUR WEST.—No. 2.

Forriston.

Tuesday, June 2d. By invitation of brother J. Geer, and other citizens of Forriston, Ogle Co., I visited this place and had a cordial welcome at the house of brother Geer, late a patient of "Our Home," in Dansville, N. Y., who, a year ago, being very sick and nigh unto death, having seen the account of my "sickness and cure," at the "Home," and having confidence in my statement, rallied and went. The result is, that he is restored, and remains in life to be a blessing to his family and the community. His case was something like my own, and the cure is almost as wonderful. He is a happy man. He keeps the laws of life and health, and eats and drinks to the glory of God, and enjoys life.

Forriston is a town of about five hundred inhabitants, situated on the Central Illinois Railroad, about twenty miles north of Dixon. It is one of the most pleasant and beautiful towns on the prairie. It has been settled eight years, and is composed of people from Maryland and the Canadas. They are a united and happy people. Till now, they had not opened their house of worship, (United Brethren,) to Adventists. It was opened freely to me for three evenings, and all turned out to hear. I gave them three discourses. One on the higher life; second, on the duty of watching for the Lord's soon coming; and the third, on the time of his coming. These discourses were received with manifestations of deep interest. I scattered one or two hundred tracts among them, and left the Gospel of the kingdom to work its way. My work is done,—they are warned of the near coming of the kingdom of God.

At ten, P. M., June 4th, I bade this people good-by, and took the cars for Amboy, and at 12, M., put up with brother Clark, and got a few hours sleep, and was refreshed for work.

Friday, June 5th. Having finished my work in Amboy, took the cars at noon for Wyand, Beauré Co., Ill., and at three, P. M., I was preaching in the tent, pitched in a grove near Wyand Village. Elders William McCulloch and Foster had prepared the way—two faithful ministers in this part of the field. The prospects are good for a hearing, with good results. Spoke again in the evening to a good audience, and closed the day with some satisfactory assurance of my labor not being in vain.

Saturday, June 6th. Have given three sermons to-day. Noah's faithfulness and reward, Heb. 11: 7; Christ's urgent command to his servants in this last time, Luke 14: 21—"Go out quickly." I showed the importance of all in the ministry and membership, girding themselves anew for the work of preparing a people for the coming of the Lord. In the evening expounded the parable of the virgins, Matt. 25: 1-13. We have had a good day, and some have decided anew to enter with all the heart into the service of God.

Sabbath, June 7th. A beautiful day, and the tent has been filled with a candid and anxious audience, who came out to hear upon the signs of the times and the evidence of the Lord's speedy coming. The audience was made up mostly of persons who had not heard lectures on the subject. But I had brethren enough to hold up my hands and cheer me in my work. I do not know that I ever had more freedom in speaking, or made a deeper impression than to-day. The people of Wyand will never forget the interests of this day; and I trust it may prove a turning-point with many to serve the Lord henceforth. The ministers of the village and vicinity were all in to hear, with their principal members, and I learn more favorably impressed with the doctrine. May God give them grace and courage to embrace the truth openly, and live for the coming kingdom. I put up with brother March, and received his Christian hospitality. May the Lord reward them in the day of his coming.

JOSHUA V. HIMES.

Letter from Gettysburg.

BROTHER LITCH:—As I am on the battle-field, near this place, to attend to a brother wounded in the late battle, perhaps a line from me may not be unacceptable to your readers. I arrived here yesterday, found every barn near the battle-field, hundreds of tents and every church, court-house and public building near Gettysburg filled with the wounded. Thousands have been sent away. Friends and foes alike receive attention. I met a train of cars at Hanover Junction filled with wounded; two of them were filled with wounded rebels. I inquired of them how they were getting along. They replied, "First-rate; your people are doing all they can for us." Yesterday I spent a few hours on the battle-field, and although nine days had elapsed since the battle, it still presented a scene of desolation such as I never witnessed. Fences burned, thrown down, or built into breastworks or barricades. Wheat and corn-fields literally trampled into the earth. Shot and shell, blankets and overcoats, muskets and knapsacks, dismounted cannon, broken and overturned caissons, scattered in dire confusion. Hundreds of horses burned or buried, and yet other hundreds lying rotting on the field. I counted about thirty on a space perhaps not more than two acres. All along the line, the little fresh hillocks, with a simple board on which are name and date inscribed, mark the place of the dead; sometimes over thirty buried where they fell. O, it made me long for that land whose fields shall never be trampled with the iron hoof of war.

I went with the chaplain of the 16th Vermont Regiment to assist in burying a soldier who had just died in the hospital. Without a coffin, or box of any kind, he was wrapped in his blanket and about to be laid in his humble grave. I suggested that we make him a coffin of boughs, as there was plenty near by, and it was at once assented to. O, it did me good to gather the boughs of elm and cedar, to make a couch and a covering for that poor soldier. Sunday morning I saw a boy, only eighteen years of age, lying in his robe of state—his simple military blanket—prepared for his burial. He was lovely even in death, and I was informed he was the only son of his mother, and she a widow. His chaplain told me he was a subject of renewing grace after he was wounded. When first he spoke with him in reference to his soul's welfare, he said: "O tell me how to be a Christian." We hope to meet him in that land where the "storm of battle will be over." There are many other interesting incidents which I will write, if I tarry a day or so longer.

Yours, in the hope of eternal life,

D. BOSWORTH.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 13, 1863.

Letter From Canada.

Dear Bro. Litch:—On Wednesday, the 8th, we left home to attend the grove-meeting held by Elder Reynolds, at No. 6 school-house, below Brantford. We arrived at Bro. Lampkins about eight o'clock in the evening, where we met Bro. Reynolds. Preached at Messiah Chapel Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and on Friday we went to the grove, about four miles below Cainsville. In consequence of the hurry of business, being in the midst of the haying, there was no meeting in the grove till Saturday afternoon. On Friday evening, spoke from Dan. 5: 23. "And the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, thou hast not glorified." Bro. Reynolds preached Saturday afternoon, giving an exposition of 2 Cor. 5th chapter, dwelling more particularly on the 19th and 20th verses. Preaching in the evening from Matt. 24: 14. The preaching of the gospel of the kingdom to all the nations, an unmistakable sign of the end. On the Sabbath the congregations were large and attentive. Spoke in the morning from Ps. 42: 12. At 1-2 o'clock Elder Flanders preached from Gen. 3: 15, followed by Bro. Reynolds, who addressed us from Col. 2: 6-12. There was preaching again in the evening by the writer, text Eph. 4: 30—"And grieve not the holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." We parted feeling that much good had been done, and the way better opened for further labor in that place. God's truth will have effect when earnestly urged upon the people. On Monday, in company with Bro. Reynolds, we visited Elder Flanders, and Elder Pearce, and on Tuesday returned home.

I love this good work of preaching the gospel of the kingdom. Glad tidings have come to our ears. Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, "and unto them that look for him, shall he appear the second time without sin, unto salvation." The kingdom of God is at hand. There is pardon, reconciliation for sinful alienated souls; rest for the burdened soul in Jesus now, and also "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." Steadily have the years rolled by. Empires have risen and passed away. Dynasties have had their appointed

time, and now, the world's history hath almost all been written, and we

"Wait the swift approaching day
'Till our Deliverer comes."

And while waiting for Jesus I love to proclaim the good news to others. Some may scoff at it, but that does not prove it untrue. So it was in the day of Lot, and it is but a sign of Jesus' coming. But it is sad to find those who profess to love Jesus, and are looking for his coming, instead of building up, and laboring thus to advance the cause of the Messiah, pulling down and dividing, and endeavoring to make vain the labor of those who are striving to save souls. O, that the salvation of souls and the preparation for the coming of Jesus might be first in the minds of us all. And may we each give heed to the admonition, "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

Yours in the blessed hope.

D. ELWELL.

Black Creek, July 20, 1863.

A Warning to you All.

The battle of that great day of God Almighty. Zeph. 1: 14—"The great day of the Lord is near, it is near, and hasteth greatly, even the voice of the day of the Lord: the mighty man shall cry there bitterly. That day is a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness. I will bring distress upon men, and their blood shall be poured out as dust, and their flesh as the dung."

I am informed, from good authority, that all nations on the four quarters of the globe are afraid they shall lose their government, power and strength; for they are partly strong, and partly broken; in a crumbling condition. And the stone that is cut out without hands will smite the image upon the feet and grind it to powder. The governments and kingdoms of this world are about to be broken up, and dashed to pieces, and become the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour. For the nations are angry, and God's wrath is coming, and the nations are engaged in preparing for battle and war in every government or kingdom on the face of the globe. If England should send her armies into the United States, it will be the means of setting the different nations in war, with madness and revenge, with weapons of war flying in every direction.

When the nations on the four quarters of the earth rush together in confusion and in war universally over the entire globe, without order and in confusion, then the four winds are let loose; for the four winds are the governments of the earth, and the four angels have power over the governments of the earth. And saith John: "I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth, that they should not hurt the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, until we have sealed the servants of our God"—which seal is that Holy Spirit of promise. And then the four angels will be loosed, "prepared for an hour and a day, a month and a year, to slay the third part of men." "For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood." "And the land shall be soaked in blood, and garments rolled in blood. For it is the day of the Lord's vengeance to execute judgment. And a noise shall come even to the ends of the earth; for the Lord hath a controversy with the nations; he will plead with all flesh, he will give them that are wicked to the sword." "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, behold, evil shall go forth from nation to nation, and a great whirlwind," (or rushing of armies,) "shall be raised up from the coasts of the earth." "And the slain of the Lord shall be at that day from one end of the earth even unto the other end of the earth. They shall not be lamented, neither gathered, nor buried; they shall be dung upon the ground." Again, they shall die of grievous deaths; they shall not be lamented, neither shall they be buried, but they shall be as dung upon the face of the earth; and they shall be consumed by the sword and by famine. Yes, by the sword and famine; and their carcasses shall be meat for the fowls of heaven and for the beasts of the earth. For, behold, the Lord cometh out of his place, both with cruel and fierce anger, to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity. For Babylon is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils and the hold of every foul spirit, and the cage of every unclean and hateful bird.

By reason of rejecting the present truth, and in their merchandise of slaves and souls of men, the earth also shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain. And this shall be the plague wherewith the Lord will smite all the people that have fought against Jerusalem—which has reference to the church of God*—their flesh shall consume away while they stand upon their feet, and their eyes shall consume away in their holes, and their tongues

*This is spiritualizing rather too strongly. Let God speak to us in his own words.—ED.

shall consume away in their mouth, and the rivers and fountains of water will become blood. And the wicked have shed the blood of saints and prophets, and God will give them blood to drink, for they are worthy. The wicked, your hands are defiled with blood; and the wicked shall be dung upon the ground. And then the fowls of the heavens shall pick their carcasses, and all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven will gather themselves together unto the supper of the great God, and eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them. And then the wicked which are left alive will begin to cry for the rocks and the mountains. And the kings of the earth, and the chief captains, and every bondman and every freeman will hide themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains, and will say to the rocks and mountains, fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of God. For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand.

Thus slavery cannot be abolished until Satan's kingdom—which are the kingdoms of this wicked world—is dashed to pieces like a potter's vessel, and becomes the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour. And there will fall upon men hailstones, and coals of fire mingled with blood. And men will gnaw their tongues for pain, and blaspheme God because of the plague of the hail, and repent not of their deeds.

I suppose you are well aware that this nation is called an enlightened Gentile nation; for the wicked are called heathens. And the whole world has become under the head of a Gentile world. And proclaim ye this among the Gentiles; prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near; let them come up: beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruninghooks into spears; let the weak say, I am strong. Assemble yourselves, and come, all ye heathen, and gather yourselves together round about. Let the heathen, the wicked be awakened, and come up to the valley; for there will I sit to judge all the heathen, the wicked round about. And the cry to the angels is, "Thrust in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe; come, get you down: for the press is full, the fats overflow; for their wickedness is great."

This Gentile nation has boasted of her strength, and told the Queen of England that they did not want any of her help—when in fact they were weak. Thus we see Joel's prophecy now fulfilling. And the sharp sickle will soon be thrust into the earth, for her grapes are ripe. And the clusters of the earth will be cast into the great wine-press of the wrath of God, which has reference to that great day of God Almighty, when the land shall be soaked with blood, and the wicked be as dung upon the face of the earth. And out of Christ's mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations. And he shall rule them with a rod of iron; and he treadeth the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. The tares and the wheat shall grow together until the harvest. And the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels. And God shall send forth his angels, and gather the wicked out of his kingdom, and cast them into a furnace of fire. "For behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts." See also Joel 3: 9 to the end.

I am informed that France is about to establish a monarchy in Mexico, probably for the purpose of taking the republican government. France, England and Russia, with the other nations, stand in a crumbling condition. I learn that the state of the people in Missouri is as follows: They are thrown into such a state of confusion, that it is impossible to transact business in any legal order, and murder has become an every-day occurrence. Such, probably, soon will be the state of the nations over the entire globe; and the second coming of Christ follows it.

JARED SPAULDING.

Johnson, Vt., July 20, 1863.

Discussion Invited.

Rev. Dr. Litch—Dear Sir:—A copy of the *Advent Herald* edited by you has fallen into my hands to-day. I desire to take the paper in order to inform myself more in regard to the Advent faith. I have heard but little, but that little seemed to accord with the general teaching. I have been under the influence of the materialistic party of the Advent doctrine for a short time at Buffalo, N. Y. Yet my mind preponderates to the opposite side of the question.

As the people are in the dark here on the Savior's coming and reign, I feel as though something should be done to wake them up to the investigation of this subject. And very many here are anxious to hear the materialistic subject discussed. But there are some here that are willing to discuss the

question of the destruction of the wicked, or annihilation. Is there not some one East who will come here and take this side of the question if we will pay his expenses? As we desire to have the subject discussed in Williamsport, so that all may hear. A man among ourselves is willing to take the orthodox side of the question. If any are willing to take the other side, they will please address your obedient servant,

THAD'S S. SCOVILL.

Williamsport, Penn., July 12, 1863.

Fanaticism in Australia.

There appears to be a sect in Melbourne, calling themselves Christian Israelites, but called by others "Wroites." Their "prophet" has recently died, and the Melbourne Weekly Review has the following notice of him:

It will probably be a piece of perfectly novel intelligence to the bulk of our readers to learn that the wretched old man who thus obscurely ended his career, was, up to the very last, looked upon by his deluded followers as an inspired personage—able to bestow immortal life on all who believed in him. Yet it is very certain that this man was nothing more nor less than a monomaniac.

There lies before us a volume of "The Life and Journal of John Wroe, which contains many alleged "Divine communications revealed to him." The book, in fact, is a very monstrous and profane parody of the prophecies of Jeremiah and Ezekiel. Mormonism is surely bad enough, but even Mormonism is rational and pure, compared with the teachings of John Wroe. The miserable maniac who died the other day at the "synagogue," in Fitzroy, steadily declared all his life, that neither himself nor his followers, could ever taste death, but that both they and he would be translated to heaven, as Elijah was. Indeed, John Wroe's latest "revelation," delivered only a few weeks before his death, was, that he should return to England in a few months. He had actually taken his passage by one of the Liverpool lines, in fulfillment of this prophecy, when the inevitable hand of death fell upon him. So ended the eighty years of wild hallucination and daring impiety of John Wroe. His duped followers, it is averred, are at this hour looking for his resurrection and reappearance among them.

How to Select Flour.

1. Look at the color; if it is white, with a slightly yellowish, or straw-colored tint, buy it. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with white specks in it, refuse it.
2. Examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor.
3. Throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad.
4. Squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests, it is safe to buy. These modes are given by old flour-dealers, and they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody, namely, the staff of life.

EARNESTNESS.—The late Rev. Rowland Hill, in once addressing the people of Wotton, raising himself, exclaimed: "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill, and saw a gravel pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard in the town below, at a distance of nearly a mile; help came, and rescued two of the sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall on poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrecoverably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No, sinner, I am no enthusiast in so doing; and I call on thee aloud for refuge to the hope set before thee in the Gospel."

WHY DON'T YOU BLESS US?—The father of a pious family was absent from home, and a strong Universalist coming in at meal-time, the mother hesitated much about asking a blessing in his presence. As they came to the table there was a pause, when her little child, about four years old, looked up in her face and said, "Ma, why don't you bless us?" This was enough. She bent forward and implored a blessing, and that God would help her in the discharge of her duty. Blessed is the mother who has such a child!

An Effective Sermon.

"The men of Nineveh repented at the preaching of Jonah."—*Luke xii. 16.*

Jonah was but one man and he preached but one sermon, and it was but a short sermon either, as touching the number of words, and yet he turned the whole city, great and small, rich and poor, king and all. We be many preachers here in England, and we preach many long sermons, and yet the people will not repent nor convert. This was the fruit, the effect, and the good that his sermon did, that the whole city, at his preaching, converted and amended their evil living, and did penance in sackcloth. And yet here, in this sermon of Jonah, is no great curiousness, no great clerkiness, no great affectation of words, nor of painted eloquence; it was none other but "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed!" It was no more. This was no great curious sermon, but this was a nipping sermon, a pinching sermon, a biting sermon; it had a full bite; it was a rough sermon, and a sharp, biting sermon. Do you not here marvel that these Ninevites cast Jonah into prison. They did not revile nor rebuke him; but God gave them grace to hear him, and to convert and amend at his preaching. A strange matter, so noble a city to give place to one man's sermon.—*Bishop Latimer, 1530.*

OBITUARY.

FATHER EDWARDS.

Bro. Litch:—The following which should have been forwarded earlier, is now sent for publication in your very valuable paper, the *Herald*, at your earliest convenience.

Father Edwards was born 1793 in the State of Vermont, of religious parents, who watched over him during his youth with deep solicitude. He was early impressed with solemn thoughts of eternity, his accountability to God, and future destiny. From thoughts and feelings thus produced on his young and tender mind, he was induced to seek by earnest prayer a saving acquaintance with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Having obtained a sense of God's pardoning mercy, by faith in the atoning merits of Jesus' blood, he rejoiced for a season with joy unspeakable and full of glory. For many years he held fast the profession of his faith in his native State, enjoying the ordinances of the gospel, and deeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of the world. The question of Christian baptism was one with him not to be settled by the traditions of men. Such was his concern of mind on this subject, that he made it a matter of earnest prayer to God for light. About that time he had a dream, three times repeated, pointing out the mode, the plan, and the time, when he should attend to that ordinance, to which his mind fully consented, the entreaties of relatives to the contrary notwithstanding.

In the year 1838 he left his native State and came to encounter the toils and hardships of frontier life in Illinois. He was well versed in the signs of the times, the fulfillment of prophecy, &c., and the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ was to him a delightful subject. He was very anxious that that event should take place before he should close his eyes in death; wishing and praying that he might be caught up with the Lord in the air, and so be forever with the Lord.

When this unhappy rebellion broke out, he was frequently heard to exclaim, "O Lord, how long! come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly." He would dissent to religious exercises which had no bearing on the everlasting kingdom which shall never be destroyed; his thoughts and soul would expand, and seem to get too large for his body to contain; his eyes would fill with tears of joy, when he tried to speak of the "Blessed hope and the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." That was a precious theme to him. He was very wishful to have had another interview with Bro. S. Chapman, and was much rejoiced last winter, when he received a letter from Bro. Himes, announcing his intention, if possible, of visiting this locality. But reconciled himself to the disappointment, concluding that they were accomplishing more good elsewhere.

In the beginning, or early part of 1862, his health began to fail him. He had a very bad cough, which nothing seemed permanently to relieve. Still his faith was strong, proclaiming in the house, "in the field, in the lanes, in the city, the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." He raised his feeble voice in the Sabbath-school and meeting, which he attended almost to the last.

He took his bed ten days before his death, and gradually sunk away, till there was no hope of his recovery in this world, when on the morning of the 30th March, 1863, he fell asleep in Jesus, in hope of a blessed resurrection. Leaving his disconsolate widow, his son and daughters, grand-children and great grand-children, to mourn the loss of their earthly friend. His funeral took place on the 31st, on which occasion the people were addressed by the writer from Numbers, 23d chapter and 10th verse.

Yours truly in the Advent faith.

WILLIAM CROMPTON.

Hampton, Ill., July 10, 1863.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHITTEN'S GOLDEN SALVE is a step by way of progress in the healing art. It is adapted to all the purposes of a family Salve. It effectually cures piles, wounds, bruises, sprains, cuts, chilblains, corns, burns, fever-sores, scrofulous humors, erysipelas, salt-rheum, king's evil, rheumatism, spinal difficulties, chafings in warm weather, &c., &c., and is believed by many experienced and competent judges to be the best combination of medicinal ingredients for external inflammatory difficulties that has ever been produced. Many of the best physicians of the various schools use it and also recommend it. Every farmer should have it for horses; for the cure of scratches, sprains, chafings, &c., and also for retreating on cows. It cures felons. It cures warts.

From Mr. Morris Fuller, of North Creek, N. Y.: "We and your Golden Salve to be good for everything that we have tried it for. Among other things for which we have used it, is a bad case of 'scald head' of our little girl as effective in this case was also favorable."

We like your Golden Salve very much in this place. Among other things I knew a lady who was cured of a very bad case of sore eyes. Walter S. Plummer, Lake Village, N. H.

Mrs. Glover, East Merrimack street, Lowell, was cured of a bad case of piles by the use of one box of the Salve. Mr. Farrington, a wealthy merchant and manufacturer in Lowell, was relieved of piles which had afflicted him for many years, and remarked to friend that it was worth \$100 a box for piles.

Miss Harriet Morrill, of East Kingston, N. H., says: "I have been afflicted with piles for over twenty years. The last seven years I have been a great sufferer. And though never expect to be well, yet to be relieved as I am from day to day by the use of your Golden Salve, fills my heart with gratitude."

From Mr. J. O. Merriam, Tewksbury, Mass.: "I have a large milk farm. I have used a great deal of your Golden Salve for sore teats on my cows. I have used many other kinds of salve. Yours is the best I ever saw. I have also used it for sprains and scratches on my horses. It cures them in a short time. I recommend it to all who keep cows or horses."

From Dr. Geo. Pierce, Lowell: "Your Golden Salve is good. It will have a great sale."

"I received a wound in my foot by a rusty nail; by reason of which I could not set my foot to the floor for two weeks. The pain was excruciating. When your Golden Salve was applied, it relieved the pain in a short time, and two and a half boxes of it wrought a perfect cure."

Mrs. Lucinda A. Swain, Merideth Centre, N. H.

Mr. H. L. W. Roberts, Editor of Marion Intelligencer, Marion, Ill., says, "Every person that uses the Golden Salve testifies favorably." He has also published a list of names in his paper, of persons cured of wounds, sores, humors, rheumatism, &c., and gives the public reference to them; who, he says, are among the first citizens of the place.

THE GOLDEN SALVE—A GREAT HEALING REMEDY.—It is with much pleasure we announce the advent of this new article in our city, which has met with such signal success in Lowell, where it is made, that the papers have teemed with cases of truly marvelous cures. They chronicle one where the life of a lady was recently saved—a case of broken breast; another where the life of a child was saved—a case of chafing; another of a lady whose face was much disfigured by scrofulous humor, which was brought to a healthy action in a few days; also another of an old man, who had a sore on his foot for twenty years—cured in a few weeks. Our citizens will not be slow in getting at it merits, and will herald it over the land.—*Boston Herald*

Boston, July 12, 1859. Bro. Whitten: I have used your Golden Salve in my family, and I am acquainted with a large number of families also who have used it; and I have reason to believe that it is really what you recommend it to be.

J. V. HINES.

From Dr. W. S. Campbell, New Britain, Conn.: "Your Golden Salve is a great thing for chilblains. I have also used it in afflicting cases of salt rheum, erysipelas, and sore nipples. Its effect was, a speedy and permanent cure."

Dr. Bliss, of Brunswick, Me., says: "I have several friends who have been cured of scrofulous humors by the Golden Salve. You may recommend it from me as a valuable Salve."

Made only by C. P. Whitten, No. 35 and 37 East Merrimack street, Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists, and at country stores. Price 25 cts. per box, or \$2 per dozen.

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Ayer's SARSAPARILLA,

THE WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS DISEASES.

From Emery Edes, a well-known merchant of Oxford, Maine.

"I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community."

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers, Sores, and all Diseases of the Skin.

From Rev. Robt. Stratton, Bristol, England.

"I only do my duty to you and the public, when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your SARSAPARILLA. My daughter, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in her ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to cure until we tried your SARSAPARILLA. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known and much-esteemed lady of Dennisville, Cape May Co., N. J.

"My daughter has suffered for a year past with a scrofulous eruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried your SARSAPARILLA, which soon completely cured her."

From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely-known firm of Gage, Murray, & Co., manufacturers of enameled papers in Nashua, N. H.

"I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became an intolerable affliction. I tried almost everything a man could of both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever, until I took your SARSAPARILLA. It immediately made my face worse, as you told me it might for a time; but in a few weeks the new skin began to form under the blotches, and continued until my face is as smooth as anybody's, and I am without any symptoms of the disease that I know of. I enjoy perfect health, and without a doubt owe it to your SARSAPARILLA."

Erysipelas—General Debility—Purify the Blood.

From Dr. Robt. Sawin, Houston St., N. Y.

DR. AYER: I seldom fail to remove Eruptions and Scrofulous Sores by the persevering use of your SARSAPARILLA, and I have just now cured an attack of Malignant Erysipelas with it. No alternative we possess equals the SARSAPARILLA you have supplied to the profession as well as to the people."

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Wadsworth, Ohio.

"For twelve years I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds of dollars' worth of medicines. The ulcers were so bad that the cords became visible, and the doctors decided that my arm must be amputated. I began taking your SARSAPARILLA. Took two bottles, and some of your PILLS. Together they have cured me. I am now as well and sound as anybody. Being in a public place, my case is known to everybody in this community, and excites the wonder of all."

From Hon. Henry Monro, M. P. P., of Newcastle, C. W., a leading member of the Canadian Parliament.

"I have used your SARSAPARILLA in my family, for general debility, and for purifying the blood, with very beneficial results, and feel confidence in commending it to the afflicted."

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.

From Harvey Sickler, Esq., the able editor of the *Tunkhannock Democrat*, Pennsylvania.

"Our only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead. They rapidly spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and actually blinded his eyes for some days. A skillful physician applied nitrate of silver and other remedies, without any apparent effect. For fifteen days we guarded his hands, lest with them he should tear open the festering and corrupt wound which covered his whole face. Having tried every thing else we had any hope from, we began giving your SARSAPARILLA, and applying the iodide of potash lotion, as you direct. The sore began to heal when we had given the first bottle, and was well when we had finished the second. The child's eyelashes, which had come out, grew again, and he is now as healthy and fair as any other. The whole neighborhood predicted that the child must die."

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

From Dr. Hiram Sloat, of St. Louis, Missouri.

"I find your SARSAPARILLA a more effective remedy for the secondary symptoms of Syphilis, and for syphilitic disease than any other we possess. The profession are in debt to you for some of the best medicines we have."

From A. J. French, M. D., an eminent physician of Lawrence, Mass., who is a prominent member of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

"Dr. AYER—My dear Sir: I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent remedy for Syphilis, both of the primary and secondary type, and effectual in some cases that were too obstinate to yield to other remedies. I do not know what we can employ with more certainty of success, where a powerful alternative is required."

Mr. Chas. S. Van Liew, of New Brunswick, N. J., had dreadful ulcers on his legs, caused by the abuse of mercury, or mercurial disease, which grew more and more aggravated for years, in spite of every remedy or treatment that could be applied, until the persevering use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA relieved him. Few cases can be found more inveterate and distressing than this, and it took several dozen bottles to cure him.

Leucorrhoea, Whites, Female Weakness, are generally produced by internal Scrofulous Ulceration, and are very often cured by the alternative effect of this SARSAPARILLA. Some cases require, however, in aid of the SARSAPARILLA, the skillful application of local remedies.

From the well-known and widely-celebrated Dr. Jacob Morrill, of Cincinnati.

"I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent alternative in diseases of females. Many cases of irregularity, Leucorrhoea, internal Ulceration, and local debility, arising from the scrofulous diathesis, have yielded to it, and there are few that do not, when its effect is properly aided by local treatment."

A lady, unwilling to allow the publication of her name, writes:

"My daughter and myself have been cured of a very debilitating Leucorrhoea of long standing, by two bottles of your SARSAPARILLA."

Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Neuralgia, when caused by Scrofula in the system, are rapidly cured by this EXT. SARSAPARILLA.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

possess so many advantages over the other purgatives in the market, and their superior virtues are so universally known, that we need not do more than to assure the public their quality is maintained equal to the best it ever has been and that they may be depended on to do all that they have ever done.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, M. D., & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

"FEED MY LAMBS."—John 21:15.

BOSTON, JULY 28, 1863.

What can a Child Do?

Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up!"
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dewdrop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away!"

The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveler on his way:

Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake,
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too!

It wants a living spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by its love.

How William got a Place.

Two boys applied for a place in a gentleman's store. One was older than the other, and had some experience in the business. He was a gentleman's son, and well dressed. The other boy was the only son of a poor widow. His clothes were well mended, but perfectly clean, and his face had a quiet, honest expression, which impressed a stranger favorably. Though the elder had come recommended from a gentleman he highly esteemed, the merchant decided in favor of the widow's son, quite to the surprise of every one. A circumstance which seemed trifling in itself, had influenced him in making this decision.

The two boys came together at the hour appointed, and the merchant was on his own door-step at the same time. Just then a poor little shivering child crossed the street, and as she stepped on the sidewalk her foot slipped on the icy stones, and she fell in the half melted snow. The elder boy laughed rudely at her sorry appearance, the water dripping from her thin, ragged clothes, but the child began crying bitterly, and searching for the four pennies she had lost. William, the younger boy, hastened to her side and helped her search for them. Two were found in the snow; the other two were probably in the little icy pool beside the curbstone. William bravely stripped up his sleeve and plunged his hand down into the water, groping about till one of the missing pennies was found, but the other seemed hopelessly lost.

"I am afraid that can't be found, little girl," he said pleasantly.

"Then I can't get the bread," sobbed the child, "and mammy and the children will have no supper."

"There is a penny," said William, taking one from a little purse which contained but very few more. And then he made haste to wash off his hand in the snow, and dry it on his coarse white handkerchief. The other boy looked on with contempt, and remarked, as they passed along in:

"It is plain enough you are a green-horn in the city."

The gentleman had observed it all, and scarcely asked the rude boy a question,

but after some conversation with William, he said he would be willing to take him for a time on trial. At the end of his month of probation, he had grown so much in favor with all parties, that the engagement was renewed for a year.

Now, shall I tell you the secret of his success? It was his *politeness*. That means a kind expression of kind feelings. Many very fashionable people are far from being polite, and sometimes the most lowly are very remarkable for it. The merchant knew that the boy who would be truly polite to a poor little ragged child, would never be impolite to customers. He knew that a boy whose principles would hold out when he was laughed at, could be trusted. Remember, that the boy who is uniformly polite in his behavior, has ten chances of success in the world where a rude boy has one.—*Arthur's Home Magazine*.

The Poor Child.

The Sisters of the Poor, in Paris, provide for eight thousand old persons yearly. There are, of course, many other societies formed for a similar purpose, but the origin of this sisterhood is so humble and so touching that we cannot forbear dwelling on it.

In 1840, a poor girl named Mary Augustine, was living in the little town of St. Servan, in Brittany, earning her bread by needle work, and devoting herself quietly and simply to the service of God. Her minister, the Abbe Lapailleure, was as poor and simple-hearted as herself. One day she was asking his advice as to the best means of advancing in the Christian life, when he replied:

"The best and surest way is by charity. Do good to all, but especially to the old and unfortunate."

"But what means have I of doing good?" said the poor girl, thinking of her extreme poverty.

"Every one may, the poor as well as the rich," replied the ecclesiastic. "What did St. Peter say to the blind man at the Beautiful Gate?"

"Such as I have, I have given thee."

"He had no money, but he restored the blind man's sight."

Alas! thought the poor work woman, as she walked homewards, St. Peter had the gift of miracles. A few moments afterward, she saw an old woman coming towards her who seemed very much exhausted.

"What is the matter?" asked she anxiously.

"I can go no further," replied the old woman; "I will sit down on the first great stone we reach. I have no home."

The words of the priest flashed on Marie's mind.

"I cannot leave you here alone and as weak as you are," said she; "come home with me."

When they reached the garret in which Marie lived, she shared her frugal repast with the old woman, and when night came, placed her in her own bed. The next day the old woman was not able to rise. The young girl then determined to do what she would never have done for herself, to solicit the compassion of the neighbors. Fortunately they were kind hearted people and the assistance which they gave was more than sufficient, and Marie hastened to relieve one or two other infirm and friendless women.

Another kind and generous girl came to join the pious task she had undertaken; and the good Abbe sold his silver watch in order to contribute his mite. A second garret was hired and furnished—and thus the Society began. The Abbe soon after

received a legacy of 8,000 francs, which he immediately devoted to this object; and, as it became known, Houses of Refuge for the aged were opened in the principal towns throughout France.

The Effects of Disobedience.

It was a bright June afternoon when Edward Layton entered the room where his mother was sitting. "Dear mamma, may I go with cousin Henry to fish in the pond?" he asked, coming round to the back of her chair.

"No, my dear boy, not this afternoon. You know the grass will be much too damp after yesterday's rain."

"But it is so fine—" began Edward.

"Not another word Eddie. I cannot allow you to go with that bad cold."

The little boy stood for a few minutes irresolute, and then turned and left the room. Edward was not naturally a disobedient boy, but on this particular afternoon he had set his heart on fishing, and he determined that his project should be carried out. He had felt so certain of his mother's permission, that to be refused was more than he could bear.

"Oh!" thought he, "I will go by myself, and then there will be no one to tell tales."

Accordingly, he went out the back way, so that his mother might not see him from the drawing-room windows. He had been fishing for some time, when his line became entangled in a bush, and, in attempting to disengage it, he took a false step and slipped into the pond. He could not swim, but, shrieking with terror, sank to the bottom. His cries of distress were heard by some workmen who were in a field at some little distance. They hastened to the spot and succeeded in rescuing the little boy, whom they bore senseless, and dripping with wet, home. Great was Mrs. Layton's surprise to hear of her son's disobedience.

The long and dangerous illness that followed was sufficient punishment. And many and earnest were the resolutions Eddie made on his bed of suffering never again to disobey. Dear little readers, take a lesson from this simple story. Remember, that should your mother fail even to discover your disobedience, the eyes of God are in every place beholding the evil and the good, and one of His commands is, that children should obey their parents.

A Gigantic Bird.

Naturalists are delighted to read that according to a late New Zealand paper a Moa has been seen there. It is a walking, not a flying, bird, supposed, from the numerous skeletons which have been found of it, to grow from eight to nine feet high. It has been hitherto believed to be extinct though it was known that within the memory of men living on the island it had been killed and eaten by the natives. It was always hoped that in the unexplored parts of the island some lost specimen of the nearly extinct race might yet be found alive; and now it seems that a gold miner, sitting by his camp-fire, saw one, peering at him, from the edge of a near hill. He took it at first to be a man, but presently saw it gravely starting off. The track, or footprint of this great bird showed "three claws, and about a foot behind, the mark of a pad, and behind that again the mark of a spur." A reward of twenty-five hundred dollars has been offered for the bird, alive or dead; and if the miner told the truth, we may yet see a living Moa—a member of a tribe once sufficiently numerous in New Zealand to be a source of dread to the natives.

Importance of Correct Punctuation.

The following, according to the way in which it is punctuated, makes the subject of it either the best or the worst of men. Let some of our young readers try their hand at punctuating it both ways:

"He is an old experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of the neighborhood he never rejoices in the prosperity of his fellow-creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no exertion to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to support the Gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversary he pays no attention to good advice he gives great heed to the devil he will never go to heaven he must go where he will receive the just recompense of reward."

Bathing.

God has given our race few greater benefactors than Priessnitz. He has cured the world of hydrophobia. Others had practised cold bathing, but in a most important sense, he is the discoverer, who has the genius to successfully proclaim it to the world. Since Priessnitz's advent, millions have found in the cold bath protection against those external influences, which are the cause of so much disease. No tonic, even quinine or iron, equals water. The skin suffers by seclusion from air and light. The heat, moisture, and darkness resulting from dress, produce in the skin a pale and delicate condition. In our climate, this morbid condition can be removed by nothing so successfully as by cold bathing and friction. The skin is the organ which we present to the external world. Whatever invigorates it, whatever tends to make it tough and resistant, protects us from a multitude of mischievous influences.

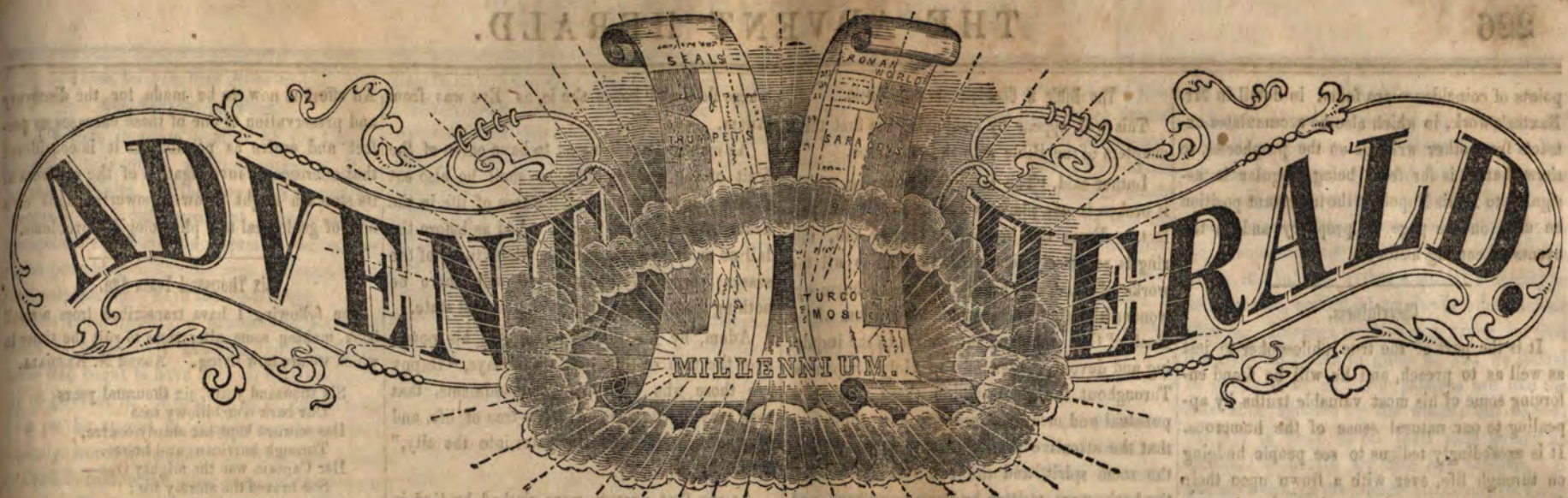
The ancient royal state barge and shallop, built at Deptford dock-yard in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, has been removed from the storehouse, and is ordered to be renovated and re-decorated for the purpose of being forwarded to Virginia Water. The barge is a curious but interesting specimen of early naval architecture, containing a large dining saloon; and, notwithstanding its age, the timbers are found to be perfectly sound.

The first weeping willow in England was planted by Pope, the poet. Having received some figs from Turkey, and observing a twig in the basket ready to bud, he planted it in his garden, and it soon became a fine tree. From this stock all the weeping willows in England originated.

Augusta, Me., is one of the largest (not the most populous) cities in the world. According to the Kennebec Journal, it contains sixty square miles; and in some of the wards they kill wild bears.

In the face of the sun you may see God's beauty; in the fire you may feel his heat warming; in the water his gentleness to refresh you; it is the dew of heaven that makes the field give you bread—*Taylor*.

A person can live comfortably in Japan for two cents a day or fourteen cents a week. A first class house can be purchased for thirty dollars.



WHOLE NO. 1157.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1863.

VOLUME XXIV. NO. 30.

Foreign Correspondence.

For the Herald.

[Continued.]

Monday, June 1st, I took leave of my friends in Halifax, and went to Leeds. Saturday, 6th, I went, in company with brother Watson and brother Cookson, to Harrogate Springs. These are in England what Saratoga Springs are in America—a health and fashionable resort. I met with a very intelligent young Scotchman, to whom I explained our faith and hope. I felt sorry that I had forgotten to take the *Millennial News*.

Sunday morning I met with the Adventists "to break bread." After the introductory services, and the passing of the elements, I took occasion to remark on Luke 22: 15—18. It has long seemed to me that the bread and wine in the communion not only represent the broken body and the shed blood of Christ, but also the bread and the wine of the kingdom, as procured by that broken body and shed blood—in other words, they not only represent the price paid, but the things purchased. Christ may take the bread and wine at the great marriage feast, and in giving them to the guests, say, "This is my body—this is my blood." Why? Because his body and his blood were the price paid for them. When we eat and drink at a person's table, we eat and drink his money, because we eat and drink those things for which his money was paid. In the same sense the redeemed will eat the body and drink the blood of Christ forever. See and weigh 2 Sam. 23: 14—17. The monthly love-feast was held in the afternoon, and many spoke warmly on the things of Christ and his coming again.

During the week the Primitive Methodists held their General Conference in Leeds. They are an earnest body of Christians, and have done a vast amount of good, and especially among the masses; but, like the other branches of the Methodist family, they are evidently in the dark on the Lord's second advent, and on the nature of the good time to come; for I noticed that in their prayers, speeches and sermons, they applied to the present and future triumphs of the Gospel such passages as speak of the heathen being given to Christ for his inheritance—of the earth being full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea—of every knee bowing to Christ, and every tongue confessing to God—and of the kingdoms of this world becoming the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ—whereas, if they would compare Scripture with Scripture, they might see that the passages refer to the judgment of the great day and the new creation. For instance, Paul uses one of them (Isa. 45: 23,) as follows: "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ. For it is written, As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God. So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God." (Rom. 14: 10—12.)

Sunday, June 14th. I met in the morning with the brethren, and in the evening preached, by invitation, in a new and elegant chapel of the United Methodist Free Church. The congregation was large and attentive, and I employed an hour and a quarter in telling the story of eternal life through Christ, not failing to teach that the good time to come is after the Lord's return,

and in the promised restitution; and that it may be ushered in at any hour, and must be specially nigh. I have reason to think that my preaching has given rise to thought and discussion. May it have a saving effect.

June 21st was my closing Sabbath in Leeds. We had a good time in the breaking of bread. I spoke on the present and future salvation of believers, and in the evening preached to a crowded audience on the gracious truth that it is the Father's good pleasure to give the kingdom to the little flock. On the evening following there was a public tea meeting, to give me the parting hand. After tea the meeting was of the most gratifying and heavenly character. After singing and prayer, brother Thorp spoke at length, and his remarks were very comforting to me, as he had evidently enjoyed my visit and labors. I spoke next, and passing by self, I chose as my theme, the kingdom of God; and when I tell you that the spirit and feeling reminded me of "43 times," you will readily understand me. Brother Plummer, of Halifax, made some most happy remarks, and so did brother Hough, the pastor. Brother H. wished me to bear their love to the Adventists of America, and assured me that they are in full sympathy with them in their faith and hope. Though the parting was tearful, yet it was joyous and happy, for the speedy coming of the kingdom of God was to all minds a blessed and glorious reality. We closed with the well known hymn,

"What never part again."

On Wednesday morning I left the house of brother Watson, and in doing so, I left one of the kindest families with whom it has ever been my privilege to stay. May God reward them and the dear friends in Leeds for their many tokens of sympathy and love. In the evening I arrived at the homestead, to make my parting visit to my infirm mother and other near and dear relatives.

The times are very exciting here, owing to the Polish and American questions. A new effort is being made to induce England to recognize the Southern Confederacy. Napoleon seems to be all ready to interfere in some way.

Yours, waiting for the kingdom of God,

R. HUTCHINSON.

Garsdale, Eng., June 25, 1863.

Punctuality.

Among mechanics, punctuality is a great desideratum. Show us a mechanic who will get our work done by the time specified, and we will cherish him as the apple of our eye. But to the mechanic who makes us call twice (fire and sickness excepted,) we bid farewell—"a long farewell"—he is not the man for our money. The mechanic gains nothing by false promises except a bad name. In order to grasp at all the work in the neighborhood many a mechanic will promise, when he knows it is not in his power to perform. What is such a man but a liar? To say nothing of the vice of lying, than which there is nothing more low and contemptible, the mechanic, in the end, gets far less work by false promises than he would by a strict adherence to the truth. Punctuality in a mechanic is the soul of business, the foundation of prosperity, and the security of a good reputation.—*Exchange*.

[From the Toronto (C. W.) Globe]

The Future.

We give in another column a report of the speeches delivered the other evening at a meeting in the St. Lawrence Hall, the large attendance at which proved this much at least, that the most prominent speaker on the occasion, the Rev. Mr. Baxter, in making himself the earpest exponent of certain very startling views of the future, has succeeded in awakening a very general attention to his statements. If he shall fail to get any large number to share the certainty with which he anticipates a series of the most appalling and astounding events to take place within the next seven years, as the immediate precursors of the consummation of all things, it will not be because he does not get people to listen to him, and to weigh attentively the arguments he places before them. Mr. Baxter evidently feels that he has an important mission to fulfil. Just as surely as he believes that Louis Napoleon is ordained to work out the dark and lurid destiny which is sketched on the mysterious page of prophecy as that of the Antichrist and Son of Perdition, with the same unhesitating certainty does he feel it to be his own duty and special task to warn the unthinking world of the great tribulation which is approaching, that those who will give heed to what he believes to be the truth may not be taken unawares when those dismal days of trial and persecution arrive. To the fulfilment of this mission he devotes his whole energy, bringing to it the fruits of a very considerable amount of reading and reflection on matters connected with the interpretation of prophecy.

Mr. Baxter is but one of a very considerable number of students of prophecy, both of the present and former generations, who have been led to the conviction that the decade between 1860 and 1870 will probably witness the fulfilment of some very important portions of the prophetic records. He differs, however, from almost all others who have written on the subject, in the positiveness with which he asserts his views, as scarcely admitting of a possibility of contradiction, and in the minute exactness and precision with which he has undertaken to translate the symbolical language of the prophets into a history of events yet future, to be acted by nations and persons whom he specifies and names. Even Dr. Cumming, whose supposed predictions of the future were a good deal ridiculed two or three years ago, was in the habit of saying—"I state this as what I believe to be probably true," and placed his expositions of unfulfilled prophecy on an entirely different footing from his expositions of revealed doctrinal truths. But Mr. Baxter draws no such distinction, and displays no such hesitations. Thus, as the result of his reading of the prophecies, he says in his published work, and with all the emphasis too, which large capitals can give to the statement, that "there is not the slightest doubt but that England will be comprehended among Napoleon's ten vassal kingdoms"—and again he states that the eight arguments on this point, drawn from his interpretation of the prophecies, "show England's submission to Napoleon to be inevitable." We think Mr. Baxter would display a spirit more becoming an investigator of truth, if admitting the liability of even the wisest

to err, more especially in the interpretation of prophecies which have never hitherto been fully understood except in the light of their own fulfilment, he had said, like Dr. Cumming, "I state this as what I consider to be probable." For our own part, we shall still, notwithstanding his array of so called proofs, cherish the trust that a kind Providence has in store for both England and Canada, a better fate than Mr. Baxter so unhesitatingly predicts for them.

Mr. Baxter, in his work on "Louis Napoleon, the destined monarch of the world," devotes a chapter to elucidating, in their order, twenty events, which he says are to occur during the final seven years and two and a half months of this dispensation, and which will commence soon after 1863, and end with Antichrist's destruction at Armageddon in or soon after 1870. The accuracy with which the whole series of events is predicted, he says, will soon be shown by the occurrence of the first of them—the confirmation of a seven year's covenant between Napoleon and the Jews, who restored to their own land, will rebuild the temple, and renew the offering of sacrifices. Napoleon will gradually establish a universal monarchy, acquiring supreme power over Great Britain and the other portions of the territory of the old Roman Empire, within three and a half years after the covenant. Then, not content with the homage rendered to him as a monarch, he will, with the assistance of the Romish Church, seek to substitute for Christianity, Napoleonism, or the worship of himself and his image, and will wage a fierce war upon the saints for the extermination, if possible, of those who refuse to join in rendering him the blasphemous honors he claims. His career will end, when at the battle of Armageddon, Antichrist and the Pope, and the large armies they have gathered, will be destroyed by the descent of Christ—and then will follow the predicted thousand years of millennial bliss.

It is certainly remarkable that so many coincidences should have been found in the character of Napoleon and the place he occupies on the world's stage, with the portraiture given of the Antichrist. The revival of the Napoleon dynasty by the present French Emperor, although the Great Powers of Europe had agreed, after the fall of the first Napoleon, that no member of his family should ever be permitted to hold sovereign power in France—taken in connection with the possession of Rome by both the uncle and the nephew—is held to be in some measure a counterpart of the prophet's vision of the healing of the deadly wound inflicted on the seventh head of the "beast," understood by nearly all expositors to represent the Roman Empire, by its revival in an eighth head clearly identified with it. Then also, in the name of Louis Napoleon, if the letters receive the numerical values, which they would have as Greek and Latin numerals, the mystical number 666 is found as accurately as in any other attempt which has been made to find the verbal equivalent for what is said to be "the number of a man." Of the final opponent of the Prince of Princes, it is said,—"by peace he shall destroy many"—an expression which reminds us of Louis Napoleon's celebrated declaration, "the Empire is peace," followed by warlike preparations, and many other indications of a most aggressive policy. Other

points of coincidence are found in detail in Mr. Baxter's work, in which also he accumulates extracts from other writings on the prophecies, to shew that he is far from being singular in assigning to Louis Napoleon the important position he does on the page of prophecy and in the events of coming history.

Cheerfulness.

It is the part of the true philosopher to jest as well as to preach, and he will be found enforcing some of his most valuable truths by appealing to our natural sense of the humorous. It is exceedingly tedious to see people budging on through life, ever with a frown upon their faces, and a sigh on their lips; they become pestilential, and one is apt to catch the malady by contact. Such people don't realize that there is any sunny side to this life of ours; a smile seems to them to be sadly out of place on a companion's face, and a hearty laugh downright blasphemy. *Fy—Fy—what philosophy.* Cheerfulness is an amulet, a charm to make us permanently contented and happy. A cheerful man feels well, does well, and loves things which are good; while he who is always sad, doeth ill in the very sorrow he evinceth. Long-faced, sanctimonious people are generally avoided, and very justly so, for who wishes to partake of their malady? Whereas, those accustomed to look on the sunny side of life, are ever courted for the genial spirit they diffuse about them.

He who administers medicine to the sad heart, in the shape of wit and humor, is most assuredly a good Samaritan. A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he is dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself! Open, unrestrained merriment is a safety-valve to the heart and disposition. If overburdened with the noxious gases of care, pull the string of wit, up flies the valve of fun, and out go the troubles and vexations of life to the four winds of heaven. It is a fact beyond dispute, that mirth is as innate in the mind as any other quality that nature has planted there—it only wants cultivation, and the more we cultivate it, the more fruitful it becomes. Mirror-like, the world reflects back to us the picture which we present to its surface. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it—like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness; and thus chameleon-like, life takes its hue of light or shade from the soul on which it rests, dark or sunny, as the case may be.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking on the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "for every bad there might be a worse, and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck!" When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on its sunny side, and you have almost half won the battle of life at the outset.

Curious.

A young lady in a town but a few miles from Portland, some time since was troubled with a lameness in her ankle, which was attributed to over exertion by dancing. The lameness increased and the ankle swelled badly but in time the pain gradually went into the foot, where a sore appeared to be coming on the top. It was pronounced to be a bone sore, and the young lady's friends consoled with her at this great affliction, and of course she was soon badly frightened. Her fright was by no means lessened by the stories that were told her concerning such troubles. At last she felt a pricking sensation on the bottom of her foot, and all thought it was a small splinter of bone trying to work its way through the skin. The doctor with his instruments then removed the supposed piece of bone, when lo, it proved to be a *hog's bristle* which had occasioned all this trouble, and which it is said she must have drunk in water several years ago.—*Portland Courier.*

The Bible a Closely-connected Whole.

This will appear by comparing the first three chapters of the Bible with the last three.

Luther said, "The Bible is like a ring, which, if broken in one place, would no longer be perfect." From the beginning to the end, this ring is so closely connected, that, as in all the works of God, so here, the secret harmony, wonderful design, and consummate wisdom of the Book of God commend themselves to the inquiring and devout reader of the Holy Scriptures. Throughout the whole Bible there prevails a punctual and measured order in everything; so that the attentive reader discovers everywhere the same spirit, and the same design, though the books were written by various authors, and at different times.

Let us now direct our attention to the opening and concluding chapters of this blessed Book, and see how they reflect each other, and refer to one another. Christ is the beginning and end of the whole.

In the first three chapters everything proceeds from eternity; in the last three everything is lost in eternity. In Genesis chap. 1., Moses describes the first creation of heaven and earth. In Revelations chap. 21: 1 &c., St. John presents to the view of hope a new heaven and a new earth. As in the first creation, before the fall, all was harmony and beauty; so, in St. John's vision, the enhanced and eternal harmony of all things appear, to the eye of faith, before our wandering minds.

According to Moses, Gen. 1: 3, light shone out of darkness, and God divided the light from the darkness. In St. John's vision, after the eternal separation of both, a new and eternal light shines out of the preceding nights of tribulation: however, without the former alternation of day and night; for there will be no longer a rising and a setting sun. God himself will be the light of the new Jerusalem, and the Lamb will be the light thereof, Rev. 21: 23.

In the first creation, as in the latter, upon the words, "it is finished," "it is done," there follows a Sabbath, when God will rest in his works, as they will rest in him. That which took place, according to Gen. 2: 1-3, on the seventh day, will take place, according to Rev. 9: 15-17, under the seventh trumpet. Both at the beginning and at the end of the Bible mention is made of the sea; but, Rev. 21: 1, it is said of the latter, "it is no more." In its stead, we read of a sea of glass.

As the first man was created "in the image of God, and after his likeness," so redeemed man will be renewed into the image of God—will have the glory of God, and reflect it, both in his bodily and mental endowments, comp. Rev. 21: 9-11. God will again dwell with man, and reveal Himself to him in Christ Jesus as he never did before. Among all God's intelligent creatures, man is most intimately related to him, and he is the most highly favored. This is declared by the great voice from heaven, Rev. 21: 3, "saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, . . . and be their God."

Gen. 1: 28, informs us of the original design of God with man. Rev. 22: 5, tells us that the redeemed shall reign with Christ over all created existences as a royal priesthood, forever and ever. The thousand years' reign with Christ, during the millennium, is a prelude of this.

The first Paradise, with its tree of life and its stream, refer to the new Jerusalem, with its tree of life and a living stream in the midst of it. And as there was a cherub to guard the entrance of the earthly Paradise after man's fall, so has the holy and eternal city an angel at each of the twelve gates. As no creature but man ought to have entered the first Paradise; so it is said, "There shall in no wise enter into the New Jerusalem anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie." Moses tells us that the bride of the first Adam was prepared by God himself, and presented to him, in Paradise; so saw St. John the bride of the second Adam come down from God out of heaven, in the holy city, new Jerusalem, adorned as a bride for her husband, of

whose flesh and bones she is, as Eve was from Adam.

As man in Paradise was to have eaten of the fruit of the garden only, so shall he also eat twelve manner of fruits of the tree of life in the heavenly city, Rev. 21: 2. And as before the fall no mention is made of the vicissitudes of the seasons, especially winter; so will there be nothing more of this kind in the eternal state.

Adam, by his disobedience, lost his power over the tree of life. St. John says, "Happy are those who keep his commandments, that they may have power over the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city," Rev. 22: 14.

As our first parents were clothed by God in the typical garments of salvation; so are the saints adorned with the robes of Christ's righteousness there. The second death will commence then for the obstinately disobedient, as the first death after the fall. The picture, however, which Moses gives us of the first death is far surpassed by the description of St. John of the second death. Moses deduces all misery from the fall occasioned by the serpent; but St. John shows us how that serpent, the devil and Satan, will at last be for ever removed, and cast into the lake of fire. And as Gen. 3: 15, the destruction of Satan is declared, so we see it fulfilled here. And, what is most consoling, there will be no more possibility of a fall: "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

In the physical new creation of the world we behold the fulfillment of God's declaration in Rev. 21: 5. All that is lovely, beautiful, and glorious, and contributes to the happiness of man now, and advances the honor and glory of God, will shine with renewed splendor, and eternal freshness, in the new heaven, and on the new earth.

In this manner the three last chapters of the Bible show us everything in a renewed form, and in eternal glory, the loss of which we deplored in three first chapters of it. Who can read these concluding chapters of the book of Revelation, and not be strengthened in his hope regarding the entire new creation and renovation of all things?

Let us learn hence the great importance of keeping inviolate every book of the Bible. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."—*Translated from the German, for the Quarterly Journal, by Dr. Richter.*

Discontent with Employment.

A young man who commences his life with not liking his business, has no very promising prospects before him. Let such a one believe himself to be under the immediate influence of "an evil eye," and set about releasing himself at once by a resolute refusal to entertain any thoughts but such as appertain to duty, clearly before him, and how to do it well and honestly. It is a great mistake to be prepossessed with fanciful advantages to be derived from any other calling than the one which circumstances have combined to impose, as an introduction to the busy responsibilities of manhood. How many have made shipwreck of the fairest hopes, by feebly giving way to the delusion of being meant for better things than keeping shop. To be above one's business is a mean pride that has its origin in indolence, betokens a dishonorable career, and an end in bankruptcy, if not in something worse.

REMAINS OF GIGANTIC ANIMALS.—Russian geologists are making preparations to promote the discovery of congealed remains of mammoth animals in Siberia. It is stated that during the last two centuries, at least twenty thousand mammoths, and probably twice or thrice that number, have been washed out of the ice and soil in which they were imbedded, by the action of the spring floods. The tusks only have been preserved for their commercial value in ivory.

An effort is now to be made for the discovery and preservation of one of these carcasses as perfect and entire as possible, as it is considered that microscopic investigation of the contents of its stomach might throw a powerful light on a host of geological and physiological problems.

Six Thousand Years Ago.

The following I have transcribed from a small book, making some alterations to suit the times in which we are now living. ABNER N. KENDALL.

Six thousand years, six thousand years
Our bark o'er billowy seas
Has onward kept her steady course,
Through hurricane and breeze.
Her Captain was the mighty One—
She braved the stormy foe;
And still he guides, who guided her
Six thousand years ago.

Her chart was God's unerring Word,
By which her course to steer—
Her Helmsman was the risen Lord,
A helper ever near.
Though many a beauteous boat has sunk,
The treacherous waves below,
Yet ours is sound as she was built
Six thousand years ago.

The wind that filled her swelling sheet,
From many a point has flown,
Still urging her unchanging course,
Through shoals and breakers on—
Her fluttering pennant still the same,
Whatever breeze might blow,
It pointed, as it did, to heaven,
Six thousand years ago.

When first our gallant ship was launched,
Although her hands were few,
Yet dauntless was each bosom found,
And every heart was true;
And still, though in her mighty hull
Unnumbered bosoms glow,
Her crew is faithful as it was
Six thousand years ago.

True, some have left this noble craft,
To sail the seas alone,
And made them, in their hour of pride,
A vessel of their own.
Ah me! when clouds portentous rise,
When threatening tempests blow,
They'll wish for that old vessel built
Six thousand years ago.

For onward rides our gallant bark,
With all her canvas set,
In many a nation still unknown
To plant her standard yet.
Her flag shall float where'er the breeze
Of Freedom's breath shall blow,
And millions bless the boat that sailed
Six thousand years ago.

On Scotia's coast, in days of yore,
She lay almost a wreck:
Her mainmast gone, her rigging torn,
The boarders on the deck—
There Cameron, Cargill, Cochrane fell;
There Kenwick's blood did flow,
Defending our good vessel, built
Six thousand years ago.

Ah! many a martyr's blood was shed—
We may not name them all;
They tore the peasant from his hut,
The noble from his hall;
Then brave Argyle, thy father's blood,
For faith did freely flow,
And pure the stream as was the fount
Six thousand years ago.

Yet onward still our vessel pressed,
And weathered out the gale;
She cleared the wreck, and spliced the mast,
And mended every sail;
And swifter, stancher, mightier far,
Upon her cruise did go—
Strong hands and gallant hearts had she,
Six thousand years ago.

And see her now—on beam ends cast,
Beneath a north-west storm;
Heave overboard the very bread,
To save the ship from harm!
She rights! she rights!—hark! how they cheer!
All's right—above, below!
She's tight as when she left the stocks,
Six thousand years ago.

True to that guiding star which led
To Israel's cradled hope,
Her steady needle pointeth yet
To Calvary's bloody top.
Yes, there she floats, that good old ship,
From top to keel below,
Sea-worthy still, as erst she was
Six thousand years ago.

Not unto us, not unto us,
Be praise or glory given,
But unto Him who watch and ward
Hath kept for her in heaven:
Who quelled the whirlwind in its wrath,
Bade tempests cease to blow;
That God who launched our vessel forth
Six thousand years ago.

Then onward speed thee, good old bark,
Speed onward in thy pride,
O'er sunny seas and billows dark,
Jehovah still thy guide;
And sacred be each plank and spar,
Unchanged by friend or foe,
Just as she left old Eden's dock,
Six thousand years ago.

[From the New York Methodist.]

The Mormons in Wales.

An article in a late number of the London Spectator tells of an alarming spread of Mormonism in Wales. If the account is correct, the ignorance or indifference that prevails among evangelical Christians in respect to the success of the preaching of the Mormon ministers is indeed astonishing. Says the Spectator:

"The rapid growth of Mormonism in Wales seems to be entirely escaping the attention of those who ought to have done all that was possible to prevent it. Ministers of all persuasions seem to be agreed in considering the subject scarcely worth a thought. A Wesleyan, living at Cardiff, told us the other day that there were very few Mormons left in the Principality. If there are not, it is owing to the regular stream of emigration kept up from Wales to Utah. A few days after this very remark was made, about eighty men and women—the latter nearly all young, good looking, robust girls—left Cardiff en route for the Salt Lake. They had been gathered from the surrounding country, and many were very respectable in appearance. One young man had been assistant to a surgeon at Cardiff. We remember many such embarkations from the ports of South Wales, and yet, in the very heart of this district, the notion is general that Mormonism is dying out. The truth is, that it is subtly and surely extending. In Liverpool, where there are many Welsh, there are also many Mormons. Let it be remembered that the sect is little more than thirty years old, and it will at once be seen that it has assumed formidable proportions. Statistics and census returns do not give the full measure of its progress, for the simple reason that as fast as converts are made they are sent off to Utah. A perpetual emigration fund is in existence for the purpose, and as the people are taught that Christ himself will come to establish his kingdom in Utah or Missouri, they go out with an unchangeable belief that happiness here and high rewards hereafter await them. The Book of Mormon has been translated into the Welsh language, and finds ready—almost eager—acceptance among the poor ignorant people of the hills. The woman, young and old, adopt Mormonism greedily."

One secret of the increase of this sect, and, perhaps, of the prevailing ignorance of it may be found in the secrecy with which their meetings are held, and with which all the movements of their agents are conducted. The Spectator says:

"They work in the dark, and no one seems to think the result of their labors worth interfering with. Nearly all their great gatherings are held at night, and it rarely happens that even the local police hear of them till they are over. Their baptisms are always conducted by the light of the moon, or by torchlight when the night is dark. Up in the hills, where the success of the preachers is greater than in the towns, the meetings are held so secretly that it is almost impossible for a stranger to gain admittance. It is at these private gatherings that the temptations are held out which induces young women to forsake their homes and kindred for a life which they would revolt at here. It is at these also that miracles are occasionally performed."

The character of the people, too, makes them easily accessible to the persuasions of the elders who are working as missionaries among them:

"There is nothing that a Welsh enthusiast will not believe. Their devotion to their creed, whatever that creed may be, is wonderful. It is shown in a blind, unhesitating, unwavering acceptance of whatever they are taught. It is rarely, indeed, that they change their religion. They are obstinate in all things—it is part of their national character; but in religious opinions they are simply immovable. If you reason with them they look upon you as an appointed agent of the tempter of souls. These characteristics of the Welsh—boundless credulity and an unalterable fidelity to their religion—render Wales a chosen land for men of the Wycherley class, and preaching is as common an occupation as that of shoemaking. Promises which an English workman would laugh at as the dreams of

a madman are received implicitly by the poor Welsh collier or haulier as sober realities. They are like plastic clay in the hands of the Mormon agents. The very origin of the new revelation exactly suits them. The miracle of the golden plates, committed to the charge of a poor ignorant man like one of themselves, is a story possessing unspeakable fascination for them. They never tire of hearing about it, and they hope that they in their turn may one day be selected as the instruments of communicating fresh messages from heaven to man. The true story of Smith's imposture they look upon as an invention of the devil. They would brave any danger, and endure any torture for the sake of their religion. Nor is it inconsistent, perhaps, with human nature, that the more debasing the superstition to which an untrained mind links itself, the more ardent is its attachment to it, and the more firmly does it take hold of it."

Music.

Among the gifts with which God has bestowed the paths of children, the power to produce and appreciate sweet sounds holds a distinguished place. The love for music is almost universal. The peasant and the peer alike own its sway, and bow before its influences. There are few natures so debased as to be untouched by melody. I have been petitioned by some, who appeared callous to the most solemn appeals, and deaf to the most earnest entreaties from their teachers in a ragged school, just to be allowed to sing one more hymn, and have heard their voices blend harmoniously, and have seen signs of solemnity and emotion, which I could hardly have believed possible.

I shall never forget hearing about two thousand children sing:

"To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine."

They sang it to a fine old tune called St. Michael's, full of simple grandeur, and the effect was thrillingly solemn.

Perhaps there are few enjoyments more refining and refreshing than those which music affords. When the toils of the day are ended, and the family is united, what pleasure there is in joining in the family concert, and taking a part in a loving concord or sweet sounds. Such evenings render home attractive to young people, and often prevent them from wandering into scenes of danger and temptation in search of the phantom pleasure, though with the unseen certainty of future pain.

A Christian family thus engaged in enjoying one of their beloved Creator's best gifts is a pleasant sight, and by such a unity of taste and endeavor the bonds of love are strengthened, and even selfishness is induced to increase the happiness of others, and thus come over to the side of virtue.

The taste for music is far more extensively diffused than in former times, and the consequence is, an immense supply of cheap music, much of which is of the most trashy description. Many of the compositions of the present day pander to frivolous tastes, or are brought out in connection with some object of popular interest to obtain a sale. Such should be carefully avoided, as they neither improve the mind or the heart; but good music by the best composers is now brought also within the reach of the million, and a moderate use of this is both enjoyable and improving.

Absalom's Sword.

A strange discovery has just been made by Major Pappazolu, of Bucharest—the sword which belonged to Absalom. The blade has on one side the following words traced in Hebrew characters: "Present from Gessur to Absalom, son of David-Jeho, Jeho." On the same side is engraved the image of the hexagonal seal of David, and on the other some characters, the meaning of which has not yet been explained. On the corresponding place to those of the Hebrew characters, and on the opposite side of the blade are these words engraved in gold: "Titus accepit ex Jerusalem." This sword had a handle in gold, representing at the upper part a

warrior's head, covered with a helmet, and joined by a chain to a dragon's head which formed the hilt. The old monk possessor of this weapon, procured it from a janissary, into whose hands it fell during the disturbance at Constantinople in 1807. In a moment of distress, he sold the handle and the scabbard, which was, he says, made of a kind of serpent's skin, and mounted in gold. The ancient origin of the blade is proved by a manufacturer's mark traced in Semetic characters.—*French Journal.*

Presentiments.

Napoleon I. had faith in presentiments. "Paul," he observed to Count Montholon, in a conversation on the death of that Russian emperor, "was a man who had a soul, and was accessible to noble resolutions, but all his moral faults were concentrated by the restless forebodings of that animal instinct, which I have so often observed in some of my bravest soldiers. Lascelles, for example, who, in the middle of the night wrote to me from bivouac on the battlefield of Wagram, to ask me to sign immediately the decree for the transmission of his title and his *majorat* of count to his wife's son, because he felt that he was about to fall in the battle on the ensuing day; and the unfortunate man was right. Cervoni, who stood near me at Echmuhl, and now faced cannon for the first time since the war in Italy, said to me, 'Sire, you forced me to quit Marseilles, which I loved, by writing to me that the cross of the legion of honor was only to be won by soldiers in the presence of the enemy. Here I am; but this is my last day.' A quarter of an hour afterwards a ball carried away his head. Paul was constantly dreaming of conspiracies and assassinations. He had brought a skillful mechanic from abroad, in order to make him a number of secret passages, by which he might escape from the different chambers which he most frequently used in his palace. There was one man alone who had his entire confidence, and that was Count Pahlen, Governor of St. Petersburg, and chief director of the police. He was at supper with the general the night before his assassination, when he received a letter revealing to him the most minute details, the whole scheme of the conspiracy, and warning him that the plot was completely ripe for execution. Some fatality prevented him from breaking the seal, and he thought no more of it when he retired to his private apartments. Had he opened the letter, he would have been saved."

Slaughter in War.

The *Revue Contemporaine* publishes an article by Count de Latour, on the important part which cavalry is likely to play in future wars. The Count, among other things, says that the opinions now generally held regarding the power of fire-arms are greatly exaggerated, and shows that many more men were lost in the great battle of the "Empire," than in the last Italian campaign. At Austerlitz, the Russians lost 30 per cent., and the Austrians 44 per cent. of their army. The French lost 14 per cent. At Wagram, the loss of the Austrians was 14, that of the French 13 per cent. At La Moskowa, the Russians lost 44 per cent. At Waterloo, the Allies lost 31 per cent., the French 36 per cent. At Magenta, on the contrary, the Austrian loss was not more than 8 per cent., that of the French only 7. At Solferino the Austrians sustained a similar loss, and the Franco-Sardinians only lost one-tenth. This may be explained by the fact that a long range obliges the projectile to describe a large curve. Thus, according to M. d'Azemar, if the "column" of the Place Vendôme was placed between the gun and the mark, the latter being at a distance of twenty-five hundred yards, the projectile would pass over it without touching.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.—The law passed by the last Congress fixes the rate of postage on newspapers as follows:

Daily, per quarter,	35 cents
Six times a week,	30 "
Tri-Weekly,	15 "
Semi-weekly,	10 "
Weekly,	5 "

Weight not to exceed four ounces. The new rates take effect July 1, 1863.

Anger.

Anger—literally speaking—is a species of momentary insanity. But there is no one living who is obliged by moral law to live so free from passion as not in some cases to show a degree of resentment. There are injuries, insults, &c., frequently met with in the journey of life where it would be rather a stoical stupidity to do otherwise, and might encourage other similar offences. Revenge must ever be wrong, but God has given us reason to guide us and we should be governed by it. Our passions are like the seas when agitated by the winds; but as God has said to them "so far shalt thou go and no farther," so should we unto our passions. A soft answer, says the wise Solomon, turneth away wrath. And we think the disadvantages arising from the indulgence of anger under all circumstances should prove a panacea for the complaint. In moments of cool reflection we view it with deep regret. Friendship, happiness, self-respect and love are all destroyed by it as our property is sometimes by a whirlwind. Byron seems to have viewed anger with contempt. Johnson looked upon it with compassion. The latter was certainly right, yet the former was not very far wrong. It is a sin to allow ourselves to be ruled by our passions, but as it is a misfortune of our fallen nature, it can best be disarmed by kindness. Humane persons always treat the subjects of this disease similar to the treatment extended to the patients in our insane asylums—in order to restore them to their right minds. Anger is a feeling that may glance, as it were, into the bosom of a wise man, but rests only in the breasts of fools. By revenging an injury, a man is but even with his enemy, but by forgiving it, he becomes superior.

Think, then, when you are enraged at any one, what you would suffer should you die during the dispute. Reconciliation is the tenderest part of friendship or love; then encourage it, and you will often find that you have but sacrificed your anger for your interest, and but changed a painful, for a pleasurable feeling. If a confirmed drunkard can form and keep a resolution to refrain from the intoxicating bowl, you, who have been intoxicated with anger, can do likewise.

MEALS.—The practice of eating at certain conventional periods of the day is never attended by any bad consequences, and is actually necessary in the present state of society. Habit exercises the greatest influence in the matter, and the man who has been in the practice of taking food at a certain hour of the day, will always, whilst in good health, feel hungry at that hour. Indeed, it sometimes happens that the stomach will only work at those hours to which it has been long accustomed, and infirmity has frequently been traced to a change in the hour of taking a meal, more especially dinner, which, with most people, is the chief meal of the day. The habit of eating to repletion, which many are too apt to indulge in, should be carefully avoided, as more evils result from it than is generally imagined.

Flax is now used quite extensively in some parts of Wisconsin for manufacturing purposes. At Milwaukee there are exhibited specimens of flax white as snow, and also colored with the most brilliant hue; calico made of fifty per cent. of flax; cotton flannel, one-half flax; felted cloths, and a variety of other manufactures of which flax is a component part. The market sales of these calicoes is six cents per yard. As handsome an article of broadcloth is manufactured from this cottonized flax as could be desired.

THE CONSUMPTION OF WOOL.—The consumption of wool in the United States during the past year has been unusually large, amounting in the aggregate to some 126,000,000 pounds. The quantity of raw material required for army supplies alone, during the past year, is estimated at 50,000,000, for the navy 1,000,000, for civilians' wear 65,000,000, and the amount required to replace cotton, formerly incorporated to a much greater extent in mixed fabrics, 10,000,000 pounds.



ADVENT HERALD.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1863.

JOSIAH LITCH, EDITOR.

The readers of the *Herald* are most earnestly besought to give it room in their prayers; that by means of it God may be honored and his truth advanced; also, that it may be conducted in faith and love, with sobriety of judgment and discernment of the truth, in nothing carried away into error, or hasty speech, or sharp, unbrotherly disputation.

Compromise.

After three years of war, waged with all the resources of a mighty nationality, nourished by fruitful industries, by unobstructed commerce, through whose bounding arteries flow almost exhaustless sources of prosperity; after having passed through all the trying ordeals of narrow-minded statesmanship, perverted public opinion, and impotent generalship, the nation at last emerges overwhelmingly triumphant; the future is all aglow with harbingers of hope; a new life invigorates the souls of soldiery and people; the Government clothed with a new majesty of strength, hurls its brave legions upon an every where retreating foe.

And yet amid all these evidences of Divine approval of the proclamation of freedom to the slave, there is peril looming darkly in the horizon, which forbodes more of evil to the national life, than the profoundest successes that have ever yet attended the insurgent arms. This threatened peril is compromise with slavery. Perfidious beyond all precedent as would be the accomplishment of this crime, it is no remote possibility, no secret infamy lurking in the brains of a few politicians, but a policy openly advocated by a powerful party, and urged upon the Administration by every copperhead journal in the land. In view of this fact, is it not time that the conservators of national safety, purity, and justice, should arouse to meet this new danger, and crush in its ill-omened birth, this foul offspring of an abandoned pro-slavery creed.

Let us look at it. We are as a nation standing upon the pinnacle of success—the valley of humiliation is not far beneath; the memory of the dark and trying hours, in which God has educated the people to “execute justice” is still fresh in the nation’s heart—but erst Liberty bowed her head and wept; her smiles are bright to-day but it is through her tear-dimmed eyes they shine. What is the history which we have been making? A Faction, loving unlimited power; grown arrogant with pampered pride; violent from unrestrained passions, holding subject with an iron grasp a prostrate race; having bribed free opinion in the North, crushed it in the South, manacled its press, prostituted its pulpits, and perverted the very Word of God itself to its base uses; denying in their hearts all principles of liberty; hating the ties which bind them to a free nationality, takes slavery as the corner-stone of a new government, and proclaim themselves a nation. The history of the war that has succeeded is written in too vivid hues to need recapitulation; suffice it to say that for months, we ignored utterly, all that our enemies considered most vital. Conservative cabinets proclaimed, and conservative generals practised non-intervention with slavery. With an in-fatuation almost unparalleled, we proclaimed war against the slayholder, and his deadliest foe; assuring the former of protection from the violence of the latter, and constituting our army one vast police-force for the orderly conduct of Southern plantations. A general (wise beyond his generation) who varied from this policy, and dared proclaim freedom to the only thoroughly loyal people in the South, was met by a universal howl of execration, that has hardly yet subsided—he is to-day a general without a command.

Through dark and bloody defeats, varied by only an occasional glimpse of victory, we at length learned that there is a power mightier than armies—Justice. The Emancipation Proclamation became a necessity, and it was issued. Contemptuous, doubting still, the popular will refused to use that tremendous weapon which they had created; four million allies in the heart of the enemies country. Slowly, and reluctantly, a few scattered regiments have been organized, and amid the sneers of unbelievers, marched to distant fields. At length (at Fort Hudson) a devoted band breathed the hot breath of battle, and from behind their long, low line of glittering steel, stood with white men, facing the same gleaming parapets. There their first

martyr blood was shed, and from out of that contest they emerged no longer slaves but freemen, crowned with the plaudits of their comrades and the acclamation of the world.

Men prate this is no war for the negro, but for the Union; a noble cause; but in the hour when the verdict upon all men’s actions shall be rendered, blessed is he of whom it shall be said, “he fought not for governments, but for mankind.” O holy cause! O Godlike Power! that takes humanity clothed in servile rags, with intelligence—aspirations crushed; crying in the full blaze of the centuries day, “dark, dark!”—and rears it upon the mighty arms of a higher civilization, to be freemen, heroes, martyrs. Glorious is our country, in that she has created teeming in dustries, intelligent masses, free institutions, and all the proud records that comprise the sum of her greatness. But more glorious far is she when standing before the sepulchre of buried humanity, she rolls away the stone” and cries “come forth!” “and he that was dead came forth.”

Accursed be he who would reinhume that which Christ has bid arise—that would bind those he has loosed and “let go.” For if in some dark hour, forgetting God, and the vows we have plighted to Liberty and humanity; “joining grips with hands” red with the life-blood of our kindred, we should launch our war-scarred legions—wreathed with the smoke of Freedom’s battles, upon those whom by all the obligations of honor, by the most sacred pledges of the nation, by all the claims of humanity, justice, and gratitude, we are pledged to protect, and thrust back into the merciless grasp of an infuriated despotism, those whom “invoking the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God,” we have declared free; if we do thus defy God, and betray men, woe to the nation in that hour, for amid the festivals of a lying peace, there shall appear a writing upon the walls of the palaces, “thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting, and the heritage of freedom so foully bartered shall be given to another and a worthier people.”

But this cannot be the destiny of America; for despite the machinations of false friends, and the bolder malice of open foes, we hope there is deep down in the great heart of the Nation an undying love for liberty, and justice, that will brook no new betrothal with that shameful thing, from which God has pronounced eternal divorce.

It is to this sentiment we must appeal; with every hour of victory the danger grows more imminent. Soon the old-time venders of human souls, will knock at the doors of Washington, this time bayers, not sellers of humanity. And for four million freemen bathed in the effulgent beams of a new-dawned liberty, they will offer us what? Will they give us back the lives of dead brothers and sons hurried to an untimely death by Southern hate, and greed of power? Will they—can they restore one cent of our squandered wealth, and wasted industry? Will the instigators of this unholy strife be given up to the justice of our outraged laws? The first they cannot, and the last they will not do. Paupers in everything but pride and hate, they can only surrender all their bright dreams of present conquest and boundless empire; of royal lines and titled nobility, of prostrate people, and dominant aristocracies; all these will they yield, waiting their consummation on a more auspicious day, if we but leave them the foundation stone of their empire, the primal spring of their prosperity—slavery.

Freemen of America! listen not to those who cry “peace, peace, when there is no peace.” Be true to the vows you have plighted at Freedom’s altar, lest the fate of God’s own chosen heritage, pronounced by the prophet of God, be yours: “And ye were now turned, had done right in my sight, in proclaiming liberty every man to his neighbor, and ye had made a covenant before me in the house which is called by my name; but ye turned and polluted my name, and caused every man his servant, and every man his handmaid, whom he had set at liberty at their pleasure, to return, and brought them to subjection, to be unto you for servants and for handmaids. Therefore thus saith the Lord; Ye have not hearkened unto me, in proclaiming liberty, every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbor: behold, I proclaim a liberty for you, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine; and I will make you to be removed into all the kingdoms of the earth. And I will give the men that have transgressed my covenant, which have not performed the words of the covenant which they had made before me, when they cut the calf in twain, and passed between the parts thereof. The princes of Judah, and the princes of Jerusalem, the eunuchs, and the priests, and all the people of the land, which passed between the parts of the calf; I will even give them into the hands of their enemies, and into the hand of them that seek their life: and their dead bodies shall be for meat unto

the fowls of the heaven, and to the beasts of the earth. And Zedekiah, king of Judah and his princes will I give into the hand of their enemies, and into the hand of them that seek their life, and into the hand of the king of Babylon’s army, which have gone up from you. Behold, I will command, saith the Lord, and cause them to return to this city; and they shall fight against it, and take it, and burn it with fire: and I will make the cities of Judah a desolation without an inhabitant.” Jer. 34: 15–22.

WILBERFORCE.

The Outgoing and Incoming Administrations.

We have learned from Ezek. 21: 25, 26, that when God decreed the suspension of David’s royalty and the removal of the crown and diadem, and the exaltation of the Gentiles to the throne of the world, it was declared that when he comes whose right that crown is, the Lord will give it him.

Again, when the birth of Jesus was announced by Gabriel to Mary, Luke 1–30: 33, it was declared that to him belonged that right. “The Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end.”

Being rejected at his first royal advent, when he, according to the prediction of Zech. 9: 9, came to Zion “riding on an ass and a colt the foal of an ass,” amidst the rejoicings of Zion’s children he said, “Therefore, I say unto you, the kingdom of God shall be taken from you and given to a nation bringing forth the fruit thereof. Matt. 21st chapter. Then in the 21st chapter of Luke he pointed out the fact that Jerusalem should be destroyed, the Jews carried into captivity, and “Jerusalem be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.” Then follow a series of signs, which close up with the Son of Man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. “And when,” he continued, “you see these things begin to come to pass, then look up and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh. Behold the fig tree and all the trees, when they now shoot forth and put forth leaves, ye see and know of your own selves that the summer is now nigh at hand; so likewise ye, when ye see these things come to pass know that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand.”

It is to be observed 1. That Jerusalem should be destroyed and the Jews led captive. 2. That the Gentiles should tread down Jerusalem till their times, foretold in Daniel, 2d chapter, in the history of the four kingdoms, Chaldea, Medo-Persia, Greece and Rome, should be fulfilled. 3. After these times the signs should come, and the coming of the Son of Man follow them; and the kingdom of God come.

This is the order in which that kingdom is placed by Dan. 2: 44, and 7: 13, 14, at the fall of the fourth empire and coming of the Son of Man in the clouds of heaven.

As sure, then, as Rome falls, and that empire ends, the house of David returns to the throne of Zion;—for that will be the signal that the times of the Gentiles are full. Rome, then, is the outgoing and Jerusalem the incoming administration of earth. The conflict for the right of dominion in the future between Christ and the wild beast is to come between the fall of Rome and the establishment of Christ’s throne on the “holy hill of Zion.” The controversy of Zion will then be ended, and the ransomed of the Lord will come and return to Zion with songs and everlasting joy on their heads, and sorrow and sighing all flee away.

THE HEIRS OF THE KINGDOM.

This is a question demanding close examination. So far as the fact of the change of administration is concerned, students of prophecy the world over are agreed that the kingdom of God follows the fall of Rome; and there is also a general agreement that the time of its establishment is near, and that it will probably occur in our age; some fixing it with more, others with less definiteness. But on the manner of the kingdom, there are three general views.

1. The post millennial theory, which maintains that there will be a conversion of the world to usher in the millennial reign; and hence that Christ will reign spiritually in the hearts of his people for a thousand years; at the end of which will come the second advent of Christ and the day of judgment.

2. The Millenarians, who believe in the premillennial advent and personal reign of Christ with his resurrected and glorified saints for a thousand years over the Jewish and Gentile nations left in the flesh, many of whom will be converted during the millennium. Some, also, maintaining that there will be an eternal succession of generations, and conversions progress eternally.

3. The Messianian theory, which teaches that there will be no conversion of the world either before or after the coming of Christ. That consequently the second advent of Christ will be premillennial, and that Christ at his advent will sit on the throne of his glory, gather all nations before him, and sep-

arate them one from the other as a shepherd does his sheep from the goats, setting the righteous on his right hand and the wicked on his left. He will then say to the righteous, “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” And to the wicked he will say, “Depart from me ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.” “And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal. Matt. 25: 31–46.

They can see none left to be converted after this great separation at Christ’s advent. “All nations,” appears to them to make so clean a sweep of earth, that none can be found not embraced in it. And this is the view to which, after twenty-five years patient study of the subject and patient listening to what has been said and written on the other side, we feel constrained to adhere.

The righteous, then, of all nations, are the heirs or inheritors of the kingdom. “Come,” and “inherit the kingdom,” &c.

But it is to be in a state of immortality. For thus the apostle wrote, 1 Cor. 15: 50–53—“Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.” If so, what physical preparation will be needful? He answers, “I show you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, [or die] but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.” Being thus brought back to a state of immortality, the saints will be qualified to inherit an everlasting kingdom, and in its Eden beauty; “prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”

Books for Fort Warren.

Elder G. W. Burnham, at Fort Warren, is making up a library for the use of the soldiers stationed there. Good, instructive books, such as histories, books of travel, biography, &c., will be thankfully received. Brother B. writes as follows:

Dear Brother Litch,—If, in response to a notice I solicited of you respecting the soldiers’ library here, friends should be disposed to contribute a bundle of books for the same, they can direct to “Lieut. Edward R. Parry, Post Quartermaster, Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, Mass.” And all will come safe no doubt.

Yours, &c., G. W. BURNHAM.
Fort Warren, July 29, 1863.

INDIA RUBBER SHIRT COLLARS.—Linen, cotton, paper and steel collars are now made; and to these vulcanized india-rubber collars have been added, by W. J. Smith, of Sale, England, who has taken out a patent for them. He states that suitable patterns may be painted or printed on the collars, either before or after they are cut from the sheet; and they may be made white, or colored, or embossed. Cuffs and wristbands may also be made of the same material.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

Summary of War News.

The siege of Charleston continues with unabated vigor. An attack on Fort Wagner was repulsed with fearful loss on both sides. But it is believed that those strongholds of rebellion—Forts Sumter and Wagner—will at last fall. Lee and Meade in Virginia are in the neighborhood of Culpepper watching each other’s motions. The followers of Morgan, the rebel guerilla taken in his Ohio raid, continue to be captured and brought in; and Morgan himself is in the Ohio penitentiary for safe keeping.

The Mississippi River is open and navigation resumed its whole length; and boats regularly clear from St. Louis for New Orleans. But the lower Mississippi is patrolled by a military guard to protect it from guerillas.

Gen. Grant is reported as about to start on a campaign for the reduction of Mobile in Alabama, which, if successful, will crush rebellion in that State, while Gen. Rosecrans has his eye on Georgia and Northern Tennessee.

No great battles have been fought during the week, the heaviest fighting being at Charleston, where, at last accounts, nothing decisive has been accomplished.

The French are reported as marching on Matamoros in Mexico, with an army of seven thousand men; when nothing but a river will separate them from the United States.

The American and European relations are becoming very complicated, and we can hardly see, unless the Lord delivers us, how we are to escape a European war. The clouds are dark in that direction.

President Lincoln has issued a general order, declaring that for every negro soldier killed contrary to the rules of war, a rebel soldier shall be executed. And for every one sold into slavery, a rebel prisoner shall be put to hard labor on the public works.

	Price.
Restitution	6 Cts
Osler's Præparations	5 "
The End, by Dr. Cumming	4 "
Letter to Dr. Raffles	4 "
Stewart on Prayer and Watchfulness	4 "
Brook on the Lord's Coming a Practical D	4 "
Brook on the Glorification of the Saints	4 "
11th's Dialogue on the Nature of Man	6 "

CORRESPONDENCE.



In this department, articles are solicited, on the general subject of the Advent, from friends of the Herald, over their own signatures, irrespective of the particular views which it defends. Views of correspondents not dissented from, are not necessarily to be considered as editorially endorsed. Correspondents are expected to avoid all personalities, and to study Christian courtesy in all references to views and persons. Any departure from this should be regarded as disintitling the writer to any reply. Christian and gentlemanly discussion will be in order; but not needless, unkind, or uncourteous controversy.

From Brother C. Bond.

Dr. Litch—Dear Brother—I have thought much about you since God in his wise providence has called you to assume the mantle of our fallen and lamented Bro. Bliss. The position you occupy is truly a responsible one. The tone and character you give to the Herald, will have its echo in the lives and hopes of its thousand readers. When I heard of the death of Bro Bliss I was glad that there was one left to fill his place, who had been identified with the cause from the beginning.

I have been greatly interested in the perusal of your political articles which have recently appeared in the columns of the Herald.

My feelings are deeply enlisted in the results of the great controversy which has so long been going on with regard to the possession and occupancy of the territory of our earth, between the Prince of darkness and our blessed Savior, the Prince of Life.

I have for many years thought that this controversy, like the slavery controversy of these United States, would soon eventuate in war. I still believe that the declaration of the decree, that shall place the Royal heir of David on the throne of Zion, will produce a commotion on the earth such as the world never yet witnessed.

The world having long been taught—and at the present time almost universally believing—that the kingdom of Christ is spiritual, and was set up eighteen centuries ago, and at the same time denying the personal reign, would it not be more reasonable to suppose that when he whose right it is shall have the throne and kingdom of David given to him by the decree of his father, that the nations of the earth will in their blind zeal rush to Jerusalem to dislodge, as they suppose, some modern Mahomet and secure the tomb of a dead Savior, than to suppose they will shout "Hosanna, blessed be the kingdom of our father David, which cometh in the name of the Lord," at the personal return of the living one? And will not the restoration of the kingdom of Israel, by the ascension of Christ to the throne of Zion, be the procuring cause of the confederacy of the beast, and the kings of the earth, and their armies to make war against the rider of the white horse? And will not the contest go on until the slain of the Lord shall cover the earth, and the fowls of heaven be invited to a feast of flesh?

Yours, in hope of escaping those things that shall come upon the earth,
C. BOND.

Cabot July 15, 1863.

From E. Dudley.

Bro. Litch—I have been a subscriber for the Herald from its first proclamation of the second Advent doctrine. I am now strong in the faith, believing that Christ will soon come and take to himself his great power and reign.

For he must reign till he has put all enemies under his feet." It is then that the place of this feet will be glorious. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. "O death, I will be thy plague; O grave, I will be thy destruction." Rev. 5: 13. "And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, blessing, honor, glory and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." * The reference is a settled fact, that the Lord will have a clean universe. For the whole earth shall be full of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. I have thought many times that I would write my views of the life and death question, which I have heard discoursed many times, but I will forbear, the times are too perilous for us to discuss subjects which will soon be open to vision. We had better cry out with the prophet Jeremiah, "O that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." The good old prophet Daniel's prayer is very appropriate for these times. Dan. 9: 8—"O Lord,

to us belongeth confusion of face to our kings, to our princes, and to our fathers, because we have sinned against thee," &c. Hosea 4: 1-2—"Hear the word of the Lord ye children of Israel, for the Lord hath a controversy with the inhabitants of the land; because there is no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land. By swearing and lying and killing, and committing adultery, they break out and blood toucheth blood." Amos 4: 10—"And I have made the stink of your camps to come up into your nostrils, yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord." Now what was written aforetime was written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are to come. I have been expecting to hear some prophet of the Lord cry out against the abominations that are done in the land as in former times; but I have not heard one.

Yours, in hope.

E. DUDLEY.

Wallingford, July 24, 1863.

*Under which of the "seven seals" does this scene transpire? And does that seal extend down through the millennium? Will all sin and sorrow cease under the 6th seal?—Ed.

From Brother M. H. Moyer.

Dear Brother Litch,—It is with pleasure that I send you the names of two new subscribers for the Herald. I have labored hard to get them, but I find the harder the labor the greater the joy, and I trust the richer will be the reward. My labors in Tipton have been to good acceptance, and I trust the seed sown may bring forth fruit "thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold." And when the final day of ingathering shall come, may there be some there who shall date their convictions of "the truth" from this time. I love to preach this "Gospel of the kingdom," and realize much of the presence of God while declaring the blessed truth of the soon coming kingdom and reign of the Saviour, when all the earth shall bloom in Eden loveliness, and the saints of every "kindred, and tongue, and people," shall rejoice under the life-giving reign of the Redeemer. O, yes, I long for that blessed time to come, when "there shall be no more curse," "when there shall be no more heard the voice of crying," no more "sorrow nor any pain, for the former things shall have passed away." Then God shall dwell with his people and wipe away all tears from their eyes, and we shall be like the Redeemer and dwell forever with him. O, blessed hope, O, glorious prospect. Is it not worth all our toiling and laboring here? For the "suffering we endure here is not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us at the revelation of Jesus Christ." Pray for me, brethren, that the God of all grace may be with me, and that I may be enabled to labor acceptably in his cause and contend earnestly "for the faith once delivered to the saints."

M. H. MOYER.

Tipton, Pa., July 20, 1863.

T. S.'s Reply to D. T. T.

Owing to pressure of business the reply of brother D. T. Taylor escaped my notice till yesterday;—the same cause forbids my giving it a more lengthy consideration. I will for the present merely make a few remarks, and answer and ask a few questions. Though brother T. is so strong an upholder of the resurrection of the flesh, he here admits the change which the resurrected body will undergo to be as great as the changing of charcoal to diamond. I would ask our brother here, if a lump of charcoal should be by any means changed to a diamond, would he persist in calling it charcoal? Again, he says, "And this identity is maintained by a recognition of the same particles or substance in the changed that were seen in the unchanged." If I understand the English language, he here directly contradicts himself, for if the change be as great as that of charcoal to diamond, the same particles or substance can not be recognized in the changed that were seen in the unchanged. He further says, "It is not an exchange of one body for another." This is simply an assertion of a man against which we have the Word of God, that the body which is buried in the earth is not the same body which shall be when this mortal shall have put on immortality. He asks, "Does he (T. S.) deny all sameness between the body of Christ that hung on the cross and that body which now sits on the throne?" Certainly not. It is the same body, but no longer flesh, as it has undergone the change which he compares with changing charcoal to diamond. For an answer to the question if I believe in the resurrection of the body, I would refer him to my former article—and as to the new creation, I wish to ask him a few questions on that head.

In speaking of the resurrected body, he says, "All physical imperfections being supplied and rectified." From whence, brother T? By new creation, or from some of the exhaled or wasted matter which was cast off from the body during its earthly existence? If the latter, from what particular por-

tion will the requisite quantity be taken? That thrown off in childhood, manhood, or old age? For instance, suppose a large, full-bodied man, of 180 or 200 pounds weight, should, from some cause, lose his flesh and dwindle away to "skin and bone," weighing say 80 to 100 pounds, and in that condition die,—will he appear in his glorified body as a living skeleton, or from the waste matter of what part of his lifetime will the deficiency be supplied? July 31st.

T. S.

The New York Mob and the Irish.

N. P. Willis, in the Home Journal, thus describes the New York rioters as he saw them on Monday afternoon, during the burning of the gun factory in 22d Street—"The tipsy women and boys (of whom the crowd was more than half composed) were rude, and wholly regardless of the common wayfarer's rights, impudent if spoken to, and crowding or running against us, unless we escaped them by very pains-taking winding of our way. The whole air and behavior of this wicked and dirty plurality expressed an exulting lawlessness and defiance.

The high brick blocks and closely packed houses in this neighborhood seemed to be literally hives of sickness and vice. Curiosity to look on at the fire raging so near them brought every inhabitant to the porch or window, or assembled them in ragged or dirty groups on the sidewalk in front. Probably not a creature who could move was left in doors at that hour. And it is wonderful to see and difficult to believe that so much misery and disease and utter wretchedness can be huddled together and hidden by high walls, unvisited and unthought of, so near our own abodes! The lewd, but pale and sickly young women, scarce decent in their ragged attire, were impudent, and scattered every where in the crowd. But what numbers of these poorer classes are deformed, what numbers are made hideous by self-neglect and infirmity, and what numbers are paralytics, drunkards, imbecile, or idiotic, forlorn in their poverty-stricken abandonment for this world! Alas! human faces look so hideous with hope and vanity all gone! And female forms and features are made so frightful by sin, squallor and debasement! To walk the streets as we walked them, for those hours of conflagration and riot, was like a fearful witnessing of the day of judgment, with every wicked thing revealed, every woe and sorrow blazingly glared upon, every hidden horror of abomination laid bare before hell's expectant fire.

We have not made the character of "the mob" a party of our description—it has been done so fully by the daily journals. But we must add our confirmatory remark upon one peculiarity of the confessed rioters. *There were no decent Irish among them.* Irish they all were—every soul of them—but they were the dirty, half-drunken, brutal rowdies, who are the leprosy of that fair-skinned race. They were the filthy pustules of an eruption on the Irish skin—not to be accounted part of the natural complexion of the blood, but starved down and purged away like a diseased excess. In ordinary life, such fellows sneak about, and hide from daylight in places where they can drink, and debauch, and contrive wickedness; but here—where this grand fire made them feel like masters, and gave them impudence for the hour—they were the pictures of squalid beggars, half-drunken brutes and robbers, longing to put a clutch upon your throat and empty your pockets. One of our daily papers estimates this class of the New York population at twenty thousand. How shall we sufficiently damn, for all history, the cringing politician and cowardly officeholder who—for a makeweight to his party, will basely strive to propitiate such a scum of a great city?

Let us entreat the honest, sober, frugal, worthy Irish segment of our population, whether of city or country, to bear patiently the opprobrium to which the outrages committed by this vile crew may for a time expose them, proving, by their quiet demeanor and upright conduct, that they are misjudged and harshly dealt with the indiscriminate odium to which they are subjected. A few days of such behavior will restore the equilibrium of the public mind, and restrict the opprobrium of the recent outrages to those who have really deserved it.

Phillippi.

The Phillippi mentioned in the New Testament was a city of Macedonia, and not far from the borders of Thrace. It was built by Philip, the father of Alexander the Great; and thence its name. It was the first locality in Europe where the Gospel was preached; and the occasion of its being thus distinguished was the appearance of a vision to the Apostle Paul in the night. "There stood a man of Macedonia and prayed him saying, Come over and help us." He was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision, but straightway went to Phillippi and abode there certain days, and preached the glorious

Gospel of the blessed God with marked success. This was the place where Lydia was converted,—the Lord gently opening her heart to receive the word, as the sun opens a flower in the spring; and where the stern jailor was converted,—his stout heart capitulating to the power of Divine truth and grace as capitulates a strong fortress which is taken by storm. Phillippi is further memorable from the fact that it was here, that two great battles were fought between the Romans, in one of which Octavius Augustus vanquished Brutus and Cassius, destroyed the Republican party, and decided the fate of the Roman empire. A Christian church, moreover, was established here—a fact of more interest and importance than any battle, which church by its spirituality and benevolence was of great comfort to Paul, and to which during his residence at Rome he addressed an excellent epistle,—*"The Epistle to the Phillippians."*

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer.

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer have been laboring in the Methodist Free Church of Nottingham, England, with great success. At the close of their meeting the officers of the church passed by acclamation resolutions expressive of their thanks to God for the manifestations of his presence that had been experienced, and of their good wishes toward his ministers through whose labors so great things had been experienced. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer proceeded to Liverpool, designing to return to America in the Great Eastern. But before embarking their plans were entirely changed.

From a paragraph in Mrs. Palmer's letter to the Wesleyan Times, it seems that they have very sensibly felt the effects of the resolution of the Conference excluding them from the Wesleyan pulpits, while the "liberal" branches of Methodism have cordially received them.

"We have had great comfort in laboring with our Wesleyan friends, to whom our hearts are still most affectionately attached. We cannot, neither do we, regard the acts of a few mistaken persons as the voice of the body. We well know that there are thousands who would sooner part with a right hand, than to use it in framing an article that would grieve the Holy Spirit by stipulating as to the manner of its workings, whether by spiritual revival services or otherwise.

"With these scattered portions of one great family of Methodists, we have always felt a loving sympathy, and when we have seen them flocking to our services as when we were in the North of England, we had fondly hoped that some friendly power might again draw them more closely together. Little did we imagine by what means this might be brought about. God often permits things he does not order; while we have reason to fear that some hearts will quake in view of having consented to that Conference resolve, by which special revival services and revival agencies are forever excluded from the doors of Wesleyan chapels; yet in infinite wisdom the Head of the Church seems to be overruling it for good."

Charles Mackson writes to the Wesleyan Times from Leeds, where they are now laboring:

"This is the third time that they have fully purposed and actually travelled to Liverpool and made preparation for their return, when the Lord has appeared to say by circumstances—'You must not leave England yet; I have more work for you to do ere you return.' Thousands have already been led to praise the Lord for their previous detentions, and should it please him to establish Mrs. Palmer's health speedily, thousands more may have to praise him that they were prevented sailing last Tuesday. The Lord has done a great work by them in every place they have visited, and the calls for their labors increase. Rarely, indeed, have the churches in this country been honored with such successful instruments, and their departure, whenever it takes place, will be a great and serious loss; we, at least, envy not the feelings of those who can regard it any other light. Methodism had only had one John and Mary Fletcher, and it will hardly have a second Dr. and Mrs. Palmer."

ANCIENT COIN.—The Hartford Courier says that Mr. James E. Bidwell, of Middletown, Conn., has a piece of silver money of ancient Greece, probably a *tetradrachm*, the value of which, according to the present standard, is about fifteen cents. It is believed to have been stamped about three hundred years before Christ. "On one side is a head of Minerva, and on the reverse is a figure of an owl, with a sprig of olive and the Greek letters A T H E, a contraction of Athena or Minerva, the patroness of Athens. The coin is somewhat less in circumference than an American quarter, but much thicker. It has been considerably defaced and worn, but the letters and figures can all be traced. One does not often see a piece of money issued before the Christian Era more than two thousand years ago, and perhaps in the days of Pericles."

Pitcher Plant—Cure for Small Pox.

In our issue of June 23d, we published an article from an exchange, on a new cure for small pox. Inquiries have been made concerning it, and a more full description of the pitcher plant desired, together with our opinion of its virtues. We have succeeded in obtaining a specimen of the plant which may be seen at this office. We give the following description, so that those desiring to find it may recognize it.

It is a native of Nova Scotia, but is found in the northern New England States and probably in Canada. Our specimen was obtained from New Hampshire. Concerning its virtues we know nothing except what is contained in the article alluded to. We were favorably impressed with that article, and should unhesitatingly use it were a case requiring it presented for treatment.

Name, SARACENIA PURPUREA. Common name, Pitcher Plant. Leaves radical, short, gibbous-inflated or cup form, with pitcher mouth, contracted at the mouth, having a broad, arched lateral wing on the inner side of the cup; the contracted part of the base hardly as long as the inflated part. The flower stem from fifteen to twenty-four inches, with a large nodding flower of a crimson color, flowering in June. It grows in marshes, and in clusters of from ten to twenty or more leaves or cups. A cup will hold—some of the larger ones—a gill of water. It can hardly be mistaken—Ed.

Hazel Nuts.

Hazel nuts are the fruit of the wild bush of *Corylus Avellana*, unchanged or unimproved by cultivation. The fruit differs from that of the domesticated varieties only in being smaller, while the tree is more hardy. This plant, which is a native of all the cooler parts of Europe, Northern Asia, and North America, is the parent of the many varieties of nuts and filberts now cultivated for their fruit. The filbert is the fruit of the tubulosa variety of the *Corylus Avellana*. The term was originally applied to those kinds of nuts which have very long husks; but owing to the number of varieties that have of late years been obtained, this distinction, which was never scientific, appears to be nearly disregarded, and nuts and filberts are almost synonymous terms, excepting that the wild, uncultivated fruit and those varieties which most nearly approach it are never called filberts. In order to preserve filberts in a fresh and plump state, it is only necessary to prevent their parting with their moisture by evaporation. Burying them in heaps in the earth, putting them in earthen jars in a cellar, and covering them with dry sand are all excellent plans. The hazel nut of America is smaller than that of Spain, but it possesses a more pleasant taste, and might be gathered in large quantities in many places. It is, however, never gathered like chestnuts for the market, all the filberts and hazel nuts sold are imported. About 182,000 bushels are exported from Spain annually.

Sleep Overcomes all Men.

The most violent passion and excitement cannot keep powerful minds from sleep. Alexander the Great slept on the field of Arbela, and Napoleon upon that of Austerlitz. Even stripes and torture cannot keep off sleep, as criminals have been known to give way to it on the rack. Noises, which at first serve to drive it away, soon become indispensable to its existence; thus a stage-coach stopping to change horses, wakes all the passengers. The proprietor of an iron forge, who slept close to the din of hammers, forges and blast furnaces, would wake if there was any interruption to them during the night; and a sick miller, who had his mill stopped on that account, passed sleepless nights until the mill resumed its usual noise. Homer, in his *Iliad*, elegantly represents sleep as overcoming all men, and even the gods, except Jupiter alone. But how pleasantly expressive is that declaration of the Psalmist, "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

OBITUARY.

Daniel Aldrich.

In Stanstead, C. E., July 10, 1863, Daniel Aldrich, 24 years, 4 months, and 8 days. Perhaps the subject of this notice has been as great a sufferer for the past three years of his life as has been known within our knowledge. I thought I would write a brief account of the same, as related by himself and others that have been acquainted with his situation for the past two and three years. In January, 1860, while engaged in running a threshing machine, accidentally his left hand was caught in the machine, which tore it badly to his elbow. Physicians were called and undertook to save his arm, and let it remain until amputation

was necessary on account of mortification; and then instead of taking it off where he requested, they took it off below his elbow, leaving a part of his arm badly affected, which never was well, and resulted in corrupting his blood; and for the want of proper care he lost the use of his left leg and side altogether, while an offensive sore broke out on his side, continuing most of the time for nearly three years. In this condition he was without a mother's care, and cold-hearted friends did but little for him. In 1860 or 1861, he was removed to his brother's in Oxford, C. E., where, in place of being taken care of, he was neglected and abused. He had a New Testament given him, which he commenced to read, and when his sufferings were not so great that he could read, he spent his time in reading the precious volume. But he was soon deprived of this privilege; for when his brother learned from his wife that Daniel was reading the Testament, a partition was at once put across the room to exclude the light. This did not have the desired effect, for he could get a little light through the joints between the boards, by which he could see to read some. His brother's wife informed her husband that Daniel still read. The next plan between them was, to paste paper over the joints, which would shut out the light entirely. He was now deprived of the privilege of reading. He had a hard cough.

[Bro. S. will excuse us for suppressing the horrid details. In the last days men shall be "without natural affection;" and those days are here. Suffice it to say that from March 21st to July 16th, he lay in an outhouse, with hens roosting over him, in a box of straw, and not once taken out, or his clothes changed; and this is the least horrible part of the account.—Ed.]

On the sixteenth day a poor man, by the name of Kennedy, came to the place, saw his condition, and made provision for removing him, which he did, and took him to his own home, and did all he could for him. He even sold his last cow to procure the necessary comforts for Daniel. When he had done all he could, and had no means of doing more, he thought he must take the last resort. Accordingly he prepared a sled, and on the 16th of November, 1862, he started with the intention of getting to Magog Village before meeting was closed and the congregation scattered, and see if they could not do something for his relief. But he failed; and instead of meeting with kindness, it was the reverse, even by those in high standing. They would do nothing for him, no, not even let him be brought into the house to warm. He was told, Carry him back to his brother's; let him die there: you ought to be compelled to beg for him, for taking him from his brother's.

A little girl stood by the sled on which he lay. Her tender heart was moved. It was cold, and he was shivering. She took a stone, went to the fire, warmed the stone, then returned with it wrapped in a cloth and placed it at his feet. He was carried from there to Georgeville, in Stanstead; stopped at the hotel through the night at the Mayor of the Council, but could learn nothing from him in relation to the means for taking care of the poor. But friends assisted him on his journey after a godly sort. From thence he was carried to his sister's in South Magog, expecting to find a home for him there; but was denied by the man with whom she lived. But he was kindly received by George Hadden, and cared for, though very poor, and on the 18th of November I was requested by Mr. Hadden to visit the man. On the 19th I went to the house, found the man in the worst condition I ever saw a human being. I conversed and prayed with him, then returned home and informed my wife of his situation. She was anxious to have me return the next morning and bring him home, but rain prevented.

On Monday, November 24th, myself and wife went to the house prepared to bring him home. Met brother Joseph Foss there, who assisted in getting him ready and placing him on the sled. As he could not bend, he had to be lifted at full length. We returned home, found brother William Dolloff on his way to assist us. He accompanied us home, helped us get him in as comfortable a place as we could for the night. He has been with us from that time until yesterday, when we laid his remains in the graveyard at Fitch Bay. Myself and wife, one brother and one sister followed him to the grave, accompanied by a large concourse of people. Bro. Merrill preached a sermon from Luke 10:37, to a large and attentive audience.

During his sojourn with us he was cared for by others who ministered to his wants, and Dr. N. Cheney, of Georgeville, ministered what medical aid he needed gratuitously. After he was afflicted he gave his heart to the Lord, and enjoyed his presence during his confinement, and in the valley of the shadow of death he had a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. After his speech had apparently ailed, and he could not answer questions, he seemed

to fix his eyes upon some object, then he spoke three times, "Blessed, blessed, yes, blessed," which were the last words he spoke. He was never (while he was with us) heard to complain nor murmur—but all was right. But his sufferings are done. He rests in hope. We are lonesome without him. His kind disposition and patience had endeared him to us. But we hope through grace to see him again in the land of life, when God will render to every man according to his works.

D. W. SORNBARGER.

July 12, 1863.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHITTEN'S GOLDEN SALVE is a step by way of progress in the healing art. It is adapted to all the purposes of a family Salve. It effectually cures piles, wounds, bruises, sprains, cuts, chilblains, corns, burns, fever-sores, scrofulous humors, erysipelas, salt-rheum, king's evil, rheumatism, spinal difficulties, chafings in warm weather, &c. &c., and is believed by many experienced and competent judges to be the best combination of medicinal ingredients for external inflammatory difficulties that has ever been produced. Many of the best physicians of the various schools use it and also recommend it. Every farmer should have it for horses; for the cure of scratches, sprains, chafings, &c., and also for treating on cows. It cures felons. It cures warts.

From Mr. Morris Fuller, of North Creek, N. Y.: "I have used your Golden Salve to be good for everything that I have tried it for. Among other things for which I have used it, it is a bad case of 'scald head' of our little girl as effect in this case was also favorable."

We like your Golden Salve very much in this place. Among other things I knew a lady who was cured of a very bad case of sore eyes. Walter S. Plummer, Lake Village, N. H.

Mrs. Glover, East Merrimack street, Lowell, was cured of a bad case of piles by the use of one box of the Salve. Mr. Farrington, a wealthy merchant and manufacturer in Lowell, was relieved of piles which had afflicted him for many years, and remarked to a friend that it was worth \$100 a box for piles.

Miss Harriet Morrill, of East Kingston, N. H., says: "I have been afflicted with piles for over twenty years. The last seven years I have been a great sufferer. And though never expect to be well, yet to be relieved as I am from day to day by the use of your Golden Salve, fills my heart with gratitude."

From Mr. J. O. Merriam, Tewksbury, Mass.: "I have used a large milk pail. I have used a great deal of your Golden Salve for sore teats on my cows. I have used many other kinds of salve. Yours is the best I ever saw. I have also used it for sprains and scratches on my horses. It cures them in a short time. I recommend it to all who keep cows or horses."

From Dr. Geo. Pierce, Lowell: "Your Golden Salve is good. It will have a great sale."

"I received a wound in my foot by a rusty nail; by reason of which I could not set my foot to the floor for two weeks. The pain was excruciating. When your Golden Salve was applied, it relieved the pain in a short time, and gave me a half box of it wrought a perfect cure." — Mrs. Lucinda A. Swain, Merideth Centre, N. H.

Mr. H. L. W. Roberts, Editor of Marion Intelligencer, Marion, Ill., says, "Every person that uses the Golden Salve testifies favorably." He has also published a list of names in his paper, of persons cured of wounds, sores, humors, rheumatism, &c., and gives the public reference to them; who, he says, are among the first citizens of the place.

THE GOLDEN SALVE—A GREAT HEALING REMEDY.—It is with much pleasure we announce the advent of this new article in our city, which has met with such signal success in Lowell, where it is made, that the papers have teemed with cases of truly marvelous cures. They chronicle one where the life of a lady was recently saved—a case of broken breast; another where the life of a child was saved—a case of chafing; another of a lady whose face was much disfigured by scrofulous humor, which was brought to a healthy action in a few days; also another of an old man, who had a sore on his foot for twenty years—cured in a few weeks. Our citizens will not be slow in getting at it merits, and will herald it over the land.—*Boston Herald*

Boston, July 12, 1859. Bro. Whitten: I have used your Golden Salve in my family, and I am acquainted with a large number of families also who have used it; and I have reason to believe that it is really what you recommend it to be. J. V. HINES.

From Dr. W. S. Campbell, New Britain, Conn.: "Your Golden Salve is a great thing for chilblains. I have also used it in afflicting cases of salt rheum, erysipelas, and sore nipples. Its effect was, speedy and permanent cure."

Dr. Bliss, of Brunswick, Me., says: "I have several friends who have been cured of scrofulous humors by the Golden Salve. You may recommend it from me as a valuable Salve."

Made only by C. P. Whitten, No. 35 and 37 East Merrimack street, Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists, and at country stores. Price 25 cts. per box, or \$2 per dozen.

I want good, reliable, persevering agents to canvass, in all parts of the United States and Canada. A large discount will be made to agents. aug 13—pd to Jan 1 '63 For sale at this office.

DANIEL CAMPBELL,

GENERAL AGENT.

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HASTING'S "SIGNS OF THE TIMES," \$1.00
| Postage, - - - '13
The "CHRISTIAN LYRE," - - - '60
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Pocket Harps—plain, - - - '60
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"Song of the Second Advent," and "The
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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

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Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Ayer's
SARSAPARILLA,
THE WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY
FOR

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS DISEASES.

From Emory Edes, a well-known merchant of Oxford, Maine.

"I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community."

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers, Sores, and all Diseases of the Skin.

From Rev. Robt. Stratton, Bristol, England. "I only do my duty to you and the public when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your SARSAPARILLA. My daughter, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in her ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to cure until we tried your SARSAPARILLA. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known and much-esteemed lady of Dennisville, Cape May Co., N. J.

"My daughter has suffered for a year past with a scrofulous eruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried your SARSAPARILLA, which soon completely cured her."

From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely-known firm of Gage, Murray, & Co., manufacturers of enameled papers in Nashua, N. H.

"I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became an intolerable affliction. I tried almost everything a man could of both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever, until I took your SARSAPARILLA. It immediately made my face worse, as you told me it might for a time; but in a few weeks the new skin began to form under the blotches, and continued until my face is as smooth as anybody's, and I am without any symptoms of the disease that I know of. I enjoy perfect health, and without a doubt owe it to your SARSAPARILLA."

Erysipelas—General Debility—Purify the Blood.

From Dr. Robt. Sawin, Houston St., N. Y.

Dr. Ayer: I seldom fail to remove Eruptions and Scrofulous Sores by the persevering use of your SARSAPARILLA, and I have just now cured an attack of Malignant Erysipelas with it. No alternative we possess equals the SARSAPARILLA you have supplied to the profession as well as to the people."

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Wakarusa, Ohio.

"For twelve years I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds of dollars' worth of medicines. The ulcers were so bad that the cords became visible, and the doctors decided that my arm must be amputated. I began taking your SARSAPARILLA. Took two bottles, and some of your PILLS. Together they have cured me. I am now as well and sound as anybody. Being in a public place, my case is known to everybody in this community, and excites the wonder of all."

From Hon. Henry Monroe, M. P., of Newcastle, C. W., a leading member of the Canadian Parliament.

"I have used your SARSAPARILLA in my family, for general debility, and for purifying the blood, with very beneficial results, and feel confidence in commending it to the afflicted."

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.

From Harvey Sicker, Esq., the able editor of the *Tunkhannock Democrat*, Pennsylvania.

"Our only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead. They rapidly spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and actually blinded his eyes for some days. A skilful physician applied nitrate of silver and other remedies, without any apparent effect. For fifteen days we guarded his hands, lest with them he should tear open the festering and corrupt wound which covered his whole face. Having tried every thing else we had any hope from, we began giving your SARSAPARILLA, and applying the iodide of potash lotion, as you direct. The sore began to heal when we had given the first bottle, and was well when we had finished the second. The child's eyelashes, which had come out, grew again, and he is now as healthy and fair as any other. The whole neighborhood predicted that the child must die."

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

From Dr. Hiram Sloat, of St. Louis, Missouri.

"I find your SARSAPARILLA a more effectual remedy for the secondary symptoms of Syphilis, and for syphilis disease than any other we possess. The profession are in debt to you for some of the best medicines we have."

From A. J. French, M. D., an eminent physician of Lawrence, Mass., who is a prominent member of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

"Dr. Ayer—My dear Sir: I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent remedy for Syphilis, both of the primary and secondary type, and effectual in some cases that were too obstinate to yield to other remedies. I do not know what we can employ with more certainty of success, where a powerful alternative is required."

Mr. Chas. S. Van Liew, of New Brunswick, N. J., had dreadful ulcers on his legs, caused by the abuse of mercury, or mercurial disease, which grew more and more aggravated for years, in spite of every remedy or treatment that could be applied, until the persevering use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA relieved him. Few cases can be found more inveterate and distressing than this, and it took several dozen bottles to cure him.

Leucorrhoea, Whites, Female Weakness, are generally produced by internal Scrofulous Ulceration, and are very often cured by the alternative effect of this SARSAPARILLA. Some cases require, however, in aid of the SARSAPARILLA, the skilful application of local remedies.

From the well-known and widely-celebrated Dr. Jacob Morrill, of Cincinnati.

"I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent alternative in diseases of females. Many cases of irregularity, Leucorrhoea, Internal Ulceration, and local debility, arising from the scrofulous diathesis, have yielded to it, and there are few that do not, when its effect is properly aided by local treatment."

A lady, unwilling to allow the publication of her name, writes:

"My daughter and myself have been cured of a very debilitating Leucorrhoea of long standing, by two bottles of your SARSAPARILLA."

Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Neuralgia, when caused by Scrofula in the system, are rapidly cured by this EXT. SARSAPARILLA.

AYER'S
CATHARTIC PILLS

possess so many advantages over the other purgatives in the market, and their superior virtues are so universally known, that we need not do more than to assure the public their quality is maintained equal to the best it ever has been and that they may be depended on to do all that they have ever done.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, M. D., & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"FEED MY LAMBS."—John 21:15.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1863.

Song for our Do Society.

Have your efforts proved in vain?
Do not sink to earth again;
Do—keep doing.
They who yield can nothing do;
A feather's weight will break them through;
Do—keep doing.

Falter not, but upward rise;
Put forth all your energies;
Do—keep doing;
Every step that you progress
Will make your future so much less;
Do—keep doing.

Ponderous barriers you may meet,
But against them bravely beat;
Do—keep doing.
Naught should drive you from the track,
Or turn you from your purpose back;
Do—keep doing.

You will conquer, if you try—
Win the good before you die;
Do—keep doing.
Remember, nothing is more true,
Than that they who dare will do;
Do—keep doing.

Doers be Doing.

We are sorry that our doers are slacking off so much in their donations. We have heard nothing from them yet about sister Crosby's box for the Indian children. We have some goods promised us, as soon as we are ready to send a box; and we wish to do it immediately. Come Doers, bestir yourselves at once and let us have a good assortment, or else get up a box in your own neighborhoods and forward to Mrs. Mary J. Crosby, Pent Water, Michigan. Send such things as will be servicable to the Indian children or even adults.

Send in your things and we will start a box next week. And then we want more cash donations. You see we are increasing the CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, and consequently our expense for it.

Do Society Subscriptions.

Grovener, 10 cents; from the Indian School in Michigan. Jenkins, 25 cents.

"Only Five Minutes to Live."

"You have only five minutes to live," said the sheriff to a young man who for the crime of murder was condemned to die. He then took out his watch and said, "If you have anything to say speak now, for you have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said, "I have to die. I had one little brother; he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him; but one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life, and coming home I found my little brother gathering berries in the garden, and I became angry without a cause, and killed him with one blow with a rake. I did not know anything about it until the next morning, when I awoke from sleep and found myself tied and guarded, and was told that when my little brother was found his hair was clotted with blood and brains, and he was dead! Whisky had done it. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one word more to say, and then I am going to my final Judge. I say it to young people—never, never, NEVER touch anything that can intoxicate!"

As he pronounced these words the drop fell, and he was launched into an endless eternity.

I was melted to tears at the recital and the awful spectacle. My little heart seemed as if it would burst and break away from my aching bosom, so intolerable were my feelings of grief. And there, while looking with streaming eyes on the body of that unfortunate young man as it hung between heaven and earth, as unfit for either, there it was that I took the pledge

never to touch strong drink! Long years have passed away, white hairs have thickened around these temples, then so ruddy and so young, but I have never forgotten the last words of that young man. I thank God that I have never violated my promise. When the tempter has offered me the sparkling goblet, the words of that young man have seemed to sound in my ears again.

About Birds.

What would our country homes be without the merry warble and cheerful song of birds? And yet many thoughtless persons seem intent on their destruction. As the summer approaches, and the wealthy remove from the din and smoke of city life to cheerful country scenes, don't forget the charm and beauty which is added to your country houses by birds. Let not the ruthless destroyer shoot them down for simple amusement.

In less civilized countries than our own, birds are regarded as sacred and may not be destroyed. In Japan their destruction under any pretence is prohibited. When the United States Expedition was at Japan the officers indulged in the practice of shooting birds, but they were remonstrated with, and when the treaty between the two nations was concluded, one express condition of it was that the birds should be protected. On the top of the tombstones in Japan a small cavity or trough is chiseled, which the priests every morning fill with fresh water for the use of the birds.

We might imitate the semi-barbarous Japanese with profit, if not in providing water for the feathered songsters, at least by protecting them from the thoughtless people who so ruthlessly destroy them. Many insects destructive to our flower and vegetable gardens are kept at bay by those very birds that boys love to hunt and destroy; and they prey upon butterflies, crickets, grasshoppers, locusts, and large beetles. A single family of jays will consume 20,000 beetles in a season of three months. Let us then spare the birds.

A Charming Tradition.

There is a charming tradition connected with the site on which the Temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; the other had none. On this spot there was sown a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said unto his wife;

"My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take off my shocks and place with his, without his knowledge."

The younger brother, being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said, within himself: "My elder brother has a family, and I have none; I will arise, take off my shocks and place with his, without his knowledge."

Judge of their mutual astonishment when on the following morning, they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so; when the following night, they met each other half way between their respective shocks, with arms full. Upon grounds hallowed with such associations as this was the Temple of Solomon erected—so spacious and magnificent, the wonder and admiration of the world. Alas! in these days, how many would sooner steal their brother's whole shock than add to it a single sheaf!

Anecdote of Dr. Franklin.

When a youth, Franklin went to London, entered a printing-office, and inquired if he could get employment.

"Where are you from?" asked the foreman.

"America," was the reply.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America! A lad from America seeking employment as a printer? Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you really set type?"

Franklin stepped up to one of the cases, and in a very brief space of time set up the following passage from the first chapter of John:

"Nathaniel said unto him, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip said unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly and accurately, and contained a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him character and standing with all the office.

For the Children.

Abraham lived in the land of Canaan about four thousand years ago. God appeared to him and said:—"I will give unto thee and to thy seed after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan, for an everlasting possession; and I will be their God"—Gen. 17: 8. "Everlasting possession," signifies a possession which will never end. Can any one have an everlasting possession of a piece of land unless he lives forever? But Abraham only lived a hundred and seventy-five years. If he died, how can God fulfill his promise to him that he shall have that land for an everlasting possession? We wait for some of our little readers to write us a solution of this question.

Coal Beds.

Heath's mine in Virginia, is represented to contain a coal bed fifty feet in thickness; a coal bed near Wilkesbarre, Pa., is said to be twenty-five feet thick; at Mauch Chunk is a coal bed forty to fifty feet deep, and in the basin of the Schuylkill are fifty alternate seams of coal, twenty-five of which are more than three feet in thickness. In Nova Scotia is a coal formation fourteen hundred feet deep, and containing seventy-five alternate layers of coal. The Whitehaven coal mine in England, has been worked twelve hundred feet deep, and extends a mile under the sea, and the Newcastle coal mine in the same country has been worked to the depth of fifteen hundred feet, and bored to a similar additional depth without finding the bottom of the coal measure.

Curious Calculation

What a noisy creature man would be, were his voice, in proportion to his weight, as that of the locust! A locust can be heard at the distance of one-sixteenth of a mile. The golden wren is said to weigh but half an ounce, so that a middle-sized man would weigh down not short of four thousand of them; and it must be strange if a golden wren could not weigh four of our locusts. Supposing, therefore, that a common man weighed as much as sixteen thousand of our locusts, and that the note of a locust can be heard the sixteenth of a mile, a man of common dimensions, pretty sound in wind and limbs, ought to be able to make himself heard at a distance of one thousand miles.

Charity.

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three,
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity;
Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart,
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee,
Pure and holy as thou art.

Flight of the Eagle.

Great as are the distances which these birds sometimes fly, it becomes comprehensible when we know that an eagle, as he sweeps freely through the air traverses a space of sixty feet in a second of time. To be able thus rapidly to move along is undoubtedly an attribute of power; but there is something far more imposing, far more majestic, in that calm, onward motion when, with wings outspread and quite still, the mighty bird floats buoyantly in the atmosphere, upheld and borne along by the act of mere volition. The length of time he can thus remain suspended without a single beat of his broad, shadowy pinions, is, to me, still an inexplicable fact. He will sail forward in a perfectly horizontal direction for a distance of more than a mile, without the slightest quiver of a feather giving sign that the wings are moved. Not less extraordinary is the power the bird possesses of arresting himself instantaneously, at a certain spot in dropping through the air with folded wings from a height of three or four thousand feet. When circling so high up that he shows but as a dot, he will suddenly close both wings, and, falling like an aerolite, pass through the intervening space in a few seconds of time. With a burst his broad pinions are again unfolded, his downward progress is arrested, and he sweeps away horizontally, smoothly, and without effort. He has been seen to do this when carrying a sheep of twenty pounds weight in his talons; and from so giddy a height that both the eagle and his booty were not larger than a sparrow. It was directly over a wall of a rock in which the eyrie was built; and while the speck in the clouds was being examined, and doubts entertained as to the possibility of its being the eagle, down he came, headlong, every instant increasing in size, when, in passing the precipice, out flew his mighty wings; the sheep was flung into the nest, and on the magnificent creature moved, calmly and unfurled, as a bark sails gently down the stream of a river.

Children's Praying.

A little boy in Jamaica called on the missionary, and stated that he had lately been very ill, and often wished his minister had been present to pray with him.

"But, Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed yourself."

"O, yes, sir."

"Well, but how did you pray?"

"Why, sir, I begged."

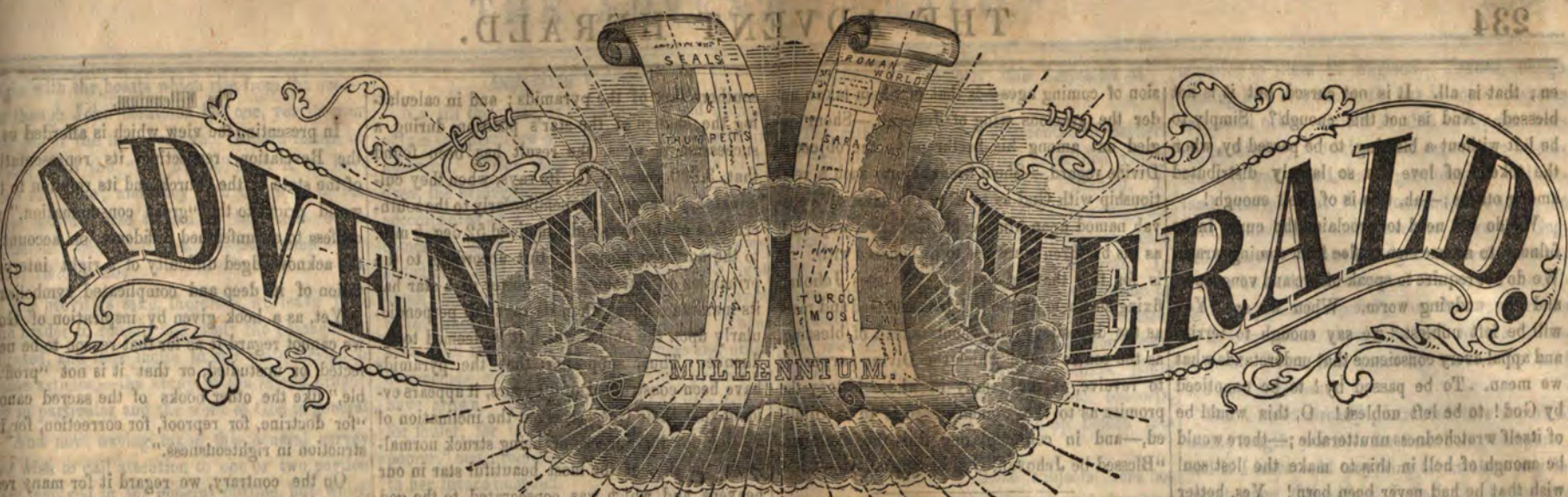
A child of six years, in a Sunday school, said, "When we kneel down in the school-room to pray, it seems as if my heart talked to God."

A little girl about four years of age, being asked why she prayed to God, replied: "Because I know He hears me, and I love to pray to Him."

"But how do you know he hears you?" Putting her little hand to her heart, she said, "I know he does, because there is something here that tells me so."

An Arithmetical Wonder.

If twelve persons were to agree to dine together every day, but never sit exactly in the same order round the table, it would take them thirteen millions of years, at the rate of one dinner a day, and they would have to eat more than 479 millions of dinners before they could go through all the possible arrangements in which they could place themselves. A has only one change, A B two, A B C six, four letters 24, five 120, six 720, seven 5,040, eight 40,320, nine 362,880, ten 3,628,800, eleven 39,916,800, twelve 479,001,600.



WHOLE NO. 1158.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1863.

VOLUME XXIV. NO. 31.

For the Herald. Evils of the Times.

Brother Litch.—Having been confined to my room for several days past, from disease, I thought it might not be out of place to pen down some thoughts and send them along for publication in the Herald. It is a sad thing for an ungodly man to be left to himself with nothing to do but to *think*. But to one who is endeavoring to serve God, and who enjoys the love of Christ in his heart, nothing is more pleasing than to be shut in from the world, with the privilege of communing with God and meditating upon his love. "The thoughts of the wicked are an abomination unto the Lord," but "the thoughts of the righteous are right." How few there are who think right. How few that keep their will in subjection to the will of God, and inquire of him, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" This is an impulsive age, and men act upon the impulse of the moment, without any candid, prayerful forethought in the matter. It is an age of hurry and excitement, and happy is that individual who is not devoured by and immersed in the spirit of the times, and thus at last hurled into perdition.

The world is wide awake, and every effort is being put forth to gain their ends; but professed Christians are asleep upon the great and important theme that should engage their attention. There is no lack of interest in the war meetings, the club room, or places of public resort, where all classes meet to talk over the latest news; but when we come to the house of prayer,—the place dedicated to the worship (?) of Almighty God,—how is it there? Why, generally speaking, the few who find their way to that place are so completely exhausted and tired out, that it is with difficulty that they can be kept awake during the solemn services of God's house, which last for an hour to an hour and thirty minutes. A preacher is not commended for his piety, but for his short sermons—not for his zeal in presenting God's truth, but for his peculiar faculty for saying pleasant things. In order to have a large congregation, the minister must omit those portions of God's Word that apply to the evil practices of these days, and allow his hearers to follow their own pernicious ways undisturbed. If he is apprised of the fact that there are among his hearers those who have hatred in their hearts, he must pass by such passages as John 13: 34, 35; Eph. 4: 31, 32; 1 Peter 1: 22; 1 John 4: 7—21, and many other passages of like import. And so in relation to the sensualist, the trifler, the speculator, the man who gets rich by grinding the face of the poor, the "easy" swearer, the man who lies for convenience' sake, and many other classes—all whose cases are clearly set forth in the Holy Oracles. If these are referred to by the preacher, ten chances to one if some one is not offended because he is "personal;" and in some cases, perhaps, will rise upon their dignity and leave the house in a passion! And so the poor preacher has but one alternative—he must either preach to suit the demands of the times, or preach to the walls.

I have heard persons denouncing the course which some of our preachers have pursued in relation to this increasing demand for smooth things; but I confess that it is a critical position to be placed in. The grace of God can alone di-

rect and "sustain" a preacher of the Gospel in these times. "The world—and I was about to say the church—virtually say, "You may preach to us pleasing things, and let our iniquities alone, and we will pay you well for it, or you may do otherwise and look elsewhere for your living." Truly, we are fallen upon perilous times. What vast numbers are in our churches who are nothing more than baptized infidels! How many who commune at our altars who are not half persuaded of the truth of the professions they make! Look at the moral and religious condition of the nations—even our own *Christian* nation! See how crime flourishes and infidelity vaunts itself! What are our secular newspapers but registers of depravity, avarice, ambition, rebellion, riot, and lawlessness of every character! See the inefficiency of law or Gospel to restrain the violence of passion! Behold how even great men, professed theologians, editors, professors, lecturers and men in high places, of influence, adopt, advocate and preach theories of pretended science and philosophy, which unsettle the very foundations of piety and faith! What contempt for Christianity, and disrespect for its ministers, and indifference to the great truths of revelation, do we everywhere encounter! And may we not conclude with Luther that "God will not, cannot endure this wicked world much longer?"

As I have sat in my room, with the Word of God in my hand, pondering these things in my heart, I have grown sad, but not desponding. Never did the church witness such a constellation of signs of the near coming of Christ as now. All the events of the day—the growing disorders of the political world, the fears and expectations of men, the deep persuasion of an impending convulsion in every thinking mind, the solemn and awakening declarations of Scripture, every sign, every promise, every testimony unite in announcing his near approach. And where are the waiting ones? Alas! many have fallen by the hand of the enemy. Some have laid down their testimony to fight with carnal weapons; some have been led away of their own lusts; and a few, thank God, are still standing at their post and are looking for their King.

O, Christian brethren, let us arouse ourselves from the stupor into which we have fallen in regard to the glorious theme of the advent. Let us have more soul-cheering and stirring exhortations in the Herald, and save the editor the trouble of selecting from the secular press in order to fill our paper. For my own part I should be glad to see the Herald so filled with original articles from different brethren and sisters, as to exclude even war news. There are a great number of war papers these days, and very few strictly religious papers; and I am of opinion that those few should devote their energies to the advocacy of the principles of peace and righteousness. For one I am resolved to labor more ardently in the cause of Christ than hitherto, and endeavor to encourage God's dear people to be faithful to the end.

Yours in Christian love and fellowship,

H. C.

The flowers that breathe the sweetest perfume into our hearts, bloom upon the rod with which Providence chastises us.

The Better Land.

My God, I love to meditate on Thee—
To think upon Thy works, Thy words, Thy ways;
And in another world my work shall be
To bless Thy name, to dwell upon Thy praise.
I love to think upon that world of light
Where Jesus reigns—that better world above,
Where faith and hope are perfected in sight;
Where Thou art known in truth and served in love.

The surges beat not on that happy shore;
No wave of sorrow there shall ever rise;
For sin in all its forms is known no more,
And death, with all its power, forever dies.
Mortality's sad tears have ceased to flow;
Tumultuous passions and corroding care,
With all that agitates this scene below,
Can to no bosom find admission there.

There all is righteousness, and peace, and joy;
Those who have labored enter into rest—
A rest no adversary shall destroy,
No enemy shall enter to molest.
Rich, incorruptible, and undefiled,
Is that inheritance so freely given
To every one, who, as a little child,
Has humbly sought and walked the way to heaven.

One Blessed Spirit binds the happy band,
Whose feet, while here, in faith and patience trod
The narrow way to that delightful land—
It is the Spirit of the Lord their God.
Perfect in knowledge, they behold Thy face,
Thou God of Truth, in glory, and adore;
Perfect in love with Thee, the God of grace,
And with each other, one forevermore.

Pure is their light, refulgent, yet serene;
The cheering atmosphere they breathe on high;
No shade of gloom shall ever intervene,
To darken over their unclouded sky.
Oh, blessed hope of everlasting life!
My soul's anticipation day by day;
Till from this changing world and all its strife,
To that far better world she soars away.

Deserted Christian Cities.

The following is from an interesting communication by M. M. Melchior de Vogue and Waddington upon the general results of their voyage in the East, published in the *Revue Archéologique*:

"I ask permission to take you with us into the mountains between Antioch, Aleppo, and Apamee, on the right bank of the Oronte, and which in the country are designated under the names of Dj-Riha, Dj-Ala, Dj-Alaga, and Dj-Semaan. I do not think that in all Syria there exists a series of views to be compared with those which the ruins of these districts present. I am nearly tempted to refuse the name of ruins to a number of towns almost intact, and whose view transports the traveller to the midst of a lost civilization, and reveals to him, so to say, all its secrets.

"In exploring those deserted streets, those abandoned courts, those porticoes in which the vine twines around mutilated columns, an impression is felt similar to that experienced at Pompeii; that feeling is, indeed, less complete, for the climate of Syria has not preserved the treasures of that country like the ashes of Vesuvius, but is more novel, for the civilization there contemplated is less known than that of the period of Augustus. In fact, all those cities, to the number of more than a hundred and fifty, in a space of from thirty to forty square miles, form a whole from which it is impossible to de-

tach anything, and belong to the same style, same system, and same date—that of the primitive Christian epoch, extending from the fourth century to the seventh of our era. The spectator is transported into the midst of Christian society—not the hidden life of the catacombs, nor the humiliated, timid, and suffering existence which is generally imagined, but a free, opulent, artistic life, in large stone houses perfectly disposed, with galleries and covered balconies, handsome gardens planted with vines, presses for making wine, cellars and stone cisterns for containing it, large underground kitchens and stables; in squares, surrounded with porticoes, are elegant baths, magnificent columned churches flanked with towers and encompassed by splendid tombs; crosses and monograms sculptured in relief on the doors, and numerous inscriptions may be read upon the monuments; from a feeling of Christian humility, which contrasts with the vain emphasis of Pagan inscriptions, they include no proper names, but pious sentences, passages from the Scriptures, monograms, and dates. The tone of those inscriptions indicates a period not distant from the triumph of the church; for an accent of victory is perceptible, which raises the humility of the man, animates every line, from the verse of the Psalmist, engraved in handsome red letters upon a doorpost covered with sculpture, to the scrawl of an obscure painter, who, in decorating a tomb, has to try his brush, traced upon the sides of the rock monograms of Christ, and in his enthusiasm of an emancipated Christian, writes the great words in Greek, *tauto nika*—This prevails! From one of those phenomena, of which the East offers such frequent examples, all these Christian towns were abandoned on the same day, probably at the period of the Mussulman invasion, and since then they have not been touched. Without the earthquakes, which have thrown down many walls and columns, nothing would be wanting but the fittings and floorings of the houses."

Prophetic Destiny of Noah's Sons.

[Continued.]

Let us, however, notice, that Ham gets no blessing. One of his son's gets a fearful curse, and none of the others obtain any blessing whatsoever. Whether this was really meant to intimate that Ham was himself ungodly, and therefore passed by, we can hardly venture to say. It does seem an indirect testimony against him; not, however, for the sin usually ascribed to him here, of mocking Noah, but simply for his not being a man of faith. Shem and Japheth are believing men, and they show their faith by their works; but Ham, though not a scoffer, is not of God—though not a scoffer himself, he is the father of one—his offspring is openly ungodly. And is this no reflection upon himself?

This, then, is Ham's lot. He is passed over without a blessing. Like Esau he gets neither birthright nor blessing. The shower descends on the fields of Shem and Japheth; but Ham's are left unwatered. The emblem of heavenly favor alights on the tents of Shem and Japheth, but Ham is left without a token. His habitation is covered with a cloud. No fiery sword is brandished against it; but no wing of overshadowing love is stretched above it. It is forsak-

en; that is all. It is not cursed, but it is not blessed. And is not this enough? Simply to be left without a blessing, to be passed by, when the tokens of love are so largely distributed among others;—ah, this is of itself enough!

We do not need to proclaim the curse in its fulness, to arouse men to flee from coming wrath. We do not require to speak of fire and vengeance, and the undying worm. When we say "You will be left unblest," we say enough to terrify and appal every conscience that understands what we mean. To be passed by! to be unnoticed by God! to be left unblest! O, this would be of itself wretchedness unutterable;—there would be enough of hell in this to make the lost soul wish that he had never been born! Yes, better not to have been born than to remain unblest. Better not to have come into God's world at all than to remain neglected and unheeded by him whose world it is, and in whose favor is life.

In connection with this passing by of Ham, we cannot help to notice the world's subsequent history. He gets no blessing from God; but this does not hinder his descendants from rising to the pitch of this world's grandeur. And, accordingly, Nimrod takes his place at once among the mighty men of earth; and since his day what power, what riches, what grandeur, what majesty has the world seen in such kingdoms as those of ancient Egypt and India! Yet all is of earth and Satan. God has not been there. They stand before us, exhibitions of an unblest race. Canaan's curse of servitude is not upon them; but the absence of the blessing is too visible. And out of what nations has God drawn his people in all ages? Not from those of Ham, but of Shem and Japheth. I do not mean to say that God has not had a people among Ham. The Queen of Sheba and the Ethiopian ruler are instances of the contrary, and we know that in the fourth and fifth centuries there were flourishing churches in Africa. But looking upon the world's history as a whole, and looking round us upon the nations of the earth as they are at present, can we fail to see that the unblest Ham has furnished comparatively few of the great multitude that no men can number? The day is coming when Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God; but that is the day when all curses are cancelled, and the want of blessing fully supplied. Meanwhile it is not so. God's chosen are from Japheth; even Shem, because of Israel's unbelief, being for a time passed by. If we might use the expression, we should say, this is Japheth's dispensation. It is on him that the blessing is specially descending in these days.

Thus does God pronounce and carry out his eternal purposes. This world is not left to chance or to man, for its curse or for its blessing. All is of God—the giving and the withholding—the gathering in or the leaving out. He is the sovereign Jehovah, and his sceptre who can dispute—his right either to bless or not to bless as seems best to him? "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!"

The blessing on Shem (verse 26) is an *indirect*, yet not on this account the less full and glorious. It does not look like a blessing upon him, but seems the mere utterance of praise to Jehovah. Yet it is this that makes it so rich and all-containing. Instead of turning to Shem, Noah turns to God; instead of fixing his eye on his son, he raises it up to Jehovah in heaven, and in this posture he gives vent to his feelings of joy and triumph. In thus looking upwards and forwards—for he does both at once—what does he see? He sees the Infinite God, whose name is Jehovah, stooping to become peculiarly the God of Shem and his offspring. He sees this Jehovah bending over Shem in his sovereign love, and vouchsafing towards him his special favor, saying, as it were to him, even as to Israel afterwards, "I will be your God, and ye shall be my people; I am a father unto thee, and thou art my first-born." Noah sees the Divine choice thus resting on Shem; he sees the Divine purpose gathering round Shem's posterity in its fulfillments; he sees Jehovah's love going forth in its sovereignty to this son; and in all this he greatly rejoices; because of this he gives praise. The vision that opens up before his eye—a vi-

sion of coming ages—is that of Shem taken under the gracious wing of Jehovah,—Shem singled out among his brethren as the object of Divine regard,—Shem brought into such a relationship with God as to have the name of Jehovah named upon him, as his God, in a way such as his brethren were not to be honored with. It is for this that he praises. He sees Jehovah fixing on Shem as the link between God and man, as the depository and fountainhead of blessing, as the centre round which the Divine purpose is to revolve, as the family in whose history the promise as to the woman's seed is to be fulfilled,—and in contemplating this he exclaims, "Blessed be Jehovah, God of Shem."

The Prayer of Faith.

One afternoon Maj. Vandeleur heard that a man in the arsenal had met with a serious accident, and as soon as his work there was over, he hastened to the hospital to see what could be done for the comfort of the poor fellow. The doctors had just decided upon immediate amputation of the foot. The man was lamenting, not his own suffering, but the prospect of starvation before his poor wife and little children if he were to leave the hospital a cripple for life. Arthur earnestly requested the doctors to postpone the amputation until the next day. They did not consider that the delay would involve any serious consequences, and, therefore, consented to it.

Arthur went home to plead earnestly with God on behalf of this poor man, whose distress had so moved his heart. That prayer of faith met with an immediate answer. The next morning the doctors pronounced the foot to be so much better that there was every reason to hope that it might be saved, and in a short time the man entirely recovered.

But a better blessing still was given in answer to that prayer of faith. "The Major spoke kindly," said he, "and prayed with me, and told me about the Saviour who had bought me with his own blood. And then I began to see that I, who thought I had not a friend anywhere, had found two friends—an earthly and a heavenly friend. After that I made up my mind to live a new life, by the help of God. There was room for a change, for I had never been to a school, nor to a place of worship, from the time I was ten years of age. I never had a mother's prayers; and it any one spoke to me about religion, all I did was to laugh at them. As soon as I came out of the hospital I went to church, and felt very odd at first, my clothes being so shabby. But, by the help of God, I got over that, and learned to love it. For the last two years I have been a teacher in a Sunday school, and it is a blessed work."—*Life of Maj. Vandeleur.*

Purpose of the Pyramids.

The object and age of these gigantic structures have been matters of much speculation and guess-work. But an Egyptian astronomer Mahomed Bey, has recently been giving scientific attention to the subject. Whether he is right in his conclusions, we leave others to judge, premising there is no occasion to read Scripture backwards, or to invent new interpretations, on account of them. He undertook his labors last spring, to verify the exact orientation of those huge funereal piles, and has since published a volume on the age and purpose of the pyramids, as elucidated by the star Sirius.

The measurements, made by Mahomed Bey, have given 231 metres (750 ft.) for the length of the sides of the square base of the Great Pyramid, and 146.5 metres (about 475 ft.) for its height. Whence it follows, that the angle its face makes with the horizon is 51 deg. 45 min. Comparing this with the known inclinations of six other pyramids at Memphis, the constancy of this angle, which is always confined between 51 deg. 30 min. is very remarkable. This invariable inclination, combined with the exact orientation of the Pyramids, has led to the idea that there was some connection between their form and some celestial phenomenon, and consequently with the divinity that presides there, according to the old Egyptian mythology. It is found that the star Sirius, when it passes the meridian of Gezah, falls directly upon the

southern face of the pyramids; and in calculating the change of the star's position, during a succession of ages, the result has been found that, 3,800 years B. C., its rays, when they culminated, fell exactly perpendicularly to the southern face of the pyramids, inclined 52 deg. 5 min. to the northern horizon. But according to the principles of astrology, the power of a star has its maximum effect when its rays fell perpendicularly upon the object which it is deemed to influence. Thus, supposing that the pyramids have been constructed 5000 years, it appears evident that their faces received the inclination of 52 deg. for the purpose of being struck normally by the rays of the most beautiful star in our heavens, and which was consecrated to the god Sothis, the "dog-star" and judge of the dead.

This opinion is confirmed in an unexpected way. The pyramids, being tombs or funereal monuments, ought to be found under the patronage of the divinity whose chief connection is with the dead—that is, with Sothis. Moreover, the hieroglyphical symbol of Sothis is a pyramid at the side of a star and crescent. On the other hand, Sirius was, according to the Egyptians, the soul of Sothis. Though Bunsen's chronology, in some respects, is worth very little, as authority, we may say, in relation to the present subject, that the date of the foundation of the pyramids, as resulting from these investigations, accords with the computation of the scientific Chevalier, according to which, King Cheops reigned in the thirty-fourth century before our era.

Speaking the Truth in Love.

Some speak the truth indifferently, others with a spirit which is utterly opposed to the words which they express. Some speak it in madness, some in pity, some in jealousy, some in confusion and darkness. Indeed the spirit in which it may be spoken improperly may find vent in as many ways as there are evil passions in the human heart. It strikes me that the spirit which underlies almost all controversy is the spirit of self-will. Many are silent with their pens until there is an enemy to combat and demolish.

The only contest in which we are to engage is for the faith once delivered to the saints. We must be placed fully over on the side of Christ. Then we shall fight. But the weapon with which he furnishes us is the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. This must always be wielded in love. The word and spirit will cut its way. The evil passions of the heart have an opposite effect. Do we wish to edify the church and convert sinners? Let us heed Paul's advice.—*Herald of Gospel Liberty.*

Fish as Food.

There is much nourishment in fish, little less than butcher's meat, weight for weight; and in effect it may be more nourishing, considering how, from its soft fibre, fish is more easily digested. Moreover, there is in fish a substance which does not exist in the flesh of land animals, namely, iodine—a substance which may have a beneficial effect on the health, and tend to prevent the production of scrofulous and tubercular disease, the latter in the form of consumption, one of the most cruel and fatal with which the civilized, the highly-educated and refined are afflicted. Comparative trials prove that, in the majority of fish, the proportions of solid matter—that is, the matter which remains after perfect desiccation, or the expulsion of the aqueous part—is little inferior to the several kinds of butcher's meat, game or poultry. And if we give attention to classes of people classed as to the quality of food they principally subsist on, we find that the ichthyophagus class are especially strong, healthy and prolific. In no class than that of fishers do we see larger families, handsomer women, more robust, active men, or a greater exemption from maladies.

LABOR.—Would you be an honest man, and enjoy competency with pleasure, unknown to hasty wealth or sly roguery—work. Let your sweat-drops wash your gain from all dishonesty. You shall live to tell your children that you have observed and felt the wisdom of the royal preacher:—"Wealth gathered by vanity shall be diminished, but wealth gathered by labor will increase."

The Millennium.

In presenting the view which is afforded us in the Revelation, respecting its representation of the state of the church and its relation to the world prior to the "great consummation," we confess to an unfeigned diffidence, on account of the acknowledged difficulty of a right interpretation of its deep and complicated symbolisms.

Yet, as a book given by inspiration of God, we cannot regard it as for that reason to be neglected, or unstudied, or that it is not "profitable," like the other books of the sacred canon, "for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."

On the contrary, we regard it for many reasons the most important book of the Bible, because, as we remarked in our last article, it is that light of prophecy which is afforded as our guide in the days when revelation is withheld, and when the church is given into the hands of the Gentiles.

Now it is with reference to this very point, viz., the condition of the church in Gentile hands (Rev. 12: 7, 14) that we are to enquire.

It is by symbolisms, mainly, that we are therein taught respecting the future. The truth is revealed yet under a veil, reminding us of the parables of Jesus and his declaration respecting them, (Matt. 13: 10-15). To prevent us from seeing the future as distinctly as the past, and yet enabling us in some measure, to discern it, that faith and hope may find a basis and encouragement, and that human responsibility and freedom may find a sphere of development and action, symbolic forms, like holy enigmas, are used for the disclosure of heavenly mysteries. But not even then, except to him who is wise and prudent, and is willing to attend and receive instruction. While to the hardened heart and slumbering eyes they harden and shut them the more.

But all this by the way. Without any special attempt by way of an exposition of any part of this most deeply interesting and thrillingly solemn book, we shall regard the reader as competent for one thing at least, and that is, to trace along the whole course of the seals, the trumpets and the vials, and to note, what the language of the book itself plainly indicates, as the general features of the events thus symbolized.

Will the reader cast his eye along the sacred page, and though not able to determine precisely what is signified, or described, he will not fail to observe that these symbols foreshadowing, as they severally do, the state of things, till, amid judgments, Christ shall receive his bride (19: 1-11),—speak in no instance of any millennium of peace or righteousness in the Gentile age; but on the contrary, and most clearly, of woes, revolutions, strifes, deceptions, apostacies and defections, always deepening in intensity and widening in universality, forming, at last, a perfect and exact parallel in the final development of Antichrist with what we have seen distinctly foretold by Daniel and Paul, and by Jesus himself.

This much is obvious to the casual reader. This much is made obvious to stimulate to increased effort to explicate the deep and pregnant unfoldings of the Apocalypse; but whether it does so or not, will enable all who will read it with but ordinary diligence to see sufficient to substantiate the truth of what we maintain, viz., that the condition of the church, as the representative of Christianity, will be one of depression, affliction, persecution and minority, till the second coming of Christ.

Precisely the same argument, because the same general facts are given respecting the four great world powers (Rev. 13: 1, 2; 17: 3, 8, 10-14; 19: 20), might be adduced from Revelation as that which I have presented from David (2: 31-45; 7: 2-27). For though John in the Apocalypse enters into the particulars involved in the progress of the Gentiles from the ascension of Christ until the second advent, which Daniel, as writing for the Jews, very properly and necessarily omitted, yet as understanding this feature of the writings of the later as compared with the former, we clearly perceive their predictions are the same. They both

begin with the beasts which rise from the sea,—for though John mentions but one, yet its composition of the lion, bear and leopard forms, together with the “ten horns,” show it to have been the same; and they both conclude its historic world-course in and by the same event. (Dan. 2: 44; 7: 9, 14, 21, 22, comp. with Rev. 19: 11-20)

For brevity's sake, therefore, we leave it to the reader to consult and study the passages indicated, and thus incite to one main design of these articles,—the study of the sacred prophecy in particular and the word of God in general.

And now, having taken this general survey, we wish to call attention to one or two particulars involved in the general outline, but which, by their deep significance, demand our especial notice.

The first is, that in his (Daniel's) representation of the four monarchies whose successive sway sweep the world's political horizon, until the thrones of earthly power are thrown down and God himself inaugurate judgment (Dan. 7: 9), there is no notice taken, nor mention made of the first coming of Christ, his church, or influence on the development of the world. This seems to me a startling fact; and one very much and most strikingly in contrast with the current views of Christianizing power, anticipated evolutions of Christian influences, during the present epoch of the world's history.

Especially does this fact appear as most peculiarly significant when we remember that the fourth monarchy—the Roman—for fifteen hundred years has been, to a considerable extent, subject to Christianizing process and influence, and yet the prophet does not contradistinguish it by any improving or exalting symbolism from the preceding heathen monarchies as such, or from its own heathen portion; and on the contrary, it is represented as the most terrible and as the most God-opposed of kingdoms.

Thus, in speaking of the wicked political power of the world, and during that period when Christianity is most prominent, God, through his prophet, makes no mention of its existence at all, save in its final development antichrist is revealed. Why is this? I answer in the words of another, “Because Christ's kingdom, as it was established at his first advent, is not of this world—John 28: 36, and Daniel was to prophecy the course of the world-powers; hence the kingdom of God enters the horizon at that point when it begins to be a real and external power of the world; that is, at the second advent of Christ.”

Till then the old character of the world exists; and however much Christianity may have had to do in the modification of the Roman power, yet as long as it exists it is heathen; and it exists till Christ, “the stone,” shall annihilate it at his appearing.

This shows us why the apostles, instead of talking as many Christians now talk, and looking as they now look, for the spread of the Gospel and the conversion of the world, are ever pressing upon our notice, and straining our vision to discern the coming of their Lord—are ever presenting the idea that the object of Christianity is not so much to Christianize the present evil world, as to save men from its evils ways, lest they be condemn with it—Acts 15: 14, compare with Gal 1: 4. And this brings me to the other point that these apostles, and especially that one “who proclaims most powerfully and distinctly the unlimited, universal character of the gospel,” represent invariably that Christianity or the kingdom of God, up to the hour of Christ's coming again, is in a hidden and suffering state—Col. 3: 3, 4; Rom. 8: 17; 2 Tim. 2: 11, 12.

Christianity, then is internal and not external in its development in this age; and it is to the individual, rather than the masses, the Lord looks; to what is low and humble rather than to what is great and extensive; and his object is the gathering together of a congregation which shall be called to rule with him in the millennium—Matt. 19: 28; 5: 5; Luke 12: 32; 22: 28-30; Rom. 5: 17; 1 Cor. 6: 2; Rev. 1: 6; 26-28; 3: 21; 20: 4. Let the reader examine.—*Newton, in Zion's Herald.*

Anglo-saxon Weddings.

Not till the ninth or tenth century did women obtain the privilege of choosing or refusing their husbands. Often they were betrothed as children, the bridegroom's pledge of marriage being accompanied by a “security;” or “wed,” whence comes the word. Part of the wed always consisted of a ring, placed upon the maiden's right hand, and there religiously kept until transferred to the other hand at the later nuptials. Then, also, were repeated the marriage vows and other ceremonies, out of which these now prevailing have grown. The bride was taken “for fairer, for fouler, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer,” and promised “to be buxom and bonny” to her future husband.

At the final ceremony the bridegroom put the ring on each of the bride's left-hand fingers in turn, saying at the first, “in the name of the Father;” at the second, “in the name of the Son;” at the third; “in the name of the Holy Ghost;” and at the fourth, “Amen.”

Then also the father gave to his new son one of his daughter's shoes, in token of the transfer of authority which he effected, and the bride was at once made to feel the change by a tap or a blow on the head given with the shoe. The husband on his part took an oath to use his wife well. If he failed to do so she might leave him, but by the law he was allowed considerable license. He was bound in honor to bestow on his wife and his apprentices moderate castigation. We have nothing to show the exact amount of castigation held moderate by the Anglo-Saxons; but one old Welsh law decides that three blows of a broomstick on any “part of the person except the head” is a fair allowance, and another provides that the stick be no longer than the husband's arm, nor thicker than his middle finger.

Prior to the seventh century a wife might at any time be repudiated on proof of her being either barren, deformed, silly, passionate, luxurious, rude, habitually drunk, gluttonous, very garrulous, quarrelsome, or abusive.—*Thurbb's Anglo-Saxon House.*

A Famous Land.

If there be a part of the world which ought to tempt the traveller, it is assuredly that region of Asia which lies between the Caspian and Black seas. Tradition declares this to be the cradle of the human race. Here, say the Persians and Armenians, was the Garden of Eden; here, as every one knows, stands the mighty Ararat, from which mankind spread after the deluge. Here are the best and most undeniable physical evidences of that astonishing catastrophe. Here hunted the Biblical Nimrod, here Noah planted the vine. Here languished Prometheus, chained to the rock, with vultures ever gnawing at his liver. Hither sailed Jason and the Argonauts, and hence departed the enchantress Meda. One of the rivers of this region still bears the name of Cyrus the Great. Alexander of Macedon is a household word among the Caucasian villagers. Hence flowed Greeceward that stream of gorgeous fable which widened into Hellenic mythology. Here Pompey conquered, and the soldiers of Imperial Rome bled in vain. Here Gregory preached, and Tamerlane and Genghis Khan spread havoc; the Turks uprooted the Geonese on these shores, to be themselves uprooted in due time by the more opportune Russians. Over the Caucasian wall, at the dread time when Allah's time shall sound, Gog and Magog shall cross to put an end to the empire of Islamism on earth, and destroy the kingdom of the true believers. When the Russians swept away the Georgian throne, 1800, learned men at Tiflis exclaimed in their anguish that the fallen monarchy had existed without interruption since the time of Abraham; there is good historical evidence to prove a line of kings extending over a period of 2245 years.

PRAYER.—Sometimes there passes over the fields a wind which parches the plants, and then their withered stems will droop toward the earth; but watered by the dew they regain their freshness, and lift up their languishing heads. So there are always burning winds which pass over the soul and wither it. Prayer is the dew which refreshes it again.

Sabbath School Teachers' State Convention at Pittsfield.

The gathering of superintendents and teachers of Sabbath schools, which has assembled yearly since 1852, convened this year at Pittsfield. It was truly a meeting long to be remembered. Those who have attended those in former years say that this surpassed them all in interest. In these meetings almost everything in relation to Sabbath school instruction has been discussed. The method of conducting them, question books, library books, singing books, teachers, Bible classes, infant classes, Sabbath school concerts, picnics, etc., etc., have all been up before this convention.

This year many of these subjects were not named in the Convention, but the all-absorbing topic was the conversion of children. Rev. Mr. Kirk of this city delivered an essay upon this subject, and it was the key-note of the deliberations of the Convention. I thought I could almost see a fulfillment of the prophecy which says the heart of the fathers shall be turned to the children. Many important facts and suggestions were brought out, and all present must have been convinced (if ever they had any doubt) that childhood is the most auspicious day to commence to serve God, and this view was corroborated by facts. There was a delegate present from Rochester, N. Y., who stated that in one school in that city there have been two hundred conversions recently, and in another one hundred and fifty; also in many schools in this State many among the young are hopeful converts. There was in the essay one very important idea expressed in a few words, which was, that children have more heart than intellect, and it is easier to turn them to God in childhood than at any other age; for conversion to God is a work of the spirit of God upon the heart, and not upon the intellect. There were some gentlemen present who were delegates to the World's Sabbath School Convention held in London last year. From their reports we learned that some of the schools in England are in many respects inferior to those in this country. The manner of conducting them, rooms, punctuality, singing, etc., were severely criticised, but there are many exceptions to this rule. There have been structures erected in England costing \$50,000 for Sabbath school instruction.

From all that was said at this Convention those present must have been convinced that the Sabbath school work is worthy of the best efforts of all Christians. And in view of its importance, what are those doing who are looking for the speedy return of Christ? It cannot be denied that they are far behind in this branch of Christian duty. The fact that there are no library books or Sabbath school papers published by them of a denominational character speaks loudly upon this subject. The fact as stated by Bro. Welcome in a late number of the Crisis, that here are 25,000 children among us who are dependent upon other denominations for all the library books and S. S. papers they read, ought to awaken every lover of children to the importance of immediate action. We need not for a moment doubt that there is talent and money enough among Adventists to publish books and papers not inferior to any in use; and until this is done we may not expect to see our Sabbath schools as efficient or attractive as those of other denominations. Children are of keen and quick perception, they also have pride and self-respect, and love to have every thing as good as their mates. And we hope and believe that there are friends of this cause among us who will see that this waste place is immediately repaired. I have long had it in contemplation to engage in this work, and devote all my powers of body and mind to it. But, seeing so little interest in many others, have hesitated; and my labors have been for many years almost confined to other denominations. I generally work in my own harness, and though I differ from many of them in some points of doctrine, yet I find no trouble in working in the same team.

But I am wandering from the Convention. It was stated by one of the delegates to the World's Convention that there are now in France 600 Protestant Sunday schools, and in many respects

superior to those in England. France, though coming late into the work, has in some respects surpassed other nations in this enterprise, having profited by the labors and experience of others. It was stated that a gentleman in Switzerland, hearing that the Convention was to be held, immediately commenced to learn the English language that he might understand what was to be said. It was stated that one of the delegates suggested hopefully that the next World's S. S. Convention should be held in the Colosseum at Rome, five years hence, and the next one at Jerusalem.

But I have already protracted this report to undue length, yet it is far from being complete; and if I have said anything to awaken any interest upon this subject, I shall thank God and take courage. D. N. SMITH.

The Date.

There is no food that can be eaten so constantly, or with so much impunity, as the date. It is like bread, and is bread to whole nations of orientals. And what a delicious bread, baked by the sun, and showered in profusion upon the earth, to be gathered and laid up for the future, either dry in huge cerbels, or pressed into a conserve, which, when cut into slices, looks and eats like plum-pudding. We have often been present while this dainty was in preparation. First, with a little brush made of fine palm leaves, the particles of sand are whisked away from the fruit, which, having then been laid open with a sharp flint, the stone is taken out, and if large and fine, laid aside for planting. Next, the dates are thrown into a clean, strong, square vessel, like a tub, and having been closely pressed by heavy weights laid upon a thick board made to fit, the whole process is completed. Immense quantities of this conserve are exported from Egypt and Arabia into all the neighboring countries, where it is much prized, especially in the harems, where the women and children may almost be said to eat it incessantly.

No man can starve in a date-country during the three months of the year in which the fruit is eatable, since he has but to throw up a stone into the tree to bring down his breakfast or his dinner. For this reason, chiefly, tents are pitched and villages built in palm groves; and as hogs are turned into the woods in acorn time, so children are let loose in the palm woods throughout the whole period of date harvest to collect their own provisions, and feed as they list. You may often, as you journey along, observe whole troops of the little gourmands, who, having eaten to repletion, have fallen asleep amid the remains of meal; while the generous tree, of whose bounty they have partaken, waves and rustles over their heads, letting down occasionally glints of sunshine, which, glancing over their dingy red caps and many-colored rags, convert them into a curious picture.

How to have a Poor Pastor.

Somebody, in one of our exchanges, suggests the following way to make a poor pastor:—

1. Be very careless and irregular in attending church. Never go, except when you can manufacture no good excuse to stay at home.
2. When at church, be either asleep or staring about. Do not listen to the sermon.
3. When you go home, complain of the sermon as light and chaffy, or dry and uninteresting.
4. Treat your pastor with cold and uninviting civility, and then complain of him because he does not visit you.
5. Neglect to pray for a blessing upon him and his labors, and then complain of him because the church does not prosper.
6. Be always finding fault with your pastor, and yet regret that he is no more popular with the people.
7. Be very lukewarm and worldly-minded, and yet complain of him for want of zeal.
8. Neglect to provide for his necessary wants, and then complain of him because he wants his salary. Do all these things, and you will never fail to have a poor pastor.

SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.—Female loveliness never appears to so good advantage as, when set off with simplicity of dress. No artist ever decks his angels with towering feathers and grand jewelry; and our dear human angels, if they would

make good their title to that name, should carefully avoid ornaments which properly belong to the Indian squaws and African princes. These tinselries may serve to give effect on the stage or on a ball-room floor, but in daily life there is no substitute for simplicity. A vulgar taste is not to be disguised by gold or diamonds.



ADVENT HERALD.

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JOSIAH LITCH, EDITOR.

The readers of the *Herald* are most earnestly besought to give it room in their prayers; that by means of it God may be honored and his truth advanced; also, that it may be conducted in faith and love, with sobriety of judgment and discernment of the truth, in nothing carried away into error, or hasty speech, or sharp, unbrotherly disputation.

The Outgoing and Incoming Administrations.

QUALIFICATION FOR THE KINGDOM.

When Nicodemus received from our Lord that great lesson on the qualification for the kingdom of heaven, he could not understand how an old man could be born again of his mother or of the flesh, a natural birth. The answer of the great teacher has set the matter forever at rest. "That which is born of flesh, is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit, is Spirit." The new birth, then, pertains to the spirit rather than the flesh. And thus the apostle Paul taught:—"He that is joined to the Lord is one Spirit." So also the apostle Peter:—"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature." "Strengthened with all might by his spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." "If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin, but the spirit is life, *zoe*, because of righteousness." The new and Divine life, therefore pertains to the spirit, not to the flesh. If, therefore, man has no spirit he cannot be born again. And if born of the spirit he has eternal life; not simply a living soul derived from the first Adam, who was made a living soul; but *zoe aionion*, life eternal, from "The last Adam," "who was made a quickening spirit." The children of the first Adam, who with him were invested with dominion over earth, air and sea, with all their creatures, were partakers of his living soul, the element of their being. And without this there could be no joint heirship and dominion. So also, those who are to be heirs with God and joint heirs with Christ, must be children of God by the "renewing of the Holy Ghost and washing of regeneration." "And if children, then heirs: heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." In what respect is it true of Christians, that "as he is, so are we in this world?" Not in respect to our bodies. But all Christians are renewed in the spirit of their minds, and are partakers of his spirit,—"Sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise." "Hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son in your hearts, crying Abba, Father."

It is the inworking of this spirit, raising the soul and transforming it, elevating it above the fleshly lusts, remodeling its powers and more fully impregnating them with the Divine essence and nature, that constitutes the growth of the Christian in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. And this growth, like that of the animal and vegetable natures, will be in proportion to the degree of culture bestowed upon it; until we shall reach the full stature of manhood in Christ Jesus, and are ripened for the heavenly garner, the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. For this transforming work will not be complete till the renewed spirit having gained the entire ascendancy over the flesh, shall be so full of the Divine energy as to transform the vile body and fashion it like Christ's own glorious body, according to the power whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself. When, as sung the enraptured poet:—

"When Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body,
Shall his glorious image bear."

Christ "is the head of the body of the church, the fullness of him that filleth all in all," and all his people are members of that head and body; for they are not members of the head alone. "But we are members one of another." Perfect unity and perfect harmony, is to be attained in the perfection of the body of Christ.

Every manifestation of discord now, throughout the great brotherhood, is a mark of carnality, the predominance of the flesh and fleshy motives. But just in proportion as this spiritual vital energy is cultivated and developed, and the fleshy mind brought into subjection, will be the breathings of love and good will to all the sons and daughters of the Living God. And the more perfect this living, growing, unity to Christ and his body, the more earnest the yearnings to see him as he is and behold his perfected body, faultless before the throne. "Be filled with the spirit," was the apostolic injunction. What a privilege! what a duty.

But how shall we attain this holy estate? We find much in our natural relation to the world to illustrate this. Whenever we set ourselves to contemplate the beauty, excellency, or graces of a person, we are insensibly drawn toward them. The first motions of attraction may be by the hearing of the ear, the sight of the eye, or some act of kindness performed, or a sense of need of their assistance. We seek an interview, we exchange kindly words, or look, or mutual acts of esteem. The bonds of real unity are fastened. And the more these means are used and the newly-kindled affection cherished, the more complete the unity becomes, until consummated in plighted vows, and they twain become one flesh. So with the body of Christ, whose bond of unity is his Spirit.

1. The sinner sees his sins and feels that he is lost. Whichever way he turns is death and woe. He seeks for help. He hears of Christ, who came "to seek and save that which was lost," and says, "Sirs, I would see Jesus." He hears of him, he reads of him, he seeks an interview. He holds communion with him, he asks for favors, and they are freely bestowed. He reads and re-reads his letters; he converses with those who know him best. He seeks and seeks again an interview and kindly converse, till at length his doubts and fears subside, and his full soul exclaims, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel." The nuptial vows are plighted, and "he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit." Then in the fulness of the soul the believer cries, "My beloved is mine, and I am his."

But if the heavenly Comforter is to abide, there must be the same attention to the motions of his will, to the honor of his name, to the interests of his cause, that at first were manifested. The cold indifference, neglect of communion, sympathy for other interest than his, and all such acts as would mar domestic and conjugal felicity and produce alienation, will, when manifested to the Holy Spirit, grieve him from us. If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit. It is thus that our Lord Jesus Christ is preparing heirs for his kingdom. Who will neglect so great salvation? What millions are preparing thus for that day!

"There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend."
This is spoken of the heavenly country; but it is true of the present state, where human spirits blend with each other till they seem to be one. Thus the soul of David and Jonathan were knit together. The same fact is often witnessed in meretric operations. One party yielding the will to the other, till the subject sees what the operator sees, feels, thinks, tastes and desires what he desires, and does what he wills. But without the consent of the will, or at least a perfectly quiescent state of the will, it cannot be done. It is the blending of spirits.

So with the Spirit of God. He comes to the sinner and proposes to make him a new creature. "Submit yourself therefore to God" is his demand. If the sinner yields to his gracious influence and says, "Come in, thou heavenly Guest," he will come in and take possession of that soul and transform and renew it, filling it with the Divine nature, till their wills are lost in one. But if the sinner resists, and refuses to submit, there is a repulsion; the Spirit is grieved, he retires, and the sinner is more hard than ever. O, then, how we should submit to God and wait his gracious influence, until fully transformed by the renewing of the Holy Spirit. It must be done, or none can enter the kingdom of heaven. Whatever may be the morality, it does not transform the soul without the work of the Holy Ghost, and therefore cannot give title or passport to the kingdom of heaven. It belongs to heirs. None are heirs who are not united to Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God; and then we become joint heirs, because God's adopted children, with the spirit of adoption crying in our hearts, Abba, Father.

Humble penitence for sin, deep humility, fervent prayer, earnest submission to God, entire trust in the Redeemer's promises, obedience to his commands, these are the appointed means by which we are to come to Christ and permit him to do this great work for us.

Gen. Grant has some dozen skeleton regiments of negroes organising at Vicksburg.

Reply to Elder T. M. Preble—No. 3.

[See page 238.]

To several of our correspondent's questions we reply, that every time he has attempted or does attempt to make the impression on his readers that the Bible teaches that their destruction is such as shall end their conscious being, and consequently end their suffering, he, in our judgment softens God's truth. That word declares that "They shall be tormented forever and ever," while his teaching is that they shall be so extinguished that they shall cease to suffer.

If Dr. Adam Clarke is good authority for the meaning of second death, we suppose he is equally good on Matt. 25:46:—"These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." On this he says:—"But some are of the opinion that this punishment shall have an end: this is as likely as that the glory of the righteous shall have an end; for the same word is used to express the duration of the punishment, *tolasin aionion*, as is used to express the duration of the state of glory; *zoen aionion*. I have seen the best things that have been written in favor of the final redemption of damned spirits; but I never saw an answer to the argument against that doctrine, drawn from this verse, but what sound learning and criticism should be ashamed to acknowledge. The original word *aion*, is certainly to be taken here in its proper grammatical sense, continued being, *aieion*, NEVER ENDING. Some have gone a middle way and think that the wicked shall be *annihilated*. This I think is contrary to the text; if they go into punishment they continue to exist: for that which ceases to be, ceases to suffer." On Matt. 7:13,—"which leadeth to destruction," Dr. Clarke says:—"Eis teen apoleion, meaning eternal misery." Yet with all this and much more evidence scattered through Dr. Clarke's writings that he believed the destruction of the wicked was to consist in eternal misery, our correspondent has seized on his use of the word destroy and made him, or tried to make him, sanction the doctrine of annihilation of the wicked. But has he not done the same thing with Christ and the apostles? The truth is Dr. Clarke, Christ and his apostles, as also all writers and speakers of all languages, use the word *destroy* and *destruction*, or their equivalents in their own language, for any degree of ruin which might come on a person or thing. It is subject to an almost endless variety of shades of meaning, and it is therefore, an ambiguous word, to be interpreted by the subject of which it treats and the connection in which it stands. *Torment* is ambiguous; it means suffering. Punishment is pain, and eternal punishment, is eternal pain. And whatever destruction may mean, as final punishment it must be consistent with this unambiguous word. We use the word daily and freely in conversation, preaching, writing, &c., but without the most distant idea that we are affirming by it the annihilation of the subjects of it. Why we did not quote the whole passage Matt. 10:28, was because we had no occasion to do so. We had a subject before us to illustrate and that was, the soul *animal or natural life*, (for we use the terms interchangeably) does not die when it leaves the body. It is as certainly life or soul out of as in the body. When we have occasion to refer to the final doom of the wicked, we as freely quote the other portion and have no occasion to stop to explain it, unless there is danger that some one will serve us as they do Dr. A. Clarke on the same subject. We believe as fully in the destruction of the wicked as our correspondent, but not in the entire extinction of their being.

Thus we believe the devil is to be *destroyed*, Heb. 2:14. But when that destruction comes to be defined, it is in this unambiguous language. "And shall be tormented day and night forever and ever." And this forever and ever begins after the millennium is ended and the last judgment day has come and all changes of time are at an end. And whatever constitutes the destruction of the devil and his angels, is to be the doom of all those who are set on the left hand of the King.

But we are asked, "Is not the lake of fire a place, and if so, how can a place be hurt?" Answer: It is a place, and so far as we know, cannot be hurt. But those who are the subjects of it, have their part in it, or are cast into it, can be hurt of it. We confess the question "puzzles" us, for we cannot see out of what it grew nor what its object. The Bible does not affirm that the second death can be hurt; and we feel quite sure we have not done so.

An endless repetition of words on this subject of the second death will avail nothing. Dr. Clarke does not meet the question of grammatical construction raised by our correspondent: and we maintain our former position in reference to it.

LOST LETTERS.—We have missed no letters sent us, for the last four weeks, and think it as safe as usual to forward money by mail. All reported as lost were sent before July 10th.

Questions on Incommunicability.

[Continued.]

1. Are any kind of beings so much worse than the devil, as to deserve a thousand years more of torment by fire than he receives?

2. Is not the sum total of the ill-desert of any sinner's lifetime a multiple of the ill-desert of one sin? And if so, and one sin deserves millions of ages of the most intense and exasperating sufferings, could not all the sins of any sinner be sufficiently punished in finite duration, inasmuch as the product of no two finite factors, however large, can be infinite? Is it impossible for an omnipotent being to punish a sin committed in an instant by a person of a depraved nature, surrounded by numerous temptations and pernicious influences, according to its deserts in finite duration?

3. Though Christ teaches that the wicked will receive everlasting punishment, yet does not punishment consist of anything undesirable, to which a judge sentences a criminal, and may not a terrible dying out of existence, without hope of a resurrection, and consequent loss of eternal felicity, be justly termed everlasting punishment?

4. Is not this idea confirmed by Christ's using the terms eternal life, to contrast the future state of the righteous from that of the wicked?

5. If Christ did not teach eternal misery of the wicked, by the phrase "eternal punishment," when and where did he teach it?

6. On the whole, may we not conclude that we do not positively know that sin and misery will always exist in the universe? And will not a Christian spirit be best displayed by acknowledging that we are ignorant of that which is not clearly revealed?

Answer.

1. We do not know as the devil's torment will be any less in the *abyss* during the thousand years than that of the beast and false prophet. For aught we know it may be greater.

2. We do not know how intense will be the sinner's suffering for one sin, nor how much more intense it will be for the sins of a lifetime. That for one sin the punishment will be severe there is no doubt; nor do we doubt but what each successive sin will increase its severity. But it does not become us finite worms, to sit in judgment on the Divine proceedings and say what might or might not be sufficient. If sin may be sufficiently punished in finite duration, we have no doubt but what the punishment will cease at that point. But our business as an expounder of the Divine purpose is, to speak his mind in his words. We read in that word that "these," the wicked, "shall go away into eternal punishment, and the righteous into life eternal." We also read that this punishment is to be in "eternal fire, prepared for the devil and his angels;" and also that it is in "the lake of fire," where the subjects of it "shall be tormented day and night forever and ever." If it is not to be what this language implies, certainly our Lord knew it. Why, then, did he use such language? We believe, because he did know that it is the sinner's doom. And we cannot think otherwise than that an attempt to soften it is a fearful responsibility; one from which we shrink. Every threatening of God which has ever been fulfilled has been so according to the letter of the threats, and we believe will be so still.

3. The third question is, perhaps, already sufficiently answered above. But we will say further, that it is not a question with us what God can do, nor what we think would be sufficient,—but what has the great Lawgiver and Judge declared will be the infliction? Supposing we concede that "anything undesirable to which a judge sentences a criminal is punishment," it does not change the fact that God declares the sinner shall be "tormented day and night forever and ever." There his word still stands. "A terrible dying out of existence" does not constitute "shall be tormented day and night forever and ever." This "terrible dying out of existence" to the suffering sinner, "without hope of a resurrection," would be to him a joyful hope, and he would long for the moment to come when existence should cease. It is all the infidel world have ever asked.

4. Our friend asks, "Is not this idea confirmed?" &c. Not at all:—Christ always uses the term *zoen aionion*, not for simple existence, but for an eternal, vital union with himself. Farther, the word *kolasin*, punishment, is used to express torment. "Fear hath torment, *kolasin*," 1 John 4:18. Our friend asks,

5. "Where did he teach it?" &c. We reply, Christ did teach it in the phrase "eternal punishment." There can be no punishment where there is no existence. Eternal punishment and nonentity are incompatible—adopting our brother's own definition—"anything undesirable," &c. Must it not be "eternally undesirable" to constitute "eternal punishment?" Can anything be undesirable to a nonentity? He also teaches it in Mark, 9th chap.

CORRESPONDENCE.



In this department, articles are solicited, on the general subject of the Advent, from friends of the Herald, over their own signatures, irrespective of the particular views which it defends. Views of correspondents not dissented from, are not necessarily to be considered as editorially endorsed. Correspondents are expected to avoid all personalities, and to study Christian courtesy in all references to views and persons. Any departure from this should be regarded as disintitling the writer to any reply. Christian and gentlemanly discussion will be in order; but not needless, unkind, or uncourteous controversy.

My Journal.

SECOND TOUR WEST.—NO. III.

Wyandot.—La Moille.—Princeton.—De Kalb.

Wyandot is a pleasant and prosperous village, located on the Burlington and Quincy Railroad, of about five hundred inhabitants. A prosperous town.

Monday, June 8th. Brother McCulloch took me to La Moille, Beaurio Co., about twenty miles, to his residence. On the way called on brother David S. Turner and family, formerly of Bristol, Vt. They still hold to the faith and are doing well. My visit was very much appreciated. We also called in Princeton, the county seat for a short time. It is a large town and a flourishing one. It is the residence of Hon. Owen Lovejoy, whose brother was shot, in Alton, many years ago, on account of his faithful testimony for the oppressed of our land. Like his brother he also is true and faithful to the cause of the slave.

We arrived in La Moille in the evening, and had a joyful reception by brother McC.'s family. They have a beautiful prairie home. His son takes the principal charge of the farm, to allow his father his time to go and preach the Gospel of the kingdom. He is a pious, dutiful and noble son. Brother McC. and his family came out in 1855 from the western part of Massachusetts, and of late has consecrated himself to the ministry, and is one of the most industrious and useful among us. I stopped over one day to rest, and preached in the evening to his neighbors. We had a good audience and candid hearing from most. Some believed Christ came the second time at the destruction of Jerusalem, and of course did not like to see the proof of his future coming. The advent preaching disturbs their slumbers, but cheers those who wait for the coming of Jesus.

Wednesday, June 10th. Took carriage with brother McCulloch for the Conference in De Kalb. Called at Amboy, on the way, visited some friends and attended to some business. We proceeded at noon, and arrived at Shabbana Grove in the evening in season for meeting. We had an excellent prayer-meeting. I should think the church here were doing well. Brother Harrison McCulloch, of De Kalb, preaches to them half the time, and is much liked. I put up with brother Harry Norton, an old acquaintance, through Father Chapman. I received the kindest treatment from them, and all the brethren. I had a very pleasant interview, also, with Dr. Mann, who has lately united with the church, and is whole-hearted in the cause, as also his family.

In the morning of June 11th, we bade kind friends adieu, and rode five miles to Elder N. W. Sperson's, and took breakfast. Found them all well, and had a happy greeting. At 9, A. M., brother Sperson and son took carriage and came on with us to De Kalb, to attend the tent-meeting. We arrived at noon and found all things ready for meeting.

I have had a very pleasant ride with brother Wm. McCulloch during a part of the last four days, through Beaurio, Lee and De Kalb counties. In a fine, easy buggy, drawn by his beautiful and fleet Belle, we had all the comfort that could be derived from this source; but added to this we had good roads and a kind of paradise to ride through. O, if sin and mortality were not here, we might wish to live forever in such a beautiful world.

In riding seventy-five miles over the prairies, I had opportunities to see about all the varieties of land, flat and rolling prairie, rich and poor lands; also about all styles of farming. The New Englander is readily distinguished by his neat buildings for his family, and sheds for cattle, and cribs for grain. The high cultivation of his lands, good fences, &c., are all proofs of the presence of the Yankee. There are some exceptions, but as a general thing this holds good. There are many Irish settlers in these counties, and Pat is readily known by his shanty and its surroundings. With all the means of thrift, he still will live and maintain his poverty-stricken aspect. This is owing, in part, to the Irish charac-

ter, and in part to American whiskey. Irish whiskey shops are too plenty for industry and prosperity among those given to strong drink.

I saw some most splendid fields of wheat, but as a general thing the wheat looks slim. I saw hundreds of thousands of acres of corn, and this was looking well. The harvest, according to present appearances, will be an average one.

There are large tracts of land, and much of good land, too, in these counties, waiting for hands now comparatively idle in the East and elsewhere, to till and make them teem with plenty for the supply of their wants. If men knew their true interest, they would not be cooped up in cities and towns, suffering every inconvenience, with poverty and want.

The spirit of politics runs high in this region. There is a large element with the South, and they would sustain slavery and restore the Union as it was if they could. But this is not the pleasure of the Almighty. Liberty and justice are more in accordance with his nature and plans. The defenders of slavery will find "in such a war," in the language of Jefferson, "there is no attribute of the Almighty which will induce him to fight on the side of the oppressor."

The Adventists are loyal, but take little or no part in the strife of politics or the war. They are men of peace. They could not fight, but will pay their taxes and "submit to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake." JOSHUA V. HIMES.

The Second Death—No. 3.

Bro. Litch—In your reply to my article on the "Second death," as found in the Herald of July 21, you state some things which compels me to try again, and see if I cannot make myself better understood.

But what you say in the closing part of your reply, is what will claim my attention first. You say:—

"Why cannot Bro. P. be satisfied to teach the sinner his doom in God's words, and leave him to decide it with God?" Now, Bro. Editor, I am rather at a loss to know why you indirectly charge me as you have in the above quotation! When, and where, did I ever do what you intimate of me?

In your reply to my first article on this subject of the second death, you said:—

"In our judgment, it is a fearful thing for a minister of the Gospel to spend his time, and such ability as God has given our brother, in going about to soften God's truth, or soothe the fear of sinners by teaching them that God will not do as he says," &c.

These remarks of yours, I quoted in my second article, and then asked you to tell your readers, "when, and where, and how," I ever taught sinners as you there charged me with. And now, in your reply to my second article, instead of answering my question, you seem to think it best to make me appear still more unfavorable, if possible, before your readers, by asking,—"Why cannot Bro. P. be satisfied to teach the sinner his doom just in God's word's and leave him to decide it with God?"

Now, Bro. Editor, I hope you will do us the favor, either to point out, "when, and where, and how," I have taught the sinner what you have charged upon me; or do me the justice to correct your statements. Will you do it? I hope so.

What you say in the closing paragraph of your "reply," I will now quote, and adopt the language as my own heartfelt statement:—

"We have but one object in treating of this awful theme, and that is, to know exactly what God has spoken, and then, though earth or hell oppose, to speak it fearlessly. And we are sure that although one may now wish we were not so plain, they will think differently of it in the day of Christ. Only the exact truth will then stand." Amen! to this I say.

With this plain avowal of my "object in treating of this awful theme," I will once more attempt to make myself better understood in regard to "the second death."

You still repeat in your reply to me, that "the lake of fire is the second death." We ask, Is not the lake of fire a place? If so, how can a place "be hurt" of the *duteros thanatos*? Again, we will repeat "God's definition" of the "second death":—"All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." Now is it not a plain case, that the last "which" named in the above quotation refers to the word "part," as its antecedent? How, then, can "the lake of fire," with any propriety, be called the second death, or *duteros thanatos*!

Adam Clarke is pretty good authority sometimes; and in this case I conclude he may be introduced as a competent witness; that is, as good as any other man, perhaps. He says in his comments on Rev. 20: 14:—

"This is the second death. The first death consisted in the separation of the soul from the body for a season; the second death in the separation of

body and soul from God forever. The first death is that from which there may be a resurrection; the second death is that from which there can be no recovery. By the first, the body is destroyed during time; by the second, body and soul are destroyed through eternity."

This I call very good reasoning, don't you, brother Editor? Adam Clarke does not say that "the lake of fire is the second death!" And it is a "perplexing question," sure enough, to understand how any one can so call it; for if the first *THANATOS* refers to man, how can the second *THANATOS* refer to a place—the lake of fire?

In your reply you continue and say: "We grant that natural death is the extinction of animal life from the body, but do not admit that the soul is extinguished by its leaving the body; for our Lord contradicts the idea when he says, 'Fear not them that [which] kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul,' thus teaching that the soul, or natural life, survives the body."

Two things, particularly, in the above extract will claim our attention for a few moments. 1. How did it happen that you should stop in the middle of Matt. 10: 28? Why did you not quote the remainder of the verse, which reads: "But rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell?" (gehenna.) May I not with some propriety repeat here: "Why cannot our brother be satisfied to teach the sinner his doom just in God's words?" &c. I like the whole verse just as it is.

I am not willing to give it such a construction as "to teach the sinner" that he will be eternally PRESERVED, "soul and body in hell!" neither that his "body" will be destroyed, and that his "soul" will be PRESERVED eternally in hell! No, brother Editor, I am "satisfied to teach the sinner his doom just in God's words!" This agrees with Adam Clarke, when he says as quoted above, "Body and soul are destroyed through eternity!" Mark this, DESTROYED! not preserved! Amen. And Clarkesays, "This is the second death"—and I believe it.

2. The other thing to be noticed in the last extract from your reply is this: You say, "We grant that natural death is the extinction of animal life from the body;" and then in a few lines afterwards you say that the "natural life survives the body." Now do you intend to make a difference between "animal life" and "natural life?" If not, how can you say that natural death is the EXTINCTION of animal life; and still say that the natural life SURVIVES the body? If you do make a distinction between animal life and natural life, please tell us what it is. T. M. PREBLE.

Concord, N. H., July, 25, 1863.

(To be continued.)

From Sister L. M. W. Horton.

Dear Brethren and Sisters,—The Herald continues to make its weekly visits laden with "meat in due season." I have had the privilege of perusing it the most of the time since it was first published. I feel that I cannot dispense with it as it is the only Advent preaching that I am permitted to hear, with the exception of my Bible. I pray God that it may continue to herald forth the "glad tidings of the kingdom near," while time continues.

I have not had the privilege the past few years of listening to Advent preaching. O, how many times have I desired to hear such preaching as I used to in the early part of my experience, when, in company with my father, (who now sleeps in Jesus,) we attended camp and other meetings where the soul-inspiring truth was preached, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh." Although I feel the loss of those precious privileges, it is not for me to relax my zeal in the cause of God, but ever to stand as a valiant soldier at all times, ready to give the reason of the hope that is within me with meekness and fear.

In 1843 and 44, the inhabitants of this vicinity were aroused to prepare for the Lord's coming. The time failed; and some did not bear in mind the words of the Lord in Heb. 2: 3—"For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." There remain a few that feel that we are approximating to the end of all things. I pray God to send an efficient laborer into this field. I feel that good will be the result. I was cheered when I read bro. Chapman's letter in the Herald, that he thought he should come West soon. I pray the good Lord that brother C. will bear in mind this field of labor in Western New York. I feel with you, dear brethren and sisters, to mourn the loss of our much-esteemed brother Bliss. Truly a mighty one has fallen. May his memory be blessed. He sleeps in Jesus. Soon he will awake with all the sleeping saints to life and immortality, to meet where death and the tomb will divide no more. O, blessed thought!

O, ye weary pilgrims faint not, but fresh courage take. "Yet a little while and he that is to come will come, and will not tarry." "Behold, I come

quickly." Signs betoken his coming near. The distracted state of our country has convinced many that we are near the epoch of some great event. Surely, we are living, we are dwelling, in a grand and awful time. In view of those things that are coming on the earth, "what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness." "Wherefore, gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ." Ere long we shall see him as he is; not crowned with thorns and gory, but with everlasting glory. Ten thousand of his saints attending him, while with extended arms he exclaims to his waiting bride, "Come, ye blessed of my Father." O, then we shall if faithful, meet to part no more. Tears will no longer bedew our cheeks, nor sorrow fill our hearts. "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

"I long to be there! and the thought that 'tis near makes me almost impatient for Christ to appear, And fit up that dwelling of glories so rare, The earth robed in beauty—O, I long to be there!"

Your sister in Christ, "looking for that blessed hope,"

LOUISA M. W. HORTON.

Eden, N. Y., July 18, 1863.

From P. W. Thomas.

Bro. Litch—Bro. Himes has just closed the first series of Advent meetings ever held in this great metropolis of the West. The meetings have been well attended by an audience of some of our best citizens. I was much pleased to again listen to his powerful display of the sacred Scriptures in reference to the soon coming king, although it had been nearly twenty years since I first listened to his burning eloquence; and although his head is becoming silvered o'er from constant toil and age in his Master's business, he still speaks with the same heartfelt fervor and power that he did in former years.

It does me good to hear once more the great and glorious truths that I have so long cherished, of the advent night. It has been some years since I have heard an Advent sermon. There are a great many Adventists scattered throughout the great West. We often think of the privileges the friends at the East enjoy of preaching every Sabbath, and wish God would raise up laborers who would not be afraid to go out into the world and preach the truth in its purity.

Bro. Litch, you have my heartfelt thanks for the space you have given in your columns of the obituary of my dear brother, A. C. Thomas, who has fallen a victim to this unholy rebellion; and although my heart is filled with sadness for the loss of a dear brother, I sorrow not as those who have no hope—for he died with an assurance of immortality at the resurrection of the just. God has seen fit for the first time to take one of our number by death. A father, and mother, one sister, two brothers, are well nigh crushed at this sad parting; yes, may it be our only aim to be an unbroken family in the kingdom of God forever.

P. W. THOMAS.

Chicago, Ill., July 21, 1863.

From Bro. Matthews.

(Enclosing a business letter the brother writes:)

Dear Bro. Litch—I love Jesus and his cause, and all that love his cause; but especially all those that are looking for his soon coming. I long to see him in his beauty, crowned Lord of all; for he has done great things for me, whereof I am glad. He has endured the scoffs of a wicked world, and yet he loves us. I feel that Jesus loves me, and that he will save me with an everlasting salvation, if I am faithful unto the end, which I mean to be. His grace strengthening me; I pray for wisdom and meekness and all other Christian graces; that I may be thoroughly furnished unto every good work, that I may be able to stand and hear him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into my kingdom and partake of my joys." Won't that be joyful? Yes, with sweet anticipations I look forward to that day; that I may there meet you, together with all the blood-washed throng, in my prayer.

Yours in Christian love.

AMOS G. MATTHEWS.

Newhaven, July 18, 1863.

From Bro. Bates.

Mr. Editor—Dear Brother—For the information of old friends with whom I have been formerly associated in the Advent cause, permit me through the Herald to state that my health which for many years has been very much broken and impaired, has, by the blessing of God, been partially recovered.

It would afford me much pleasure to hear from any of those with whom and for whom, in times

past, I have been permitted to labor and spend the best energies of my being.

As ever, your brother, waiting for the revelation of the Lord from heaven.

L. ELI BATES.

Camden, Onondaga Co., N. Y., July 30, 1863.

Questions.

Dear Bro. Litch—I want to ask your views on two texts of Scripture. You will find the first, Matthew, 24th chapter and 11th verse; it reads thus:—"And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached to all the world for witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Had this text its fulfillment when it was preached to the Jews or to the Jewish nation?

A brother whom I heard on this subject says, that it had its fulfillment when it was preached to the Jewish people; and that the Jewish troubles came down to the year of our Lord 1780 or thereabouts.

Secondly, the 29th verse of the same chapter reads thus:—"Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken."

Had this text its fulfillment in the year of our Lord 1780, the time that the sun was darkened in the United States? The brother I have referred to says it was a literal fulfillment of the text at that time. I do not see it in that light; for in the first place, I believe that "This Gospel of the kingdom" is to be preached to the Gentile nations, and never will have its fulfillment until the end of the Gospel dispensation, "Then shall the end come."

2. I believe that the signs in the sun, moon and stars are still future, and must literally be fulfilled. All I want to know is truth, and that is the reason why I ask these questions.

JOSEPH MILLER.

Answer.

We do not think the question in reference to the first text above quoted needs much answer, for it says, "Then shall the end come." The "end" is the one which is to come in close connection with the coming of the Son of man in the clouds of heaven; which has not yet come. Again, as you remark, "this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations." "All nations," and the "Jewish nation," differ very materially. We regard this great work now going forward in the promulgation of "This Gospel of the kingdom," "among all nations," as an unmistakable sign of the nearness of the end, and of the second advent of Christ. The Gospel of the kingdom was preached by the Savior and his apostles, but the Lord said, I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. And so also, when he sent the twelve apostles, he said, "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not; but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and as ye go preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand." This they did, but did not go to the Gentiles. But in those days, this Gospel of the kingdom, that is, the enunciation, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand," is gone to the whole world, as it then went to the Jews. With respect to the other text, we think it better to wait a little and see, than to debate the question. But we are inclined to think that

"God is his own interpreter
And he will make it plain."

and that, too, before a great while, that the Jews and Judea will see greater tribulation than they ever saw before; and immediately after that tribulation the foretold signs will come, and the Son of man appear.

Deliverance at Hand.

What can be more interesting to God's people in these days of trouble, than the assurance that the Lord is soon coming to deliver his people? With what interest do they look at the transpiring scenes around them, as if to gather evidence of the approach of the coming kingdom. Yes, dear brethren, the time of deliverance is near. One by one are the signs which were to foretell the time of Christ's appearing fulfilling before us, and to those who are willing to see, there is no room left to doubt the evidence. Already has the time of trouble commenced. All faces are gathering blackness; men's hearts are failing for fear. Iniquity is increasing; evil men and seducers are getting worse and worse. The Lord's anger is being developed. But all these things go to lead God's people to more earnestness. Brethren, be sober. Let your light shine. Let not the shaking of nations move you; for though the conflict is great, the reward will be greater. Eternal life through Christ and an inheritance in the earth made new. Therefore, O ye that embark in the service of God, see that ye serve him with all your hearts, that you may stand blameless before

him at the last day. Mind not the things of this world, but escape for thy life. Look not behind you. Remember Lot's wife. JOSEPH NICHOLS.

Petaluma, Cal., July 4, 1863.

The Stone-Cutter's Experience.

Strong statements have been sometimes made relative to the impotence of all means of grace without the living teacher. It has been said that the Bible itself did little good among the heathen without the preacher. The following incident shows how light may break on the mind simply by the reading of the Scriptures. It is communicated by a missionary at Kharpoor, Asia:—"The stone-cutter, one of the most devoted, active, and valuable men, related his experience to me the other day. He was formerly a strong opposer of our work. One day he found a Bible, not in use, in the house of an acquaintance. He borrowed it and commenced at the beginning, with the determination to read it through, for the sake of finding arguments against the Protestants. In about a year he had read as far as Isaiah. In reading the first chapter of that book, all at once it flashed upon his mind that God does not find pleasure in mere rites and ceremony, but that he looks upon the heart. He then began to read with new interest and with a different purpose—to learn what is the will of God with regard to lost men. About this time the owner of the Bible sent his son for it. The stone-cutter said:—"Tell your father that this is a wonderful book, and he must not leave it unread as formerly." After it was gone, he even wept because he had no Bible and no present means of buying one. He prayed to God that he would enable him to obtain one; and that very day, a man who had been owing him for five or six years a debt, which he never expected to collect, brought him forty piasters, just the sum needed to buy a Bible, and with this he supplied himself. About this time he was persuaded to attend the chapel. The sermon happened to be adapted to his state of mind, and I presume that he has not been absent since. Very soon after he began to attend our Sabbath services, he obtained a hope in Christ as his Savior, and has been an honor to the cause ever since."

Sickness.

In sickness the soul begins to dress herself for immortality. And first, she unties the strings of vanity, that made her upper garment to cleave to the world and sit uneasy. She puts off the light and fantastic summer robe of lust and wanton appetite. Next to this, the soul, by the help of sickness, knocks off the fetters of pride and vain complacencies. Then she draws the curtains and stops the light from coming in, and takes the pictures down; those fantastic images of self-love and gay remembrances of vain opinion and popular noise. Then the spirit stoops into the soberities of humble thoughts, and feels corruption chiding the forwardness of fancy, and allaying the vapor of conceit and factious opinions. Next to these, as the soul is still undressing, she takes off the roughness of her great and little animosities, and receives the oil of mercies and smooth forgiveness, fair interpretations and gentle answers, designs of reconciliation and Christian atonement in their places.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

A terrible tornado visited the country three miles south of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., recently. Trees were torn up by their roots and carried some distance; entire orchards were destroyed; a barn filled with hay and grain was completely demolished. Stone weighing over a hundred pounds were carried forty feet. The roaring sound accompanying the hurricane was terrific. One person describes it as similar to a hundred railroad cars passing.

OBITUARY.

Death of H. Tanner, Jr.

[The following letter from Bro. H. Tanner, announcing the death of his eldest son, came too late for last week's paper. We deeply sympathize with Bro. T. in this bereavement, and also rejoice with him, that God is taking away his props and hold on this life. He has given him a glorious prospect of an everlasting life, in a land where the inhabitants shall not say, "I am sick."—Ed.]

Dear Bro. Litch—Henry is dead. I received notice when in New York city, 23d July, that he was sick, and came as soon as I could, reaching here this morning, expecting to go in search of his boat on the Yazo river; but the full evidences have met me here that he died July 3d, after a sickness of only four days. His body is buried at Milliken's Bend, just above Vicksburg. I shall probably be unable to remove it before cold weather. He would have been 24 years old to-morrow; was paymaster in the U. S. N. God is removing my stays and props, and hold on life. I trust he was prepared to live with the just. He was a member of the Baptist

Church, Buffalo, and his letters of late have been consoling. I learn that he had been complaining of not feeling well, still not willing to say he was sick. He wrote me his last letter from this place, saying he was not very well, but would obtain a furlough and come home in August. He returned to his boat from that trip, and died in three or four days after reaching her. May God in mercy help me to profit by his dealings.

Yours truly,

H. TANNER.

Cario, Ill., July 29, 1863.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHITTEN'S GOLDEN SALVE is a step by way of progress in the healing art. It is adapted to all the purposes of a family Salve. It effectually cures piles, wounds, bruises, sprains, cuts, chilblains, corns, burns, fever-sores, scrofulous humors, erysipelas, salt-rheum, king's evil, rheumatism, spinal difficulties, chafings in warm weather, &c. &c., and is believed by many experienced and competent judges to be the best combination of medicinal ingredients for external inflammatory difficulties that has ever been produced. Many of the best physicians of the various schools use it and also recommend it. Every farmer should have it for horses; for the cure of scratches, sprains, chafings, &c., and also for retreat on cows. It cures felons. It cures warts.

From Mr. Morris Fuller, of North Creek, N. Y.:—"W and your Golden Salve to be good for everything that we have tried it for. Among other things for which we have used it, is a bad case of 'scald head' of our little girl as effect in this case was also favorable."

We like your Golden Salve very much in this place. Among other things I knew a lady who was cured of a very bad case of sore eyes. Walter S. Plummer Lake Village, N. H.

Mrs. Glover, East Merrimack street, Lowell, was cured of a bad case of piles by the use of one box of the Salve. Mr. Farrington, a wealthy merchant and manufacturer in Lowell, was relieved of piles which had afflicted him for many years, and remarked to friend that it was worth \$100 a box for piles.

Miss Harriet Morrill, of East Kingston, N. H., says:—"I have been afflicted with piles for over twenty years. The last seven years I have been a great sufferer. And though never expect to be well, yet to be relieved as I am from day to day by the use of your Golden Salve, fills my heart with gratitude."

From Mr. J. O. Merriam, Tewksbury, Mass.:—"I have a large milk farm. I have used a great deal of your Golden Salve for sore teats on my cows. I have used many other kinds of salve. Yours is the best I ever saw. I have also used it for sprains and scratches on my horses. It cures them in a short time. I recommend it to all who keep cows or horses."

From Dr. Geo. Pierce, Lowell:—"Your Golden Salve is good. It will have a great sale."

"I received a wound in my foot by a rusty nail; by reason of which I could not set my foot to the floor for two weeks. The pain was excruciating. When your Golden Salve was applied, it relieved the pain in a short time, and two and a half boxes of it wrought a perfect cure."—Mrs. Lucinda A. Swain, Merideth Centre, N. H.

Mr. H. L. W. Roberts, Editor of Marion Intelligencer, Marion, Ill., says, "Every person that uses the Golden Salve testifies favorably." He has also published a list of names in his paper, of persons cured of wounds, sores, humors, rheumatism, &c., and gives the public reference to them; who, he says, are among the first citizens of the place.

THE GOLDEN SALVE—A GREAT HEALING REMEDY.—It is with much pleasure we announce the advent of this new article in our city, which has met with such signal success in Lowell, where it is made, that the papers have teemed with cases of truly marvelous cures. They chronicle one where the life of a lady was recently saved—a case of broken breast; another where the life of a child was saved—a case of chafing; another of a lady whose face was much disfigured by scrofulous humor, which was brought to a healthy action in a few days; also another of an old man, who had a sore on his foot for twenty years—cured in a few weeks. Our citizens will not be slow in getting at it merits, and will herald it over the land.—*Boston Herald*

Boston, July 12, 1859. Bro. Whitten: I have used your Golden Salve in my family, and I am acquainted with a large number of families also who have used it; and I have reason to believe that it is really what you recommend it to be. J. V. HINES.

From Dr. W. S. Campbell, New Britain, Conn.:—"Your Golden Salve is a great thing for chilblains. I have also used it in afflicting cases of salt rheum, erysipelas, and sore nipples. Its effect was, speedy and permanent cure."

Dr. Bliss, of Brunswick, Me., says:—"I have several friends who have been cured of scrofulous humors by the Golden Salve. You may recommend it from me as a valuable Salve."

Made only by C. P. Whitten, No. 35 and 37 East Merrimack street, Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists, and at country stores. Price 25 cts. per box, or \$2 per dozen.

I want good, reliable, persevering agents to canvass, in all parts of the United States and Canada. A large discount will be made to agents. aug 13—pd to Jan 1 '63 For sale at this office.

DANIEL CAMPBELL,

GENERAL AGENT.

P. O. address, Carlisle, C. W.

Books for Sale at this Office.

HASTING'S "SIGNS OF THE TIMES," \$1.00

Postage, 13

The "CHRISTIAN LYRE," 60

Postage, 9

Pocket Harps—plain, 60

Full Gilt Harps, 1.25

"Song of the Second Advent," and "The

Volagers," with music, 7 cts. each, free of postage

EXTRA HERALDS.

Persons wishing extra copies of the *Herald*, for distribution, may have them at 50 cts. per dozen; postage paid.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA,

THE WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS DISEASES.

From Emory Edes, a well-known merchant of Oxford, Maine.

"I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community."

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers, Sores, and all Diseases of the Skin.

From Rev. Robt. Stratton, Bristol, England.

"I only do my duty to you and the public, when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your SARSAPARILLA. My daughter, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in her ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to cure until we tried your SARSAPARILLA. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known and much-esteemed lady of Dennieville, Cape May Co., N. J.

"My daughter has suffered for a year past with a scrofulous eruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried your SARSAPARILLA, which soon completely cured her."

From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely-known firm of Gage, Murray, & Co., manufacturers of enameled papers in Nashua, N. H.

I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became an intolerable affliction. I tried almost everything a man could of both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever until I took your SARSAPARILLA. It immediately made my face worse, as you told me it might for a time; but in a few weeks the new skin began to form under the blotches, and continued until my face is as smooth as anybody's, and I am without any symptoms of the disease that I know of. I enjoy perfect health, and without a doubt owe it to your SARSAPARILLA."

Erysipelas—General Debility—Purify the Blood.

From Dr. Robt. Savin, Houston St., N. Y.

DR. AYER: I seldom fail to remove Eruptions and Scrofulous Sores by the persevering use of your SARSAPARILLA, and I have just now cured an attack of Malignant Erysipelas with it. No alternative we possess equals the SARSAPARILLA you have supplied to the profession as well as to the people."

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Wakarusa, Ohio.

"For twelve years I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds of dollars' worth of medicines. The ulcers were so bad that the cords became visible, and the doctors decided that my arm must be amputated. I began taking your SARSAPARILLA. Took two bottles, and some of your PILLS. Together they have cured me. I am now as well and sound as anybody. Being in a public place, my case is known to everybody in this community, and excites the wonder of all."

From Hon. Henry Monroe, M. P. P., of Newcastle, C. W., a leading member of the Canadian Parliament.

"I have used your SARSAPARILLA in my family, for general debility, and for purifying the blood, with very beneficial results, and feel confidence in commending it to the afflicted."

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.

From Harvey Sickler, Esq., the able editor of the Tunkhamock Democrat, Pennsylvania.

"Our only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead. They rapidly spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and actually blinded his eyes for some days. A skillful physician applied nitrate of silver and other remedies, without any apparent effect. For fifteen days we guarded his hands, lest with them he should tear open the festering and corrupt wound, which covered his whole face. Having tried every thing else we had any hope from, we began giving your SARSAPARILLA, and applying the iodide of potash lotion, as you direct. The sore began to heal when we had given the first bottle, and was well when we had finished the second. The child's eyelashes, which had come out, grew again, and he is now as healthy and fair as any other. The whole neighborhood predicted that the child must die."

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

From Dr. Hiram Sloat, of St. Louis, Missouri.

"I find your SARSAPARILLA a more effectual remedy for the secondary symptoms of Syphilis, and for syphilitic disease than any other we possess. The profession are in debt to you for some of the best medicines we have."

From A. J. French, M. D., an eminent physician of Lawrence, Mass., who is a prominent member of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

"DR. AYER.—My dear Sir: I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent remedy for Syphilis, both of the primary and secondary type, and effectual in some cases that were too obstinate to yield to other remedies. I do not know what we can employ with more certainty of success, where a powerful alternative is required."

Mr. Chas. S. Van Liew, of New Brunswick, N. J., had dreadful ulcers on his legs, caused by the abuse of mercury, or mercurial disease, which grew more and more aggravated for years, in spite of every remedy or treatment that could be applied, until the persevering use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA relieved him. Few cases can be found more inveterate and distressing than this, and it took several dozen bottles to cure him.

Leucorrhoea, Whites, Female Weakness, are generally produced by internal Scrofulous Ulceration, and are very often cured by the alternative effect of this SARSAPARILLA. Some cases require, however, in aid of the SARSAPARILLA, the skillful application of local remedies.

From the well-known and widely-celebrated Dr. Jacob Morrill, of Cincinnati.

"I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent alternative in diseases of females. Many cases of irregularity, Leucorrhoea, Internal Ulceration, and local debility, arising from the scrofulous diathesis, have yielded to it, and there are few that do not, when its effect is properly aided by local treatment."

A lady, unwilling to allow the publication of her name, writes:

"My daughter and myself have been cured of a very debilitating Leucorrhoea of long standing, by two bottles of your SARSAPARILLA."

Rheumatism Gout, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Neuralgia, when caused by Scrofula in the system, are rapidly cured by this EXT. SARSAPARILLA.

AYER'S

CATHARTIC PILLS

possess so many advantages over the other purgatives in the market, and their superior virtues are so universally known, that we need not do more than to assure the public their quality is maintained equal to the best it ever has been and that they may be depended on to do all that they have ever done.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, M. D., & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"FEED MY LAMBS."—John 21:15.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1863.

Who Loves Me Best?

Who loves me best?—my mother sweet,
Whose every look with love's replete;
Who held me, an infant, on her knee,—
Who hath ever watched me tenderly;
And yet I have heard my mother say,
That she sometime must pass away;
Who then shall shield me from earthly ill?
Some one must love me better still.

Who loves me best?—my father dear,
Who loveth to have me always near;
He whom I fly each eve to meet,
When passed away is the noontide heat;
Who from the bank where the sunbeam lies,
Brings me the wild wood strawberries.
O he is as dear as my mother to me—
But he will perish, even as she.

Who loves me best?—the gentle dove,
That I have tamed with my childish love;
That every one, save myself, doth fear,
Whose soft coo soundeth when I come near;
Yet perhaps it but loves me because I bring
To its cage the drops from the clearest spring,
And hang green branches around the door;
Something, surely, must love me more.

Who loves me best?—my sister fair,
With her laughing eyes and clustering hair;
Who flowers around my head doth twine,
Who presseth her rosy lips to mine,
Who singeth me songs in her artless glee—
Can any love me better than she?
Yet when I asked, that sister confessed
Of all she did not love me the best.

Who loves me best?—my brother young,
With his healthy cheek and lisping tongue;
Who delighteth to lead me in merry play
Far down the green-woods bushy way,
Who sheweth me where the hazel nuts grow,
And where the fairest field-flowers blow;
Yet perhaps he loves me no more than the rest—
How shall I find who loves me best?

My mother loves me, but she may die;
My white dove loves me, but that may fly;
My father loves me—he may be changed;
I have heard of brothers and sisters estranged,
If they should forsake me, what should I do?
Where should I bear my sad heart to?
Some one, surely, would be my stay—
Some one must love me better than they?

Yes, fair child, there is One above,
Who loves thee with an unchangeable love;
He who formed those frail, dear things,
To which thy young heart fondly clings—
Even though all should forsake thee, still
He would protect thee through every ill,
O is not such love worth all the rest?
Child, it is God who loves thee best!

The "Try Company."

A gentleman who was riding in the cars noticed a bright little fellow, between five and six years of age, engaged in the attempt to unloose a knot in a string that bound a small parcel. The knot had become well compacted, and the child's tiny fingers seemed to make no impression thereon. The patient earnestness of the little fellow was contrasted with the apparent indifference of his parents, who made no attempt to assist him. At last the gentleman whose sympathy with children was warm, could bear the sight no longer; so, partly to help the child, and partly to rebuke the parents, he took out his knife and handing it to the boy said:

"Here, my little fellow, try the virtue of a sharp blade. You can't untie the knot."

Something to his surprise, the knife was not taken, but instead the child answered with a smile:

"Please, sir, father don't allow me to say I can't. I belong to the 'try company.'"

"Indeed," said the gentleman, drawing back his hand. "I never heard of that company before."

"Oh! I've always belonged to it—haven't I, father?"

And the child turned with an expression of loving confidence in his face toward his father.

"He is a worthy member of that excellent association, sir," said his father, now speaking to the gentleman, and smiling.

"Ah! I understand you."

Light was breaking in upon his mind.

"This is a part of your discipline. You never permit your little boy to say, 'I can't,' but instead, 'I'll try, sir.'"

"Excellent!" said the gentleman, "excellent! Here is the way in which men are made. It is the everlasting 'I can't,' that is dwarfing the energies of thousands upon thousands all over the land. A feeble effort is made to overcome some difficulty, and then the arms will wearily fall, and the attempt is abandoned."

"And who is most to blame for this?" was inquired.

"Parents," was the unhesitating reply.

"Parents who fail to cultivate patience and perseverance in their children. Parents who carry them when they should let them walk, even though their feet be weary. I see it all as clear as light, and see my own fault at the same time. I cut the knot of difficulties for my children every day, instead of requiring them to loosen it themselves. But, sir, they shall join the 'Try Company' after this. I'll have no more knot-cutting in my house."

The White Stone.

In primitive times, when traveling was rendered difficult by the want of places of public entertainment, hospitality was exercised by private individuals to a very great extent. Persons who had partaken of this hospitality, and those who practiced it, frequently contracted habits of regard and friendship for each other; and it became a well established custom, both among the Greeks and Romans, to provide their guests with some particular mark, which was handed down from father to son, and insured hospitality and kind treatment wherever it was presented. This mark was usually a small stone, or pebble, cut in half, and upon the halves of which the host and the guest mutually inscribed their names, and then interchanged them with each other. The production of this stone was quite sufficient to insure friendship for themselves or their descendants; whenever they traveled again in the same direction. Now it is evident that these stones required to be privately kept, and the name written on them carefully concealed, lest others should obtain the privileges, instead of him for whom they were intended. How natural, then, is the allusion to this custom in the words: "I will give him to eat of the hidden manna;" and having done so, having recognized him as my guest, my friend, "I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it—a pledge of my friendship, sacred and inviolable, known only to himself!"

A Boy that Never Strikes Back.

"I wish it would stop raining," said a little boy, looking wishfully at the window. "Then the grasses would not have their drink," said his mother. "But I want to see Johnny Hastings before I go to bed to-night, mother."

"Can you not keep from Johnny one afternoon?" asked his mother.

"Oh," said the little boy sorrowfully, "I struck Johnny this noon, and he's a boy that never strikes back. I want to tell him I am sorry I struck him, and never mean to do so again."

A boy that *never strikes back!* There can be no quarrelling, no fighting, no strife

where that boy is. It is the *striking back* which makes a quarrel. It is paying an angry person in his own coin that fills families and neighborhoods with strife. The Lord Jesus tells us a better way: "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Rather than fight, take a wrong patiently. That will make the person who wronged us sorry; and it is far better to make a person *sorry* than to make him *angry*. A sorry boy is more likely to do right than an angry boy. Learn of Jesus, my child, who knows the best way to settle quarrels.

A Swarm of Bees Worth Having.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind;
B sure you make matter subservient to mind.
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true,
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few,
B temperate in argument, pleasure and wine,
B careful of conduct, of money, of time,
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;
B courteous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust;
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,
B active, devoted, B faithful till death;
B honest, B holy, transparent and pure,
B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll B secure.

Shutting Doors.

"Don't look so cross Edward, when I call you back to shut the door; grandpa feels the March wind. You have got to spend your life shutting doors, and might as well begin to learn now, Edward."

"Do forgive me grandpa. I ought to be ashamed. But what do you mean? I am going to college, and then I'm going to be a lawyer."

"Well admitting all that, I imagine 'Squire Edward Carter' will have a good many doors to shut, if he ever makes much of a man."

"What kind of doors? Do tell me, grandpa."

"Sit down a minute, and I'll give you a list. In the first place the *door of your ears* must be closed against the bad language and evil counsel of the boys and young men you will meet at school and college, or you will be undone. Let them once get possession of that door, and I would not give much for Edward Carter's future prospects."

The *door of your eyes*, too, must be shut against bad books, idle novels, and low, wicked newspapers, or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up a useless, ignorant man. You will have to close them sometimes against the fine things exposed for sale in the store windows, or you will never learn to lay up money, or have any left to give away.

The *door of your lips* will need especial care, for they guard an unruly member, which makes great use of the bad company let in at the doors of the eyes and ears. That door is very apt to blow open, and if

not constantly watched, will let out angry, trifling, or vulgar words. It will backbite sometimes worse than a March wind, if it is left open too long. I would advise you to keep it shut much of the time till you have laid up a store of knowledge, or, at least, till you have something valuable to say.

The *inner door of your heart* must be well shut against temptation; for conscience, the door-keeper, grows very indifferent if you disregard her call, and sometimes drops asleep at her post; and when you may think you are doing very well, you are fast going down to ruin.

If you carefully guard the outside doors of the eyes, and ears, and lips, you will keep out many cold blasts of sin—which get in before you think.

This 'shutting doors,' you see, Eddie, will be a serious business—one on which your well-doing in this life depends."—*Clark's School Visitor*.

My Mother never taught Me so.

While on a steamboat the other day, an old weather beaten tar, who has sailed on all seas, came and took his seat by our side and commenced giving a running history of his life and voyages.

"Last night," he said, "I heard something I never heard before, and I did not like it. I was invited to attend a spiritual meeting; and they said that in ten years the Bible would be good for nothing. But I don't believe it; mother never taught me so."

Blessed be that mother: she has passed away; her work is done and her wanderer over stormy seas has fallen under the influence of the greatest bane of Christianity and enemy of human welfare; he listens to the syren's voice; but the memory of that mother's instructions in childhood's hour moors him to the word of God.

Mothers, never falter in your arduous duties. There is hope, even yet, for that wayward son, in the memory of a mother's prayers and a mother's teachings.

The Refreshing Fountain.

Near the foot of a mountain, crossed by a much-traveled road, a delicious fountain of water gushed from the road, but by a little effort it could be brought within the reach of travelers and animals passing by. Mr. Sawyer, the owner of the land, gave it this direction, and placed a wide trough for the reception of the water. Many a panting team was refreshed thereby, and many a traveler tasted the cool and sparkling beverage.

Father, said Robert Harmer, as they came along and saw Mr. Sawyer at work, "what does Mr. Sawyer do that for?"

"To do good," was the reply. "What good will it do him? He will never want to use the water."

"His object is to do good to others. Great numbers will be benefitted by this act of his."

"But they won't know that he did it, and he won't get any credit for it."

"He does it to do good, not to get credit for it. Happiness is gained by doing good, not in getting credit for it. He knows that he has made an unselfish effort to do good, and God knows it; hence it is no matter whether any others know it or not."

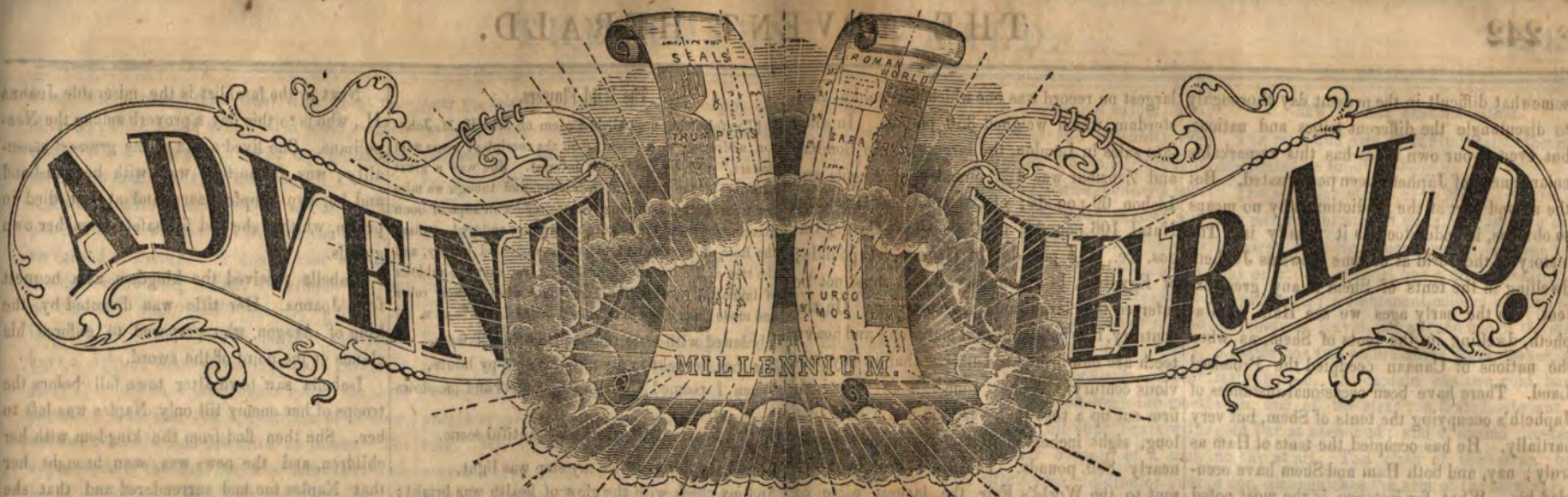
Mr. Sawyer did a good work in opening a refreshing fountain by the wayside.

Moral fountains may be opened by the wayside for refreshing pilgrims—travelers for eternity.

One sets an example of strict integrity in the midst of great temptations. The sight is as refreshing to a tempted pilgrim as is a fountain to a thirsty traveler.

A Toad with a Cover.

An Irishman who had been but a few months in this country, and in the employ of a gentleman in the suburbs, being sent with a note, with orders to make all possible haste, found on his way a garden-tortoise, which he picked up, supposing it to be a pocket-book. Determining to be faithful to his errand, he did not stop to examine his supposed prize, but placed it in his pocket, a rich reward when his errand was finished. Before he reached home the tortoise made its way nearly out of his pocket, but Patrick quietly reconsigned him. On his arrival at the house he took it out, and to his great disappointment, but full of excitement, rushed wildly into the kitchen, exclaiming to the cook: "Bessie! Bessie! did ye ever see a toad with a kiver?"—*The Child's Paper*.



WHOLE NO. 1153.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1863.

VOLUME XXIV. NO. 32.

From the Prophetic Times.

The Future Dispensation.

THE MYSTERY OF THE FULNESS OF TIMES.

BY REV. D. G. MALLERY.

"Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself; that in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; even in him."—Ephesians I., 9, 10.

The doctrine of these verses is, that there is to be a time or period in the history of the human race, called the "dispensation of the fulness of times," in which all things are to be gathered under one head, and that head is Christ.

The apostle introduces this statement by saying, "Having made known unto us the mystery of his will." He calls this doctrine of the union of all things in Christ in the dispensation of the fulness of times—a *mystery*. It is a favorite word with the Apostles Paul and John, when writing to those Christians who had been heathen and who were familiar with heathen mysteries. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, although it is one of the longest of the letters written by St. Paul, the word is not once used; though in that letter he speaks of those very things which elsewhere he calls mysteries. It would seem, then, to imply that there was something in the condition and circumstances of the Gentile Christians that made that term peculiarly appropriate. St. Paul's reason for using this word is found in the fact that those Gentile Christians to whom he wrote were familiar with the heathen mysteries,—with those secret services of the heathen gods which went by that name. In writing to those cities where most attention was paid to the heathen mysteries, he speaks oftenest of Christian mysteries; and in this Epistle to Ephesus—a city celebrated for its devotion to those secret fellowships—he uses the word oftener than in any other letter.

The use of the word "mystery," as denoting some of the Christian doctrines, does not imply anything mysterious or unexplainable, but simply such things as could not be ascertained by human reason, and were therefore made known only by God.—things which were secret until revealed by him.

Paul calls the whole Gospel scheme a mystery in this sense, because not discovered by man, but revealed by God, and taught by Christ and his apostles. "We speak," he says, "wisdom among those that are perfect;" those who have been initiated into the Christian fellowships—as the masters of heathen fellowships speak their wisdom to the initiated,—not, however, the wisdom of this world nor of the chiefs of this world, which comes to naught,—not such secrets as they profess to reveal; but we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world.

So the resurrection is called a mystery; the restoration of the Jews is called a mystery; the fact that such of the saints as are alive on the earth when Christ comes, shall not die, but be changed, is called a mystery.

The heathen mysteries, or rather the fellowships of the mysteries, were secret societies, into which persons were initiated by certain ceremonies, and in which they were taught the religion of heathenism.

In these fellowships there were two, or as some say, three degrees, styled the lesser mysteries, the greater mysteries, and the intuitive mysteries. The lesser mysteries were intended for the common people, to whom was explained the religious system practised by them. Persons of better education and of higher grades in society were admitted to the higher degrees, in which they were taught, under a vow of secrecy, the doctrines of a better theology, and in the highest were admitted to the shining image of the one God, where the initiated were instructed in the falsity of the system of idolatry which was thought best for the common people, and in the true doctrine of the Supreme Creator of the universe, who pervades all things by his power and governs all by his providence, and is one, having neither equal nor second.

These mysteries were held in the highest estimation by the Ephesians; and therefore St. Paul accommodates his language to that in common use among them, and sometimes directly, and at others indirectly and tacitly, contrasts the doctrines revealed by Christ with those revealed by the hierophants of the Grecian fellowships, declaring the immeasurable superiority of the former. As the societies of the mysteries were called fellowships, so Paul calls churches fellowships of the Christian mysteries; as the hierophants were the masters or princes or chiefs of the heathen fellowships, so he represents the apostles and Jesus Christ as the chiefs or heads of the Christian fellowships; and in our text he tells us that it is God's purpose to unite under one head or Grand Master all things in heaven and on earth, and that that head is Christ.

It is, then, one of the sublime truths, one of the mysteries taught by our religion, that a period is coming in the history of the human race, when, under one head, even Jesus Christ, God will gather together all things in heaven and earth,—a period worthy of being called the dispensation of the fulness of times,—a period of which Zechariah prophesies when he says, "In that day the Lord shall be king over all the earth; and there shall be one Lord, and his name one."

This glorious age of the world is revealed not merely in the text, nor yet only in the prophecy quoted from Zechariah; for St. Peter declares that all the prophets have foretold it. He says, "Times of renewal shall come from the presence of the Lord, and he shall send Jesus Christ, who before was preached unto you, whom the heavens must receive until the times of the restitution of all things, spoken of by all the holy prophets since the world began."

Parallel with the text is that passage in Colossians where it is said, "It hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell; and, having made peace by the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself, whether they be things on earth or things in heaven."

And we find in Philippians that "for this purpose the Father hath set him over the works of his hands, and hath given him all power in heaven and on earth,"—a power "by which he is able to subdue all things unto himself."

And this we are assured must be done; for the promise is that all shall be subdued unto him. "All shall be put under his feet. For in

that he hath put all things in subjection under him, he left nothing that is not put under him." And the only exception to this universal subjection is the Father himself, who put all things under him. "The Father alone is greater than the son; and hath set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but in that which is to come, and hath put all things under his feet; and hath given him a name that is above every name, the Father only excepted; that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow of those in heaven, and those on earth, and those under the earth, and that every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Hence we learn that to Christ all must be subdued.

When God created the first Adam, he gave him dominion over all things on earth, whether of the human race, or the animal creation, or inanimate things. By disobedience Adam fell from this high position, lost his dominion and degraded those things over which his dominion had extended. Satan, his tempter, usurped the throne of the world, and has been ever since the prince of this world. But the promise was that the seed of the woman, Jesus Christ, should crush the head of the serpent and destroy the power of Satan. Jesus Christ, the second Adam, is to repair the damage of the fall, and as the Son of Man, the representative of perfect human nature, to take again the dominion which Adam lost, and restore creation to the happy condition in which Adam found it.

Hence that future day of the Messiah's glory is spoken of as a renewal of all things—as a restitution or restoration of all things—as a regeneration of all things.

Hence the whole creation is spoken of as anxiously expecting that day of restoration, groaning and travailling in pain together, waiting for the adoption—to wit, the redemption—of our bodies; since the redemption of our bodies, in our resurrection, is to occur at the same time with the renewal of creation and the establishment of the new heavens and earth.

This union of all things in Christ, and this renewal of all things, are plainly connected in prophecy with that kingdom of Christ which shall hereafter be set up, when Christ himself shall come and raise the dead saints, and change the living saints, and set up his throne on earth, and rule this earth, and its nations, and people, and tribes and tongues, by means of those royal priests to whom he has promised seats with him on his throne, as he now has a seat on his Father's throne; that is, all things shall be subdued unto Christ, in that kingdom, when Christ reigns King of kings and Lord of lords, and his sons shall reign with him.

The salary of Prince William, of Denmark, as king of Greece, will be one million two hundred thousand francs (two hundred and forty thousand dollars) per annum. To this will be added, by the Ionian Islanders, two palaces, with incomes of over one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs attached. Altogether a comfortable settlement for the monarch of a so small, poor, and deeply in debt.

For the Herald.

Farewell.

BY D. T. TAYLOR.

O, word so full of tears, so full of sighs!
What tongue can portray all the grief
Thou bringest to human souls whose wet, sad eyes
Strive but in vain to yield some poor relief.
Only a word; yet in its mournful tone
Seems gathered a full life. The heart
Throbs faster—hands clasp—a stifled groan—
One kiss—one look of love—then part.

Closed is affection's feast, ended for aye
The earthly friendship which beguiled
Our souls as with a spell. And must we say
Farewell; and, draped in woe the while,
Grieve on in helpless pain, to meet no more
With leaden hours and cheerless days,
The only heritage till life is o'er?
Alas! how solemn are God's ways.

This calm is but the calmness of despair.
We strain the aching eyes, and yearn
With agony unbreathed. And quickly where
Fond memory has built her urn,
Cluster the words and smiles and looks now gone,
Our hearts made glad in days of old,
As hoarded gems: But soon the vision's flown.
The dross is here—but where is the gold?

Heart wait and know God rules: We shall yet meet
No more to part. In the good land
That's coming, life and love are long and sweet,
And there is given no parting hand.
Wait and be good—smile through thy tears, and
know,

Though bitter is this grief, ye shall
Come where these waves of anguish never flow
To breathe no more the word, Farewell.
Castleton, Vt., August, 1863.

Prophetic Destiny of Noah's Sons.

[Continued.]

It is thus that the words contain and declare a far richer and mightier blessing to Shem than if they had been directly spoken to him, as some suppose them to be. They imply, to the full, all that in that case would have been declared, while they exhibit and seal to him something more glorious than even the blessing, viz., the loving kindness of the Lord. In this case, instead of having the stream pointed out to us, we are taken at once to the fountain; instead of being led to infer what the fountain is from what the stream is predicted to be, we are made to infer the stream from the fountain, saying, "If such be the fountain, what must be the stream? If Jehovah has declared himself to be the God of Shem, what is there that he may not expect at his hands?"

The next verse has generally been considered the blessing of Japheth. That it contains within it a blessing to Japheth, I do not doubt,—"God shall enlarge Japheth;" but it seems to be rather a continuation of Shem's. This will appear more clearly as we proceed.

According to the way in which the verse is usually understood, there are two distinct predictions; first God shall enlarge Japheth; secondly, Japheth shall dwell in the tents of Shem.

The former of these has been very visibly accomplished. In no common way, and far beyond either of his two brothers, nay, almost beyond both of them together, has God enlarged Japheth. "In the original colonization of the world, he occupied all Europe, a full moiety of Asia, and the whole of America." It may be

somewhat difficult in the present day thoroughly to disentangle the different tribes and nations, but even to our own times has this remarkable enlargement of Japheth been perpetuated. But the second part of the prediction is by no means so obvious, it understood as it usually is. The history of the world at no time shows us Japheth dwelling in the tents of Shem to any great extent. In the early ages we see Ham, not Japheth, dwelling in the tents of Shem, as when the nations of Canaan occupied the Promised Land. There have been occasional instances of Japheth's occupying the tents of Shem, but very partially. He has occupied the tents of Ham as truly; nay, and both Ham and Shem have occupied his. What, for instance, is the most noted of all the tribes of Shem (I mean Israel) doing at this moment? They are occupying the tents of Japheth. If the above, then, be the true meaning of the passage, this second part of the prediction is strangely indistinct. History has not verified it. It cannot be said to be a great historical or ethnographical fact, that Japheth has dwelt in the tents of Shem.

But there is another view of the passage which accords more strictly with history, and suits the words of the original equally well. In our version we have, "He shall dwell in the tents of Shem." Now, there is no "he" in the original, so that we ought to read the passage straight on, as it there were no such word to break the sense and alter the person spoken of. We read the clauses thus:—"God shall enarge Japheth, and (or but) shall dwell in the tents of Shem." Thus read—it is God, not Japheth, that is to dwell in the tents of Shem.

That God has thus dwelt in the tents of Shem, no reader of the Old Testament, no one who remembers the history of Israel, will think of disputing. He declared beforehand that he meant to do so. He did so in the most explicit and solemn way in which it is possible for us to conceive of his doing so. He did so not for a brief period, but for ages and generations. He pitched his tent in the midst of their tents. He erected his temple in the midst of their land. And though at present he has forsaken his dwelling, so that Israel is left without their former guest, yet he has assured them that he means to return and take up his abode with them, in greater glory and with more abiding permanence than before. For ages God took up his dwelling in the tents of Shem, and that in a way shared by neither of the other two brothers; in a way regarding which there could be no possible mistake—a way which history without question recognizes and records.

His appearance to Abraham as the "God of glory," was his intimation of this. His continuation of his favor towards Isaac, and Jacob, and Joseph, was a still farther indication of this. His sending his pillar-cloud to rest above them as they went forth out of Egypt, and as they marched through the wilderness, was something yet more unmistakable. And the whole history of Israel, from first to last, is just a history of Jehovah dwelling in the tents of Shem; so that we may say, even in reference to that past history, though it is but a figure of good things to come, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and will dwell with them, and God himself shall be with them to be their God.

Ivory.

The immense demand for elephant's teeth, has of late years increased the supply of ivory from all parts of Africa. At the end of the last century, the annual average importation into England was only 292,000 pounds; in 1827 it had reached 364,784 pounds, or 6,080 tusks, which would require the death of at least 3,040 male elephants. To produce 1,000,000 pounds of ivory, the present annual English import, we should require (estimating each tusk at 60 pounds) the lives of 1,333 male elephants. It is said that 4,000 tuskers (or persons engaged in the collection of tusks) suffer death every year to supply this country with combs, knife handles, billiard balls, &c.

A tusk weighing 70 pounds and upward is considered by dealers as first class. Cuvier formed a table of the most remarkable tusks of which any account has ever been given. The

largest on record was one which was sold at Amsterdam, which weighed 350 pounds. In some late sales in London, the largest of the Bombay and Zanzibar was 122 pounds; of Angola and Lisbon, 69 pounds; of Cape of Good Hope and Natal, 106 pounds; of Cape Coast Castle, Lagos, &c., 114 pounds; of Gaboon, 91 pounds; of Egyptian, 114 pounds. But it must not be inferred that large tusks are now rare. On the contrary, it is probable that more long and heavy teeth are now brought to market than in any previous century. A short time ago an American firm cut up a tusk that was nine and a half feet long, eight inches in diameter, which weighed nearly 800 pounds. The same firm in 1851 sent to the World's Fair the largest piece of ivory ever sawed out. By wonderful machinery, in their own factory, they sawed out (and the process of sawing did the work of polishing at the same time) a strip of ivory 41 feet long and 12 inches wide, and received rewarding attention from the commission.

The most costly tusks, or portions of tusks, are those which are used for billiard balls. What are termed "cut points," of just the right size for billiard balls, from 2 3/4 to 3 5/8 inches in diameter, brought the highest price, £53 per cut of any ivory offered in the London market at recent sales. Billiard-ball making has of late become a very important item of manufacturing in this country.

The teeth from the West Coast, with the exception of Gaboon, are less elastic, and less capable of bleaching, than those that come from other portions of Africa. The West Coast tusks are much used for knife-handles. Since the French have possessed Algeria, they receive a considerable portion of ivory from Central Africa, by the large caravans that travel from Timbuctoo northward.

Ivory is also furnished by the walrus, or sea-horse, and commands a price equal to the best qualities of elephant ivory. It is, however, too hard and nonelastic for many purposes, and has the disadvantage of being too small to cut up profitably.—*English paper.*

Petty Faults.

There is a sphere in men's lives into which they are accustomed to sweep a whole multitude of petty faults, without judging them, without condemning them, and without attempting to correct them. We all hold ourselves accountable for major morals, but there is a realm of minor morals, where we scarcely suppose ethics to enter. There are thousands and thousands of little truths that hum, and buzz, and sting in society, which are too small to be brushed or driven away. They are in the looks; they are in the inflections and tones of the voice; they are in the actions; they are in reflections, rather than in direct images that are presented. They are methods of producing impressions that are wrong, though every means by which they are produced is strictly right. There is a way of serving that which is wrong, while you are prepared to show that everything you say or do is right. There are little unfairnesses between man and man, and companion and companion, that are said to be minor matters, and that are small things; there are little unjust judgments and detractions; there are slight indulgences of the appetites; there are petty violations of conscience; there are ten thousand of these plays of the passion in men, which are called foibles or weaknesses, but which eat like moths. They take away the temper; they take away magnanimity and generosity; they take from the soul its enamel and its polish. Men palliate and excuse them; but that has nothing to do with their natural effect upon us. They waste and destroy us, and that too, in our very silent and hidden part.

TRUE PRAYER.—True prayer is not mere the language of the lips; it is the aspiration of the heart. In true prayer the soul is always engaged. In spirit do we commune with the Father of spirits, feeling and expressing gratitude for His mercies, penitence for our sins, a earnest desires for His blessing. Unless so is the case with us, our devotions are but service and are without profit.

"In vain to heaven we lift our eyes,
And leave our souls behind."

The Wild Flowers.

[The following unpublished poem of Miss H. M. Johnson, addressed to a friend, "on the receipt of some wild flowers," will be read with interest. She was a great admirer of the beautiful in Nature, and though we miss her from among the living, yet we rejoice in hope of soon greeting her amid the bowers of Paradise restored,—where the Rose of Sharon will bloom in unrivaled beauty, and the tree of life wave its branches forever over the subjects of immortality, who, like her, "have washed their robes and made them clean in the blood of the Lamb."—J. M. O.]

I bedewed with tears those spring-time flowers,
For they brought to my mind the happy hours,
When I roamed through the forests and meadows
green,

With a heart all alive to each beautiful scene.

I loved the flowers when my step was light,
And my cheek with the glow of health was bright;
Through forest and meadow, o'er plain and o'er hill,
I may wander no more—but I love them still!

I love the flowers, and I love them best
When they first peep out from earth's snow-wreathed
breast,

For they tell amid sorrow, and death, and gloom,
Of a spring that shall visit the depths of the tomb!

And O! could I roam through Fortune's bowers,
I would twine a wreath of the sweetest flowers,—
Whose beauty and fragrance should never depart,
But brighten thy home and gladden thy heart!

But the flowers of earth are fragile as fair,—
And the young brow must fade and be furrowed
with care;

But hast thou not heard of a wonderful clime,
That ne'er has been marred by the footsteps of Time?

There in gardens of bliss the weary repose,
And the pale, sickly cheek wears the hue of the rose;
There death never comes—O, amid its bright bowers,
May we twine for each other a garland of flowers!

April, 1858.

The Queens of Naples.

In looking over the history of Italy, we have been struck with the strange and unparalleled fatality which has attended the queens of Naples. In almost every instance the crown has proved fatal to them, and the princesses of Europe should congratulate themselves that the kingdom of Naples has been merged in the kingdom of Italy, and the line of Neapolitan queens brought to a close. To commence at the twelfth century, with Constance, wife of the Emperor Henry VI. who put forth his claim to the crown of Sicily, after the death of William II. In the war with Tancred, who was chosen king by the people, she was taken prisoner and sent in chains to Sicily, where she was delivered up to Tancred.

The wheel of fortune soon turned round, and this same Tancred, who had conquered the German king died, when his dominions were invaded by his old enemy, and his widowed Queen Sibilla carried captive into the wilds of Germany.

The next queen was Ellen, wife of King Manfred, who was at war with Charles of Anjou. Manfred was killed and Ellen was taken prisoner and confined for many years in a castle till death put a period to her sufferings.

Queen Sancia was the widow of Robert, the chief of the Guelph party, who in default of issue bequeathed the crown to his niece, Joanna, who at the death of the king commenced a persecution of the queen, which obliged her to flee to a convent, where she ended her days.

Queen Joanna's turn came next, and in her infamous life and terrible end her victim was fully avenged. Her husband was assassinated; she was twice besieged by her own people and driven from her kingdom; her sons all died in their infancy; her four marriages were all unhappy, and at last her adopted son, Charles, declared war against her, when she was taken prisoner and murdered, and her body ignominiously exposed.

Charles was now king, and Margaret, his wife, queen. They had not been long on the throne when the Queen of Hungary invited them to a private interview at her palace, where Charles was murdered and Margaret kept a prisoner.

A second Constance now came to the throne. King Ladislaus married her for her wealth, which having squandered, he repudiated her, and obtained a bull from the Pope to annul his marriage. She was reduced to poverty and private life, and after being shut up in a castle for several years, was forced to wed one of the king's favorites.

Next in the fatal list is the miserable Joanna II., who is to this day a proverb among the Neapolitans. She lived a life of the grossest sensuality; was at constant war with her husband and her two adopted sons, and at last died in prison, whither she fled for safety from her own guards.

Isabella received the kingdom as a bequest from Joanna. Her title was disputed by the king of Aragon, who prepared to enforce his claims at the point of the sword.

Isabella saw town after town fall before the troops of her enemy till only Naples was left to her. She then fled from the kingdom with her children, and the news was soon brought her that Naples too had surrendered and that she was without a crown.

This brings us to the year 1500, when Isabella II. was driven from the throne of Naples to France, where she was supported the rest of her days by the charity of a convent.

Two other queens of the house of Aragon died in prison in the castle of Ischia, which ends that line and brings us to Caroline of Austria. The miserable ambition of this woman deluged Naples with blood; and after being three times a fugitive she died in exile of a broken heart.

Caroline Murat, sister of Napoleon, left the throne of Naples after a short reign and returned to France only to hear of her husband being executed by command of Ferdinand.

Clementina, wife of Francis, was exiled a long time in Austria by the fortunes of war. When the French armistice allowed her to return to Naples, it was only to receive orders of banishment again, and she was obliged to fly to Sicily, from which she was never allowed to return.

Maria Christiana was the queen of the brute Ferdinand II. She died in consequence of the abuse which she received from her husband soon after her accouchment.

Maria Theresa was the queen and is now the widow of the deposed Bomba. When the constitution was granted by Francis, she was obliged to fly from the capital to escape the fury of the populace, and shut herself up in Gaeta and afterwards to leave Rome, a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth.

Maria Sophia, the last of the list, was hardly proclaimed queen, when Garibaldi knocked her husband's crown from his head, and sent her an exile from Naples, never to return.

Finley's Trance.

Rev. J. B. Finley, a pioneer of Methodism in the West, and for some years Chaplain to the Ohio Penitentiary, in his "Autobiography," says:

After having been very sick for a number of days, in a state of entire insensibility to all around me, and the last ray of hope had departed, and my weeping friends were standing around my couch waiting to see me breathe my last,—it seemed to me a heavenly visitant entered my room. It came to my side, and in the softest and most silvery tones, which fell like rich music on my ears, it said: "I have come to conduct you to another state and place of existence." In an instant I seemed to rise, and gently borne by my angel guide, I floated out on the ambient air. Soon earth was lost in the distance, and around me on every side were worlds of light and glory. On, on, away, away, from world to luminous worlds afar, we sped with the velocity of thought.

At length we reached the gates of paradise, and oh! the transporting scenes that fell upon my vision, as the emerald portals, wide and high rolled back upon their golden hinges! Language is inadequate to describe what then with unveiled eyes I saw. The vision is indecibly pictured on my heart.

Before, were spread out in beauty a broad sheet of water, clear as crystal, not a single ripple on its surface. On each side of this lake or river, whose purity and clearness was indescribable, rose up the most tall and beautiful trees covered with all manner of fruits and flowers, the brilliant hues of which were reflected in the surface of the water.

While I stood gazing with rapture at the scene, a convoy of angels was seen floating in the pure ether of that world. They all had long

wings, and although they went with great rapidity, yet their wings were folded close to their side. While I gazed, I asked my guide who they were and what their mission.

To this he responded—"They are angels, despatched to the world from whence you came, on an errand of mercy." I could hear strains of the most entrancing melody all around me, but no one was discoverable but my guide. At length I said: "Will it be possible for me to have a sight of some of the just made perfect in glory?" Just then there came before me three persons. One had the appearance of a male, another a female, and the third an infant. The appearance of the first two was somewhat similar to the angels I saw, with the exception that they had crowns upon their heads of the purest yellow, and harps in their hands. The robes, which were full and flowing, were of the purest white. Their countenances were lighted up with a heavenly radiance, and they smiled upon me with ineffable sweetness.

There was nothing with which the blessed babe or child could be compared. It seemed to be about three feet high. Its wings, which were long, and most beautiful, were tinged with all the colors of the rainbow. Its dress seemed to be of the whitest silk, covered with the softest white down. The driven snow could not exceed it for whiteness or purity. Its face was all radiant with glory; its very smile now plays around my heart. I gazed and gazed with wonder upon this heavenly child.

At length I said, "If I have to return to earth, from whence I came, I should love to take this child with me, and show it to the weeping mothers of earth. Methinks when they see it they will never shed another tear over their children when they die." So anxious was I to carry out the desire of my heart, that I made a grasp at the bright and beautiful one, desiring to clasp it in my arms; but it eluded my grasp, and plunged into the river of life. Soon it rose up from the waters, and as the drops fell from the expanding wings, they seemed like diamonds, so brightly did they sparkle. Directing its course to the other shore, it flew up to one of the topmost branches of one of life's fairest trees. With a look of most seraphic sweetness it gazed upon me, and then commenced singing in heaven's own strains: "To Him that hath loved me, and washed me from my sins in his own blood, to him be glory, both now and forever, Amen!"

At that moment the power of the eternal God came upon me, and I began to shout; and clapping my hands, I sprang from my bed, and was healed as instantly as the lame man in the porch of the temple.

Overwhelmed with the glory I saw and felt, I could not cease praising God.

Little Sorrowful.

"And Jabez was more honorable than his brethren; and his mother called his name Jabez, saying, *Because I bore him with sorrow.*" Through this little passage, as through a lens, we look back and see a sorrow-stricken Hebrew mother, yet pale and weak from child-bearing, with a new-come infant in her arms. She puts the mark of her grief on the brow of her boy in the name she gave him. She called him Jabez, which signifies "sorrowful." Why we know not. Whether she brought him into life with no common anguish, and at the peril of her own—or whether the time of his birth was the time of her own widowhood, so that he had no father living to welcome him—or whatever the disaster that darkened her lot, so it was that she put the gloom of her own heart on the name of her darling. She called him sorrowful, and he kept the name to his dying hour.

Short-sighted mother! While she thought of her child as born in sorrow to bring her new anxieties and cares, while she baptized him in tears, lo! this very object of her grief and solicitude becomes the ornament and glory of her house! He lives to outstrip all his brethren. The prayer recorded of him in the fourth chapter of the Chronicles is one of the most beautiful in the whole Bible. God answered it all. His after career was so lofty and so beneficent that people must have wondered how he came to

bear so doleful a name. None so happy—none so prosperous—none so honored—as poor *Little Sorrowful*! His history is like the April shower that begins in clouds and tears, but ends in brilliant sunbursts, and in rainbows painted on the sky.

Now, we are all of us just as short-sighted as this Hebrew mother who named her boy from her fears and not from her faith, and at last found God better to her than she expected. We persist in naming things sorrows which prove to be blessings in disguise. We often congratulate people on receiving what turns out to be their ruin. We quite as often condole with them over a lot which is fraught to them with blessings above all price. Let us be careful how we condole with those who are under the merciful discipline of a loving God. We may make worse mistakes than was made by the mother of Jabez. Be careful how you condole with a man who has lost his fortune, or has been disappointed in his ambitious schemes. While his purse is becoming empty, his soul may be filling full with God's grace; while he is walking through the vale of humiliation he may be getting more of the herb called "heart's ease" into his bosom than he ever knew while on the giddy heights of prosperity. Many a man has been bankrupted into heavenly riches. Be careful how you tell a sick friend that his sickness is an affliction—when it may be sent to him to melt his heart, to alarm him into reflection, and to bring him into repentance. Many a man's sickness has given him an eternal health; and his room of suffering has been the vestibule to Christ's favor, and to the inheritance of the saints.

Let us be careful, too, in what terms we condole with the weeping mother whose darling child has just found its angel wings, and flown away to Paradise. If we wish to sorrow for any parent, let it be for her whose living child is debased into an idol, or frivolous, over-dressed toy, or a hard, cunning self-seeker, or a self-indulgent tyrant who shall yet break the heart of her who bore him. A thousand times over have I pitied more the mother of a living sorrow than I have the mother of a departed joy. Parents! spare your tears for those whom you have laid down to sleep in their narrow earth-beds, with the now withered rose-bud on their breasts. They are safe; Christ has them in his sinless school, where lessons of celestial wisdom are learned by eyes that never weep. Save your tears for your *living children*, if they are yet living in their sins, untouched by repentance, unfeeling and unconverted. Those of your family whom God considers dead are those who are yet dead in trespasses and guilt—alive to the world and the devil, but dead to the voice of Christ.

How often do we cover our blessings with a pall, while we decorate with garlands our temptations or the sources of our saddest sorrows or our spiritual shame! Any one who had looked in upon the old patriarch Jacob on that gloomy evening when he was bewailing the absence of his sons in Egypt, would have heard the querulous complaint, "All these things are against me." He is rather a Jabez than a Jacob then. Joseph is not. Simeon is not; and they have carried away Benjamin, too, who bore in his boyish face the photograph of the beautiful Rachel, whom he had laid to her sleep by the wayside of Bethlehem. He calls his lot a sad one. But just at the door are the returning caravan who are bringing to him the returning sacks from Egypt's granaries, and the joyful invitation to go up and see his long-lost Joseph in Egypt's imperial palace. His dark hour is just before the day. His trial proves his deliverance. God is better to him than his fears. What he baptized a "sorrow" has grown into a mercy, too big for words.

There are a hundred lessons to be learned from this brief passage about Jabez and his short-sighted mother; it is a bough that if well shaken will rain down golden fruit. We learn from it not to be frightened by present fears, or cast down by present troubles. We learn from it that many of life's best things—yea, the life of heaven-seeking piety itself begins in tears and griefs for sin, in oppositions and sharp

conflicts of the soul. We learn not to lose heart in labors of love for Christ and humanity, because the infant enterprise had to be "brought forth in sorrow" like the Hebrew mother's son. The labors that cost us the most anxiety and self-denial and toil, often, like Jabez, "enlarge their borders" and grow into the most honorable and useful of all our undertakings. Never despair of a good work. Never despair of the cause of *Right* baptized with tears in its infancy, it has the life of God in its young vision. Never despair of a child. The one you weep the most for at the mercy-seat, may fill your heart with the sweetest joys. Never despair of a soul. And never christen either your children or your good enterprises "sorrowful," until you know how they are to turn out, and what an all-wise and all-merciful God means to do with them.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

The Air We Breathe.

No other subject, bearing upon human health, is so vitally important. My life is now consecrated to gymnastics. I could not have engaged in the work without a profound conviction of its necessity and value. But as compared with ventilation, muscle-culture is insignificant. Our first, constant and imperative need is pure air. If we lack this, we have nothing. Upon this vital point intelligent people are sadly and wilfully stupid. A large majority of the cars, theatres, halls, parlors and churches, are dens of poisons. It must be a strong attraction that can draw me to a public hall. In lectures before lyceums, I quarrel with the managers about the atmosphere of the hall. I return from church sincerely doubting whether I have not committed sin in exposing myself in a poisonous atmosphere. The eminent Bandeloque declared it as his conviction that the lack of proper ventilation in our dwellings is the principal cause for scrofula. He believed if there be pure air, bad food, improper clothing and want of cleanliness will not produce scrofula. Sir James Clark expressed the opinion that the bad air of our nurseries, sitting-rooms and bed-rooms, produces an immense amount of scrofulous disease.

As a medical man, I have visited thousands of the sick, but have never found one hundred of them in a pure atmosphere. Among the well, not one in a hundred sleeps in a well-ventilated room. The air of our close, furnace-heated houses produces fits in our cats and dogs, and would kill our horses and cows in a few months.

God has provided in this immense atmospheric ocean, a hundred miles deep, with its winds and hurricanes, an exhaustless fountain of life and health! What a shame to our civilization that we should expend thousands of dollars in erecting splendid houses, and so contrive them as to compel ourselves to breathe instead of the pure air of heaven, a vile mixture with the poisonous excretions of our own bodies, and the poisonous gasses emanating from our gas-burners and fires.—*Dio Lewis, M. D.*

AVOID DECEPTION.—Persons who practice deceit and artifice always deceive themselves more than they deceive others. They may feel great complacency in view of the success of their doings; but they are in reality casting a mist before their own eyes. Such persons not only make a false estimate of their own character, but they estimate falsely the opinions and conduct of others. No person is obliged to tell all he thinks; but both duty and self-interest forbid him ever to make false pretences.

Those who are not in the neighborhood of bakers, and cannot procure the fermentation called yeast, may make a better substitute as follows: Boil one pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water for an hour. When milk-warm, bottle and cork it close, and it will be ready for use in twenty-four hours.

A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator considers it an important item in the cultivation of potatoes to pick off the blossoms as soon as they appear, for the reason, as he says, that it hurts a potato as much to go to seed as it does a radish or any other root crop.

How to Read Shoulder Straps.

The rank and arm of the military officers are designated as follows:—

The shoulder straps of a Major-General bear two silver embroidered stars, one on each end of his strap. A Brigadier-General has one silver star only. A Colonel has a silver embroidered spread eagle; a lieutenant-colonel has two silver embroidered leaves, one at each end of the strap; a major has two embroidered gold leaves, similarly placed. A captain has two gold bars at each end of the strap; a first lieutenant one gold bar at each end; and a second lieutenant no bar at all. The cloth of the strap, by its color, distinguishes the arm of the service. For general and the staff officers, it is dark blue; for artillery, scarlet; for infantry, sky blue; for riflemen, green; and for cavalry, orange color. Non-commissioned officers are indicated by "chevrons" or stripes on the coat sleeve, in the form of a letter V. Corporals wear two stripes; sergeants, three; orderly sergeants have a lozenge, or diamond shaped figure, within the angle of the chevrons. Sergeant majors have the three stripes of a sergeant completed into a triangle, base uppermost.

NORTHERN RICE.—In Japan, a species of rice is cultivated in localities having a climate similar to Ohio, Illinois, and Missouri. A species of wild rice grows in shallow lakes in Canada; and Rice Lake near Coburg, C. W., derives its name from the great quantity of this grain which grows in it. The Indians in that section consider this rice their natural, lawful crop, and gather it yearly, charging the white settlers about a dollar per bushel for it. This cereal could be raised in all the shallow bays of our North American lakes.

MAKE HOME PLEASANT.—A child may as easily be led to associate pleasure with some ideas, as to think of it in connection with the home of his playmates. Certainly, if allowed to do so, he can as readily connect happiness with parents, brothers and sisters, as with those of other kin. And the child will do so, unless happiness and pleasure, when he calls for them under the parental roof, respond, "Not at home!" All home pictures should be bright ones. The domestic hearth should be clean and joyous.

A writer thus estimates the expenses of a five months' visit to the Old World. A first class passage from America to Liverpool costs \$80; the passage back by the same line, \$79; traveling and board in England and France, \$119 42; the tour on the Continent, \$106 13; fees and fares to waiters, hacks, etc., \$15 45; thus making the total amount of \$400 for five months.

It is estimated that the entire milk crop of the United States, for the year 1860, reached \$100,000,000, or more than one-third of the entire cotton crop in the most prosperous seasons. New York State produced as much milk as all the New England States together with New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland.

It appears that the variety of brilliant colors for which the French silks are now distinguished, is due to certain chemists who have discovered the secret of extracting the brightest colors from coal tar at a very moderate expense. Several manufacturers have made large fortunes by this discovery.

The niece of Oliver Goldsmith is now living in Hoboken, N. J., in somewhat reduced circumstances. She is the daughter of his youngest sister Kate Goldsmith, of whom Washington Irving in his life of the poet asks:—"What has become of his sister Kate?"

Mr. Graw, a French physician, purposes to destroy the taste of intensely bitter medicines by mixing chloroform with them in certain proportions. He claims that the taste and odor, even of assafetida, can be annihilated.

The new King of Greece, George I., is to receive an income for his personal use equivalent to £12,000 per annum, to be deducted from the interest payable to the protecting powers.



ADVENT HERALD.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1863.

JOSIAH LITCH, EDITOR.

The readers of the *Herald* are most earnestly besought to give it room in their prayers; that by means of it God may be honored and his truth advanced; also, that it may be conducted in faith and love, with sobriety of judgment and discernment of the truth, in nothing carried away into error, or hasty speech, or sharp, unbrotherly disputation.

The Outgoing and Incoming Administrations.

As Christ, our glorious king, is engaged in preparing a people for himself against the time of his advent, who shall be perfectly conformed to his nature and subject to his will, so is his and their great adversary engaged in the same work.

Spiritualism is as really a spiritual and transforming work on those who submit themselves to it, as the work of the Holy Spirit on the soul of the obedient believer. The candidate for mediumship is required to submit himself to the spirits, that they may take possession of his person and use his members for their own pleasure or purposes. Being thus passive at least, and frequently desirous of such union, they are not long under its influence before the mind, as well as body, is subjected. It is only on this principle that we can account for the fact, that multitudes, who at first approach spiritualism determined opposers to its religious teachings and theories, and fixed, as they believe, in their attachment to Christianity, and firm believers in the Divine authenticity of the Bible, begin, little by little, to yield their faith, until almost invariably a few months only are required to pass before they are avowed unbelievers in the Christ of the Scriptures, and in the Bible itself, as a divinely inspired book. The transformation continues to progress, as does that of the disciple of Christ; partaking more and more largely of the nature of the spirit to whom he is subjected. All spirits are not alike violent and wicked, any more than men in the flesh are all alike. But they do, sooner or later, lead their subjects away from God and the Bible. It was a knowledge of such a development as is now before our eyes, which, long ago, led the Spirit of God to say expressly, that "in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and teachings of demons." This, too, is that spirit of anti-christ, that is already in the world. And the same class of spirits are the ones who shall be sent forth by the dragon, the beast and the false prophet, to the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to perform miracles and deceive and gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty.

The world is to divide ultimately into two great classes; the one under the influence of the Spirit of God, submissive to his will, and the other under the influence of these evil spirits. And now is the deciding time; but then will be the gathering time. Christ will send forth his angels with a great sound of a trumpet to gather his chosen from the four winds of heaven; while the unclean spirits are to gather the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to rally under the banner of Satan for the coming conflict. Christ will so have converted his people, as to render them glorious, incorruptible, immortal, and hence invulnerable. But the hosts of Satan, notwithstanding their conversion, will fall before the sword of him that sitteth on the horse, whose sword proceedeth out of his mouth; and all the fowls shall be filled with their flesh.

Since writing the above, we find in the Watchman and Reflector, of this city, the following account of the influence of the spirits on the King of Madagascar. He had previously been an ardent friend to the missionaries, but through spiritual influence was perverted, and turned against Christians:

More about Madagascar—the Late King, &c.

Probably most of our readers are familiar with the history of Christianity in Madagascar. Missionaries from England commenced laboring there in 1818, were encouraged by the king, and God blessed them. The king dying in 1828, was succeeded by one of his wives, who, for a time, favored the missionaries; but in 1835 she began to persecute the Christians, and all those who had attended their preaching, amounting to between two and three thousand persons. Some were fined, others imprisoned, many sold into slavery, and a number put to death. The missionaries were at length obliged to leave the island. But although Christianity was proscribed, it could not be put down, and in the midst of cruel persecution it continued to spread.

Somewhat more than two years ago the queen died, and was succeeded by her son, Radama II., and immediately the aspect of things changed. It was supposed by some that he was a Christian; it was known that he was favorable to Christianity, and that to the extent of his ability he had shielded the Christians from the continued cruelty of his mother. Immediately on his accession liberty of worship was established, the Christians began to show themselves in public, and at the suggestion of the king, the missionaries who had been absent twenty-five years were requested to return and resume their labors. The prospect appeared very fair and bright, and everything was hopeful, when, two or three weeks ago, the news arrived that the king was assassinated, and it was generally feared that heathenism had again triumphed, and that missionary labors would be again suspended.

The receipt of a letter from Rev. Wm. Ellis, Dated May 26, 1863, sets these fears at rest, and gives a full statement of the cause of recent events in Madagascar. It appears that the king has for some time been listening to unwise counsellors, young, inexperienced, and otherwise objectionable men; and through their influence had adopted measures calculated to alienate the minds of his people. Within the last two or three months extraordinary efforts, by means of pretended "revelations from the spirit world," have been made to induce the king to prohibit Christianity, and return to the practice of the ancient superstitions. To the surprise of his friends, these efforts were successful; for while he knew of arrangements for assassinating a number of Christians, and his chief nobles, he "announced his intention to issue an order, or law, that any person or persons wishing to fight with firearms, swords or spears, should not be prevented, and if any one were killed, the murderer should not be punished."

He repeated this intention to his ministers on May 7th. This led to deliberation on the part of the nobles and heads of the people, and the next morning about a hundred of them, including the Prime Minister, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Treasurer, went to the king, and earnestly besought him to withhold the law in question. But in spite of their entreaties the king remained unmoved. That same afternoon Mr. Ellis was preserved from assassination, in the palace, by going, by the advice of the Prime Minister, an hour earlier than usual to a daily appointment he had with the king.

The nobles and heads of the people resolved to resist the king in his insane purpose, and as he took high ground, declared his word alone was law, and threatened to punish them severely, they concluded that it was not safe for him to live; and therefore, on May 12th, they took away his life. They then drew up a paper, declaring that in future the nobles and heads of the people shall share with the sovereign in making the laws; guaranteeing "protection and liberty to worship, teach and promote the extension of Christianity," to the native Christians; and also general religious liberty, and enacting trial by jury before the death penalty can in any case be inflicted. They took this to the widow of the king, telling her that if she chose to accept these conditions, she might be queen; but if not, they must look elsewhere. She expressed her full assent, and with the nobles and heads of the people, signed it, and thus became a constitutional sovereign. She afterwards sent for the missionaries, and assured them of her good-will towards them and their work. The missionaries are much encouraged with reference to the future; and we may hope that this, which at first was thought to be an untoward event, will turn out for the furtherance of the Gospel. H.

Reply to T. M. Preble—No. 4.

Very much of our correspondent's present number travels over the same ground embraced in his last, and replied to in our last. In this way we make very little progress. To his argument on the phrase, "Destroy both soul and body in hell," we replied in our last. And it seems to us trifling with the subject, without waiting for our reply and then responding to our answer, to write another article irrespective of that answer, bringing it up again. He has never touched our argument on the words *destroy* and *destruction*; yet it is the pivot on which the controversy turns. They are both of them ambiguous words, and are used to designate any degree of ruin, from the least to the greatest; but are seldom used to express the idea of utter extinction of being. The man that is lost, that is, misses the kingdom of heaven, is ruined, not in the sense of extinction, but in the sense of having lost all that renders life desirable; and having incurred all that will render it miserable. And this is the sense in which the Scriptures use the words, *perish*, *destroy*, *destruction*, &c. 1. The loss of the kingdom of heaven. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Matt. 18:3. 2. Suffering outside the kingdom. "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out." Luke 13:11. 3. They shall be cast into gehenna. "But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear. Fear him, which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell."—(gehenna.) Luke 12:5. So that what the evangelist, Matt. 10:28, renders, "destroy both soul and body in hell," Luke renders "cast into hell;" this, then, is the meaning of the word *destroy* in that text. 4. The suffering in gehenna will be eternal. "Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." "And these shall go away into eternal

punishment." Matt. 25:41, 46. The fire is to be eternal and the punishment eternal. And the word *kolasis*, here rendered *punishment*, is rendered *torment* in 1 John 4:18. Eternal torment, in eternal fire, then, is their doom.

But if the fire prepared for the devil and his angels is eternal, as Christ declares, and that fire is the lake of fire, so his *torment* also, is to be "day and night, forever and ever." The same fate is to befall the worshippers of the beast. *Destroy*, when used in reference to the final doom of the wicked must be received in a sense consistent with unending suffering. But extinction of being is not consistent with it; and therefore that is not its meaning. But ruin embracing misery, is consistent with it; and therefore must be its meaning.

We have often put forth this argument in substance, and have sought a rejoinder to it; but hitherto have sought in vain. May we not hope our present correspondent will meet it without a quibble? If it is fallacious, show its fallacy. If it is sound, yield the point.

Our correspondent has at length, if we understand his argument, located gehenna. It is to be around the new Jerusalem, after the millenium; and is to be produced by the fall of a flood of fire from heaven, which is to devour, that is, extinguish, the army of Gog and Magog.

But what puzzles us, is, how the beast and false prophet are to get into it a thousand years before it exists. For certainly the 19th chapter of Revelation teaches that they will be cast in there at the commencement of the thousand years; and the 20th chapter teaches that they will still be there, when after the thousand years are finished, the devil is cast in there. How is this? We cannot receive the theory till better sustained. But if it is true, it is still written of the subjects of it, not they shall be extinguished in it; but, "they shall be tormented day and night forever and ever."

Our correspondent thinks that to be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, &c., must be annihilation; for God's presence is every where. Was Cain annihilated when he went forth from the presence of the Lord and dwelt in the land of Nod? Was the devil extinguished when he went forth from the presence of the Lord to afflict Job? If not, then it cannot be made to mean that, in the passage under consideration; nor does it.

Greenfield defines *olethros*, the word here rendered *destruction*,—*perdition*, *destruction*, *ruin*, *misery*. The perdition, ruin, misery of sinners is not destruction in the sense of extinction. This *olethros aionion*, misery eternal, or ruin eternal, or perdition eternal, is to be pronounced at Christ's coming and they depart from the presence of the Judge to meet that final doom at its appointed time. Matt. 25:43, 46.

There are some things we have said to which our correspondent finds it much easier to reply to by exclamation point, than by argument. And of course we have no arguments to offer against exclamations. But we repeat—that freedom from eternal suffering, even by extinction, would be a blessing. A human judge has no more that he can do but kill the body. He never sentences the criminal to anything beyond death, hence, when the culprit is dead his punishment under the law is at an end. It does not continue—the law does not contemplate its continuance. But the "eternal punishment" goes beyond the grave to the other world and says: "tormented forever and ever." We confess ourselves "puzzled" to know what our correspondent does believe about the time and manner of the sinners' extinction. But from the drift of his remarks, we were inclined to think he believed the storm of fire would devour them in the sense of extinction. But now he seems to regard the storm and lake as identical; which we do not believe; for the reason already assigned:—that the lake exists at least a thousand years before the storm descends. And we cannot see on reflection, in view of our correspondent's remarks as we committed any very great error by our "insinuation." But we give him the full benefit of his plain statement of his faith on the subject.

Indian Mission.

Sister Crosby, teacher among the Indians, sends an importunate call for a missionary to be sent to that field of labor. She says that the Indians there have not been corrupted by false doctrines, and their minds are open to the unadulterated truths of God's word. Who will furnish us with means to send out a missionary to that field and support him there? The Lord gave his people a mind to work. A brother in Oregon also wishes a missionary sent there. Where are the men and where the means?

To Correspondents.

WM. YEARSLEY.—You are right; by some means he failed to enter in the book.]

A New Map for the People.

H. H. Lloyd & Co's Great County Map of the United States. First Published August 1, 1863. Its publication marks an era in the history of Maps. It is the largest, latest, plainest and cheapest Map of the whole United States, including the Territories, ever issued. It covers our entire country, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Northern Boundaries of our Great Lakes, and from the Waving Pines of Maine to the Golden Shores of California. It is superior to all other Maps because it has just been engraved, and contains all the Towns, Rivers, Mountains, &c., made famous by the War, and not down on other Maps. Its Topography is accurate, and while it has an immense number of names, it does not confuse the eye with a great mass of unimportant matter. In a word we will let it speak for itself, and take great pleasure in bringing it before the people, at such a price that everybody can have a copy. Size 40 X 54. Price—In sheets beautifully colored in counties, 60 cents. Mounted, do., do., \$1 25. Benj. B. Russell, Publisher, 515 Washington Street, Boston.

P. S. The Map in sheets sent post-paid for the Retail price.

Missionary Labor—Home Missions.

We are not one tenth part awake to our duty to the world. Believing, as we do, that we have the purest system of Christian doctrine to be found, and that our great work of calling attention to the fulfillment of prophecy and the coming reign of our Lord is all important, what are we doing in comparison with the magnitude of the work? We have scores of young men who should be trained to this work, and who would delight to engage in it, could they see their way clear for doing so. Why are we not more earnest in helping them forward?

We might by the expenditure of one or two hundred dollars on each, put twenty young men in the field at once, and flood the country with instruction. The Messianian Missionary Society of Pennsylvania, have pursued this course for several years, and as the result have several able ministers in the field who would otherwise have been lost to the cause.

The young man now in the missionary work in Pennsylvania, in an entirely new field, has sent us 15 new subscribers in the course of the last month.

New Publications.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE LIGHT OF SACRED PROPHECY: Being an exposition of Isaiah 18th chapter. A tract, written by Elder O. R. Fassett, and published by Elder J. V. Himes, can be had at this office. Price, 6 cents single copy, or 4 cents by the dozen.

"SHOULD CHRISTIANS FIGHT?"—By J. C. Welcome, price, 15 cents.

VOICE OF THE PROPHET.—No. 3, vol. 4, will not be published till September on account of the absence of the editor at the present.

PEACHES.—The peach crop this year does not promise as well as could be hoped and expected. Plenty were "set" upon the trees, but the want of a sufficient supply of rain during the subsequent swelling of the young peach caused many to wither, shrink and fall off. The frequent showers of July, however, have had a very good effect of reviving what remained on the trees. During the past week five thousand baskets have arrived daily at New York from Philadelphia, over the Camden and Albany and New Jersey railroads. Over one-half of these were repacked and shipped to Albany, New York, Boston, and other cities at the North.

CROPS IN THE WEST.—A gentleman experienced in agriculture having traveled through a large portion of Wisconsin, reports the crops in a most excellent condition, the insect, about which there was so great apprehension some time ago, has done very little damage, and the yield of the wheat promises to be even larger than those of former seasons. Great inconvenience is felt owing to the scarcity of laborers, in many cases females doing a great portion of the labor.

A SMART WOMAN.—A correspondent of the Maine Farmer writes to that paper, of Mrs. Philbrick, of Sangerville, whose husband is in the army, saying that during last spring she sowed about eight acres of grain, drove the team to harrow the ground, and harrowed, helped haul the manure, and dropped the seed on half an acre of ground for corn. She has commenced haying, but expects her husband home to help her, and to handle the scythe instead of the musket.

A LARGE GUN.—A firm in Bridgewater, Mass., are making a gun from wrought iron which will weigh, when completed, about seventeen tons. It is forged solid, in an octagonal form, with the cavity bored out thirteen inches in diameter, and will be hooped by strong bands of iron put on by hydraulic pressure. The lathe on which the metal is turned is said to be one of the largest in the world.

CORRESPONDENCE.



In this department, articles are solicited, on the general subject of the Advent, from friends of the Herald, over their own signatures, irrespective of the particular views which it defends. Views of correspondents not dissented from, are not necessarily to be considered as editorially endorsed. Correspondents are expected to avoid all personalities, and to study Christian courtesy in all references to views and persons. Any departure from this should be regarded as disintitling the writer to any reply. Christian and gentlemanly discussion will be in order; but not needless, unkind, or uncourteous controversy.

My Journal.

SECOND TOUR WEST.—NO. IV.

Thursday, June 11th. Commenced our tent-meeting at 2 o'clock, P. M. We had a good beginning, in the midst of a population of about two thousand inhabitants, and of about all denominations. But there is an ear to hear among the mass of the people, and all are kindly disposed. Elder Harrison McCullough resides here and preaches half the time. He has good audiences, and is building up a good Advent church. Our tent-meeting is designed to give a new impetus to the cause in this town and all the regions. The evening service was largely attended, with good attention. I showed from Matt. 25: 1—13, that the church would continue in a mixed state, of "wise and foolish," of "tares and wheat," till the second coming of Christ. And this being the case, the common notion of the conversion of the world before the advent was not true.

It should be known that the commonly received opinion of a spiritual millennial, consisting in the universal triumphs of the Gospel and the conversion of the nations a thousand years before the coming of Christ is a comparatively new doctrine, not known to the church for sixteen hundred years after Pentecost, when Peter opened the plan of redemption as revealed by all the holy prophets since the world began—Acts 3d. I feel safe in challenging any of the advocates of the world's conversion, to produce a single writer of any eminence, in its favor, before the commencement of the eighteenth century. If, then, we are right in this view, it follows that we are on the eve of the judgment. The advocates of the temporary millennium have looked for its commencement in 1866, and so the reign of Christ is nigh in either case. But the spiritual view being erroneous, the literal and personal reign of Christ is right upon us. There is no way to evade this. There was some sensation among those opposed, but they gave the most critical attention, and much conviction was produced. Our work is well begun.

Friday, June 12th. Prayer-meeting at 9, A. M. Very good. Preaching at half-past ten, from Gen. 28: 10—15. The promise to the patriarchs and their seed, first Christ,—"And to thy seed which is Christ." And then, second, if we be Christ's, we are Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise. Gal. 3: 29. In the afternoon Brother W. McCulloch spoke from Acts 17: 31. It was an effective sermon. I spoke in the evening. The subject was the kingdom of God. The tent full inside, and outside it was surrounded. The best order and attention prevailed.

Saturday, June 13th. Brother Wm. McCulloch spoke in the morning on the reasons of our hope, from 1 Peter, 3: 15. It was a timely and scriptural discourse. In the afternoon I spoke on the duty of the church to study the prophetic Word, from Rev. 1: 3. In the evening I expounded the second chapter of Daniel, showing that the last of earthly kingdoms would soon be swallowed up by the everlasting kingdom of God. This has been a good day for the cause of the Advent. Many have heard the Gospel of the kingdom for the first time; and some have been fully convinced that we are near the end of the dispensation, and that the idea of the conversion of the world is not a correct one.

Sabbath, June 14th. This day the Lord triumphed over the grave. It has dawned upon us in imperial splendor. Not a cloud in the horizon, and the gentle breezes from the north refresh both man and beast in the sultry heat.

This morning most sweetly
The gales are all blowing,
And gently the breezes
From Mount Calvary.
The sepulchre's opened,
The odors are flowing;
Breathe gently, sweet zephyrs,
Breathe gently on me.
On this blessed morning
My Saviour was rising,
The chains of immortality
Fully despoiling;

His sufferings are o'er,
He's done agonizing;
Breathe gently, sweet zephyrs,
Breathe gently o'er me.
And—blessed thought—
Each Sabbath revolving,
Brings one Sabbath nearer
To that blessed morning
When Christ's shall appear.

I have spoken three times to-day, to anxious, listening crowds. In the morning, of the blessedness of personal religion—peace with God, peace in the soul, peace in the family, peace in the church and peace in the wide world with all men. One man came to me, who said he wanted this religion, and did yield his heart to God. And he was not alone. I exhorted them to cling to the Saviour with the whole heart, and receive his blessing. Like wrestling Jacobs, resolve you will not let him go except he bless you. Tell him,

"In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold!
Wrestling, I will not let thee go
Till I thy name, thy nature know."

O, that lost souls would come to Christ, and thus cling to him, and find full redemption through his atoning blood. In the afternoon spoke again, and expounded the eleventh chapter of the Apocalypse. I showed that the "second woe" closed up its awful mission in 1793, in connection with the French Revolution, and that the third and last woe must come "quickly." Baptized two in the Kishwaukee River, and administered the communion between the other services, Elders Spencer and McCulloch assisting. We had a refreshing time, both at the water and at the communion. In the evening expounded the prophetic numbers in the twelfth of Daniel, going over the tenth, eleventh and twelfth chapters, to bring out the argument. I spoke two hours, with the mercury at ninety, and yet with the crowded audience, there were no signs of weariness, while I had the most marked attention throughout. All the meetings in town were given up, and ministers and people were in to hear. Public sentiment is with us. The reasons of our faith are too strong to be resisted by those who give us a candid hearing. Our meeting closed at 10, P. M., and we struck our tents and retired for rest.

The tent was pitched on the public square, where God had spread a beautiful green carpet, with everything neat and orderly about us. The weather was very warm and dry, and yet very pleasant indeed throughout. Altogether it has been one of the most pleasant tent-meetings we ever held. But the best of all was, God was with us and manifested his power and glory in the camp. It is not yet six months since Brother Spencer, McCulloch, and others, commenced meetings in this town, and yet we now have a prosperous little church, with good prospects of enlargement, by the blessing of God. Brother McCulloch and his people, with the people of the place generally, have my gratitude for their kindness and liberal treatment.

Monday, 15th. Received friends most of the day, and gave instructions and counsels, and distributed tracts and papers to all that sought them, and in the evening, at half-past seven, gave a discourse in the Methodist church, on the subject of the "Laws of Life and Health." There was full attendance of all classes. I showed that the habitual use of narcotics and stimulants among Christians was injurious to health and destructive of life, as well as injurious to their growth in grace. A Christian should live plain and simple as to food and all things, the high enjoyment of peace and assurance.

Tuesday, June 16th. Parted with kind friends, and bid Mr. and Mrs. Love a good-by, with many thanks for their hospitalities. Brother H. McCulloch, of DeKalb, took me over the prairie to Shabbona, where I was to speak in the evening. We called on the way upon Mr. William Watson, a model prairie farmer, who had become interested for his soul's salvation at the tent-meeting. We had a cordial reception. After conversation, singing and prayer, we went on our way, expecting Brother Watson to follow in the afternoon, and put on Christ by baptism, in the evening at Shabbona. We put up with Dea. Fisher, an industrious farmer and a devoted Christian. Last year, just as his wheat and corn crops had arrived at maturity, they were visited with a terrible hail storm, which, in one half-hour, laid them all in ruins. In less than one hour those beautiful fields of wheat and corn were buried up with hailstones, many of them the size of an egg! The storm was limited in extent, and only a few of his neighbors suffered with him. How mysterious these events! We called at Brother DeWolf's, and found a dozen or more sisters at work helping the family of their minister. We arranged for the baptism in Indian Creek, the place where Father Chapman baptized sixty-three persons in one winter, some years ago.

At sunset—and one of the most beautiful sunsets I ever saw—we went to the water and baptized Brother Watson. A goodly number of the brethren and sisters were present. It was a scene of much interest and blessedness. We went from the water to the school-house, which was filled in every part, where I preached on the blessedness of assurance. At the close arranged to baptize two more at 5 o'clock, A. M., at the Creek, as I was to proceed early in the day to my next appointment.

Wednesday, June 17th. At 5, A. M., baptized two sisters, one of them being a school teacher. It was a beautiful morning, and we had a season of blessedness. Brother and Sister Watson were present, and so we all parted at the water, I to go to Earlville, to preach Jesus, and the resurrection, and his second coming, and they, like the eunuch, to go to their homes rejoicing.

After the baptism, Brother Harry Norton took me thirteen miles over the prairie to Earlville, where I am to preach four days in the Methodist Episcopal chapel. We have a few here who wait for the "Coming One," and could not be denied of a meeting and lectures on the second coming of the Lord. I put up with Brother Barlingame. In the afternoon Brother Davis called and took me out to Paupau, where I spent the night with his father's family, old acquaintances from Massachusetts. They have been here about seventeen years, and have a large prairie farm under high cultivation, and live in prosperity.

Thursday, June 18th. Went to Earlville at noon, and prepared for meeting in the evening. There being a strawberry festival at the Presbyterian church, I stood a poor chance for a congregation. People love a feast better than the Gospel of the kingdom; though the Adventists were all out, having a different view, believing the Gospel of the kingdom to be the richest feast in the world.

JOSHUA V. HIMES.

From Sister Naomi Colburn.

Bro. Litch—It becomes my painful duty to say to you, discontinue my paper. But it truly seems like parting with a near and dear friend.

Since I first became acquainted with the Herald, I have ever esteemed it a great privilege to hear from those of like precious faith through its columns. And more especially since I have been confined at home by sickness, and have not been able to meet with my dear brethren and sisters in public worship. But as I cannot see my way clear to pay for it, I suppose we must part for the present; hoping that I shall soon meet the redeemed of earth, in a land where we shall no more need the weekly visits of a periodical, for a means to hear from, and converse with each other. I think if we are truly the followers of the blest Redeemer, we shall soon walk and talk together amidst the paradise of God; where there will be no more separation from those we love, neither will there be any privation in that happy land; and we shall no more feel like pilgrims and strangers, and that we have no continuing city, or abiding place. No, thank God, we shall all enjoy the same like privilege in the heavenly kingdom, and know no fears of privation or disease. For God himself will then dwell with his people, and be their God; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are past away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, write, for these words are true and faithful. We have a sure promise that the meek shall inherit the earth, and delight themselves in the abundance of peace, and that God will come to earth and dwell with them. He that overcometh, saith God, "shall inherit all things;" "such as be blessed of him shall inherit the earth; and they that be cursed of him shall be cut off." This is enough; we cannot ask for more than God has promised to the faithful soldier of the cross. And in a little while we shall see Jesus coming to fulfill the promise made to his people, and to give them the kingdom, that they may possess it forever, even forever and ever.

A word to my dear brothers and sisters scattered abroad. I would say to you all as one; be faithful, let us stand unmoved at our post, press the battle to the gate, and enter the kingdom. I am a stranger to many of you in this life, but I feel that we are not strangers in the heavenly warfare. We all have the same enemy to contend with, and while we remain in this howling wilderness, we must fight against the wiles of the enemy. Yes, we must be in earnest; for Satan goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. We have the world, the flesh, and Satan, to grapple with, and while we are engaged in the heavenly warfare, we must be awake to duty; if we are not we shall be defeated by the enemy, and be taken captive by him at his will. God forbid that we should grow weary or loiter by the way; for in due season we shall

reap if we faint not. The battle is almost fought, and the victory will soon be ours if we are faithful to our Captain's high command. Yes, praise God, we shall soon enter the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, if we still continue to trust in the mighty power of the Captain of our salvation for strength to go forward. We are truly living in perilous times; but the Lord is at hand. Yes, Jesus will soon come and discharge each faithful soldier and give his people rest. Praise God, there is rest for the weary; rest, sweet rest, how cheering to the weary pilgrim is the sound of rest! rest in the kingdom, where the wicked will cease to trouble. O, how much we have to encourage us to go forward. The Lord helps us to be faithful, and soon we'll all arrive at home, and share together in the glorious sweet rest, which remains for the people of God.

From your unworthy and afflicted sister, in bonds of Christian love. MRS. NAOMI COLBURN.

Magog, C. E.

The Second Death—No. 4.

Bro. Litch—In your reply to me in the Herald of July 21, you say:—

"But concerning the second death, there is no intimation from the beginning to the end of the Bible that it is extinction at all."

I am surprised that any one can make such a broad assertion, with Matt. 10: 28 before them; for will not the sinner be extinct, when he is "destroyed," "both soul and body" in "gehenna fire!" We should think that would come as near "extinction" as we could well imagine. Can we not call it as much as an "intimation!" But let us look again, and see if there is not another "intimation" in the Bible that "the second death" will be "extinction" to the sinner.

"Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power!"—(2 Thess. 1: 9.) Now if God's "presence is every where, in heaven, in 'hell,' in the uttermost parts of the sea;" and the sinner is punished with everlasting destruction from his presence!" will not that be pretty near what might be called "extinction!" For if they are out of God's presence, where will they be? I think we may well call it as much as an "intimation" that they will be extinct!

You also repeat that, "torment and extinction are incompatibles" as you say,—"Torment first, and then final extinction, are incompatibles as punishment." But I again inquire, why are torment and extinction incompatibles? cannot the sinner be tormented for a time, and then become extinct? Suppose they should become extinct would not their torment then cease? I admit, as you say, that "the torment must evidently come before the 'extinction';" for it would be rather "perplexing" to tell how they could be tormented after they had become extinct! You again say:—

"But while being tormented to the extent of 'wailing and gnashing of teeth,' . . . 'relief by extinction would be a great blessing!' But I ask, what kind of a 'blessing' could the sinner receive after he had become extinct! 'A GREAT BLESSING!' only think! After the sinner has lost all the saint has gained, then talk as though he had received 'a great blessing!' Preposterous!

But after all, it seems you come to the conclusion that "torment and extinction are incompatibles," and sum up the matter by saying:—

"Hence, torment first, and then final extinction, are incompatibles as punishment." It is rather "perplexing," however, to find out by what rules of logic you arrive at such a conclusion! For must we conclude that, to be tormented to the extent of "wailing and gnashing of teeth," that it must of necessity subject one to an eternal "wailing!" If I understand your theory, there must be a little respite from "wailing,"—at least, while the sinner is passing from one "hell" to the other. For if the sinner is "tormented to the extent of wailing," &c., in *hades*, and then is to be passed over from there to *gehenna*, where he is to be destroyed soul and body—he must either cease his "wailing," for a short time at least, or else he will be "wailing" in some other place besides in either *hades* or *gehenna*! while he is passing from one to the other. And if the sinner is "tormented to the extent of wailing and gnashing of teeth," in *hades*, which part of the sinner is it, that is thus to be "tormented to the extent of wailing and gnashing of teeth?" Is it the spirit? Is it the soul? or is it the body? Surely all these different parts of the sinner cannot be in *hades*. And if the spirit, or the soul, is thus tormented in *hades*, what kind of "wailing" and what kind of "gnashing of teeth," (?) will the spirit, or soul have to endure? And will not the "sinner," when he reaches "gehenna fire," with "soul and body," experience a little different kind of "wailing and gnashing of teeth," from what his spirit or soul suffered while in "*hades*!" What kind of

"TRUTH" do you suppose the spirit, or soul of man has?

Now if we would avoid all such preposterous ideas, just let us "be satisfied to teach the sinner his doom just in God's words," as we find them in the Bible; and especially as found in 2 Pet. 2:9, which declares that, "the Lord knoweth how" . . . "to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished;" and there we shall find but one "hell" in which to punish the sinner; and there he "will be part of the second death," being DESTROYED, SOUL and body! You also say, that "there can be no everlasting punishment without an everlasting hurt or pain." But I ask, if the "punishment" is in the "destruction" of "soul and body" in gehenna; can the sinner "be hurt," or suffer "pain," after he is "destroyed soul and body?" If a criminal is sentenced by the judge to be hanged by the neck till he is dead, as a "punishment" for his crimes, would he be punished until he is dead? and would his "punishment" cease after he was dead?

You also say:—
"No one hardens God's truth by using his own words, and using them in the phraseology in which he has used them. Therefore, we plead not guilty to the charge." Will the readers of the Herald just read the last paragraph over again, and substitute the word "softens" in the place of "hardens;" and then I will claim the language as applicable to me, also.

In your reply to my question, "Where will be gehenna hell?" you say, "We do not know. We believe it will be, but as to the where, we have no faith on the subject; for the reason that we do not know of any revelation of the fact." Now by your saying of gehenna, that "it will be," but still you "have no faith" "as to the where," I conclude that you agree with me that it does not now exist; but there will be such a place for the wicked after they are resurrected from *hades*: a place where I believe they will be destroyed both soul and body.

But why do you say, we "have no revelation of the fact," "as to where" gehenna will be? It appears to me that you find some "revelation of the fact," before you conclude your "reply" to me; for you say, "And he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb: and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever," &c. Now we ask, if the wicked are tormented "in the presence of the holy angels and of the Lamb;" and there the "smoke of their torment ascendeth up," &c., is it wise to say we have "no revelation" in regard to where gehenna will be? From what place do you think the "smoke" will ascend "up?" You also admit, that "fire will come down from heaven and devour the wicked;" and if so, after the "fire comes down from God out of heaven," will it be likely to go down still lower—go down under ground out of sight? If so, how can the "smoke" ascend "up?"

But let us again inquire, Where will the wicked be when the fire comes down from heaven and devours them? Will they not be upon the new earth, encompassing "the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city?" if so, are we justified in saying "we do not know of any revelation," as to where gehenna will be? But strange as it may seem, you flatly declare:—

"So the fire of God will come down and take the host of Gog," &c., and cast them into the lake of fire; for that is the doom of all who are not written in the Book of Life. But if that great host who are not written in the Book of Life are extinguished before they get there, it will not be true. Now, Bro. Editor, I think it cannot be that you intend to misrepresent us, by insinuating that we believe the wicked will be extinguished before they get into the lake of fire? So, on reflection, I think you will see that you have committed very great error, in supposing we believe that the wicked will be "extinguished before" they are cast into the lake of fire; for the point at issue between us, is, that the wicked will, or will not, be destroyed in the lake of fire—a gehenna fire; and I believe this will be "the second death." Lakes are not generally under ground!

T. M. PREBLE.

Concord, N. H., July 28, 1863.

[See page 244.]

Disuse of Intellect.

Mind is a power in the world. We may say that under God it is the power in the world. It avails itself of all other kinds of power, and employs them for the accomplishment of its ends. All material machinery, all the elements are its tributary agents. And yet mind could achieve much more than it does. Its works are fewer and less illustrious than they might be, or ought to be. It is lamentable to see such a disuse of intellect. It is sad to see money squandered, health rashly exposed, and the choice affections of the soul given to unworthy objects; but it is more sad to behold superior talents wasted

to see a person gifted by his Maker with mental endowments of the highest order,—not putting them to efficient use, but allowing them to run to waste. The world hereby is a great loser. When Paley was passing his early years in a course of dissipation, a fellow-student said to him, "You are a great fool. You have talent which might raise you to the loftiest eminence. I have none, and it matters not how my life is spent." How well the rude hint was taken by Paley, the Archdeacon's learned, valuable and widely-diffused productions attest. If certain ones whom we know, were as studious and persistent in mental improvement as are certain other ones, they would tower illustriously above their fellows, and be a rich blessing to their own and coming generation; but, alas, while certain other ones are commendably making the most of what they have,—and when they have done their best will reach to little more than a decent mediocrity, the former are allowing their noble powers to be idle. They make only an occasional effort, the transcendent force and brilliancy of which reveals the immense latent power which might be developed, and make us mourn its loss. They thus rob the world and their Creator, by taking four only of the ten talents from the napkin, concealing the remaining six.

"What is John Foster now about?" inquired a foreigner of Dr. Chalmers. "He is thinking, sir, at about the rate of a sentence a week," was the reply. And the same might have been said of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Charles James Fox, and a multitude of kindred geniuses. They were not doing themselves justice; and others like them are turning their lives to comparatively little account. But for excessive constitutional indolence the fruit of their intellect would be far more ample and more admirable. It is the duty of every individual to call all the powers of his mind into their most vigorous exercise in behalf of the interests of science, liberty, public morals and religion, for "Occupy till I come," are the solemn words of the Master, and slumbering talent is as worthless as buried rubies and diamonds, or as mines of gold and silver, unworked from age to age. It is to wasted talent that Gray refers in the exquisite stanza:

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

"Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;" inglorious, because not displaying the thousandth part of his gifts.

To My Sister in Paradise.

I am coming, sister dear,
For you now do lingering wait
Near the bright celestial gate,
While still on earth I wander.

I am coming, sister dear;
May that celestial gate unfold,
That thy loved form I may behold,
And feel thy guarding presence.

I am coming, sister dear:
The Saviour is the only light
To guide me through this gloomy night,
To my rest on that blest shore.

I am coming, sister dear;
And I hear sweet music swelling
From that pure and holy dwelling,
While I'm on the lonely road.

I am coming, sister dear—
All earthly scenes fade from my sight,
For I am wrapped in glory bright;
There'll be no sad to-morrow.

Yes, I'm coming, sister dear,
To dwell with God and you above,
Where all is joy, for all is love:
I'm waiting at the portal.

c. z. c.

Eating too Much.

Dr. Hall, in his Journal of Health, says that the extreme languor of spring and summer is owing in part to eating too much meat, which works in the system like a huge fire in the house. Another reformer carries the matter a little further, and says that most people eat too much, and wear out the body prematurely by overtasking its powers of digestion. He says, in all countries, a majority of the population consumes too much food. But, in America, where it is easy for all classes to obtain large quantities of rich food, the evil is well-nigh universal. I am confident that ninety-nine persons in every hundred eat too much.

Galen, one of the most distinguished of the ancient physicians, lived one hundred and forty years, and composed between seven hundred and eight hundred essays on medical and philosophical subjects; and he had been always, after the age of twenty-eight, extremely sparing in the quantity of his food. The Cardinal de Salis, Archbishop of Seville, who lived one hundred and ten years, was invariably sparing in his diet. One Lawrence, an Englishman, by temperance and labor, lived one

hundred and forty years; and one Kentigern, called St. Mongah, who never tasted spirit or wine, and slept on the ground, and labored hard, died at the age of one hundred and eighty-five. Henry Jenkins, of Yorkshire, who died at the age of one hundred and sixty-nine, was a poor fisherman as long as he could follow his pursuit, and ultimately he became a beggar, living uniformly on the coarsest and most sparing diet. Old Parro, already famous, who died at the age of one hundred and fifty-three, was a farmer of extremely abstemious habits, his diet being solely milk, cheese, coarse bread, small beer and whey. At the age of one hundred and twenty, he married a second wife, by whom he had a child. But being taken to Court by the Earl of Arundel, as a great curiosity, in his one hundred and fifty-second year, he very soon died, as the physician decidedly testified, after dissection, in consequence of a change from a parsimonious to a plentiful diet. Henry Francisco, another famous case, lived to about one hundred and forty in this country, and was, except for a certain period, when he became attached to ardent spirits, "remarkably abstemious, eating but little, and abstaining almost entirely from animal food," his favorite articles being tea, bread and butter, and baked apples. A Mr. Ephraim Pratt, of Shutesbury, Mass., who died at the age of one hundred and seventeen years, lived very much upon milk, and that in small quantity; and his son, Michael Pratt, attained to the age of one hundred and three years, by similar means. Indeed, great longevity has occurred in no instance with which I am acquainted, where the individual was not a pattern of abstemiousness in diet. Great eaters never live long. A voracious appetite is a sign of disease, or of strong tendency to disease, and not a sign of health as is generally supposed. Ill health as infallibly follows the indulgence of such an appetite, as any other effect its legitimate cause.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHITTEN'S GOLDEN SALVE is a step by way of progress in the healing art. It is adapted to all the purposes of a family Salve. It effectually cures piles, wounds, bruises, sprains, cuts, chilblains, corns, burns, fever-sores, scrofulous humors, erysipelas, salt-rheum, king's evil, rheumatism, spinal difficulties, chafings in warm weather, &c. &c., and is believed by many experienced and competent judges to be the best combination of medicinal ingredients for external inflammatory difficulties that has ever been produced. Many of the best physicians of the various schools use it and also recommend it. Every farmer should have it for horses; for the cure of scratches, sprains, chafings, &c., and also for sore teats on cows. It cures felons. It cures warts.

From Mr. Morris Fuller, of North Creek, N. Y.: "We and your Golden Salve to be good for everything that we have tried it for. Among other things for which we have used it, is a bad case of 'scald head' of our little girl as effect in this case was also favorable.

We like your Golden Salve very much in this place. Among other things I knew a lady who was cured of a very bad case of sore eyes. Walter S. Plummer Lake Village, N. H.

Mrs. Glover, East Merrimack street, Lowell, was cured of a bad case of piles by the use of one box of the Salve. Mr. Farrington, a wealthy merchant and manufacturer in Lowell, was relieved of piles which had afflicted him for many years, and remarked to a friend that it was worth \$100 a box for piles.

Miss Harriet Morrill, of East Kingston, N. H., says: "I have been afflicted with piles for over twenty years. The last seven years I have been a great sufferer. And though never expect to be well, yet to be relieved as I am from day to day by the use of your Golden Salve, fills my heart with gratitude.

From Mr. J. O. Merriam, Tewksbury, Mass.: "I have a large milk farm. I have used a great deal of your Golden Salve for sore teats on my cows. I have used many other kinds of salve. Yours is the best I ever saw. I have also used it for sprains and scratches on my horses. It cures them in a short time. I recommend it to all who keep cows or horses.

From Dr. Geo. Pierce, Lowell: "Your Golden Salve is good. It will have a great sale.

"I received a wound in my foot by a rusty nail; by reason of which I could not set my foot to the floor for two weeks. The pain was excruciating. When your Golden Salve was applied, it relieved the pain in a short time, and two and a half boxes of it wrought a perfect cure. — Mrs. Lucinda A. Swain, Merideth Centre, N. H.

Mr. H. L. W. Roberts, Editor of Marion Intelligencer, Marion, Ill., says, "Every person that uses the Golden Salve testifies favorably." He has also published a list of names in his paper, of persons cured of wounds, sores, humors, rheumatism, &c., and gives the public reference to them; who, he says, are among the first citizens of the place.

Boston, July 12, 1859. Bro. Whitten: I have used your Golden Salve in my family, and I am acquainted with a large number of families also who have used it; and I have reason to believe that it is really what you recommend it to be.

J. V. HINES.

From Dr. W. S. Campbell, New Britain, Conn.: "Your Golden Salve is a great thing for chilblains. I have also used it in afflicting cases of salt rheum, erysipelas, and sore nipples. Its effect was, speedy and permanent cure."

Dr. Bliss, of Brunswick, Me., says: "I have several friends who have been cured of scrofulous humors by the Golden Salve. You may recommend it from me as a valuable Salve."

Made only by C. P. Whitten, No. 35 and 37 East Merrimack street, Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists, and at country stores. Price 25 cts. per box, or \$2 per dozen. I want good, reliable, persevering agents to canvass, in all parts of the United States and Canada. A large discount will be made to Agents. aug 13—pd to Jan 1 '63 For sale at this office.

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SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS DISEASES.

From Emery Edes, a well-known merchant of Oxford, Maine:

"I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community."

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers, Sores, and all Diseases of the Skin.

From Rev. Robt. Stratton, Bristol, England.

"I only do my duty to you and the public, when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your SARSAPARILLA. My daughter, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in her ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to cure until we tried your SARSAPARILLA. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known and much-esteemed lady of Dennisville, Cape May Co., N. J.

"My daughter has suffered for a year past with a scrofulous eruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried your SARSAPARILLA, which soon completely cured her."

From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely-known firm of Gage, Murray, & Co., manufacturers of enamelled papers in Nashua, N. H.

"I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became an intolerable affliction. I tried almost everything a man could of both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever, until I took your SARSAPARILLA. It immediately made my face worse, as you told me it might for a time; but in a few weeks the new skin began to form under the blotches, and continued until my face is as smooth as anybody's, and I am without any symptoms of the disease that I know of. I enjoy perfect health, and without a doubt owe it to your SARSAPARILLA."

Erysipelas—General Debility—Purify the Blood.

From Dr. Robt. Savin, Houston St., N. Y.

Dr. AYER: I seldom fail to remove Eruptions and Scrofulous Sores by the persevering use of your SARSAPARILLA, and I have just now cured an attack of Malignant Erysipelas with it. No alternative we possess equals the SARSAPARILLA you have supplied to the profession as well as to the people."

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Wadsworth, Ohio.

"For twelve years I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds of dollars' worth of medicines. The ulcers were so bad that the cords became visible, and the doctors decided that my arm must be amputated. I began taking your SARSAPARILLA. Took two bottles, and some of your PILLS. Together they have cured me. I am now as well and sound as anybody. Being in a public place, my case is known to everybody in this community, and excites the wonder of all."

From Hon. Henry Monroe, M. P. P., of Newcastle, C. W., a leading member of the Canadian Parliament.

"I have used your SARSAPARILLA in my family, for general debility, and for purifying the blood, with very beneficial results, and feel confidence in commending it to the afflicted."

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.

From Harvey Sickler, Esq., the able editor of the Tunkhannock Democrat, Pennsylvania.

"Our only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead. They rapidly spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and actually blinded his eyes for some days. A skillful physician applied nitrate of silver and other remedies, without any apparent effect. For fifteen days we guarded his hands, lest with them he should tear open the festering and corrupt wound which covered his whole face. Having tried every thing else we had any hope from, we began giving your SARSAPARILLA, and applying the iodide of potash lotion, as you direct. The sore began to heal when we had given the first bottle, and was well when we had finished the second. The child's eyelashes, which had come out, grew again, and he is now as healthy and fair as any other. The whole neighborhood predicted that the child must die."

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

From Dr. Hiram Sloat, of St. Louis, Missouri.

"I find your SARSAPARILLA a more effectual remedy for the secondary symptoms of Syphilis, and for syphilitic disease than any other we possess. The profession are in debt to you for some of the best medicines we have."

From A. J. French, M. D., an eminent physician of Lawrence, Mass., who is a prominent member of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

Dr. AYER—My dear Sir: I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent remedy for Syphilis, both of the primary and secondary type, and effectual in some cases that were too obstinate to yield to other remedies. I do not know what we can employ with more certainty of success, where a powerful alternative is required."

Mr. Chas. S. Van Liew, of New Brunswick, N. J., had dreadful ulcers on his legs, caused by the abuse of mercury, or mercurial disease, which grew more and more aggravated for years, in spite of every remedy or treatment that could be applied, until the persevering use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA relieved him. Few cases can be found more inveterate and distressing than this, and it took several dozen bottles to cure him.

Leucorrhoea, Whites, Female Weakness, are generally produced by internal Scrofulous Ulceration, and are very often cured by the alternative effect of this SARSAPARILLA. Some cases require, however, in aid of the SARSAPARILLA, the skillful application of local remedies.

From the well-known and widely-celebrated Dr. Jacob Morrill, of Cincinnati.

"I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent alternative in diseases of females. Many cases of irregularity, Leucorrhoea, Internal Ulceration, and local debility, arising from the scrofulous diathesis, have yielded to it, and there are few that do not, when its effect is properly aided by local treatment."

A lady, unwilling to allow the publication of her name, writes:

"My daughter and myself have been cured of a very debilitating Leucorrhoea of long standing, by two bottles of your SARSAPARILLA."

Rheumatism Gout, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia Heart Disease Neuralgia, when caused by Scrofula in the system, are rapidly cured by this EXT. SARSAPARILLA.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

possess so many advantages over the other purgatives in the market, and their superior virtues are so universally known, that we need not do more than to assure the public their quality is maintained equal to the best it ever has been and that they may be depended on to do all that they have ever done.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, M. D., & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"FEED MY LAMBS."—John 21:15.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1863.

Doers Doing.

Dear Treasurer—I see the Doers have'n't been doing much lately, and I am rather short, but I will send a trifle, and try to earn something so that I can send more soon. 5 cents. Yours,

WILLIE, Pres.

Dear Treasurer—I haven't been able to stir up the Doers lately, but I send my mite with Willie's, and will try to give them a start soon. 5 cents. IDA, Sec.

Bro. Litch—Please find enclosed one dollar for the Do Society. Bessie, Julia, Eli and Charlie, each 25 cents—\$1 00. All well. Please remember me to Mrs. Litch.

O. T. F.

Mary, 25 cents.

Little Doers, Do on.

I thought I would write to you, or for your department, about doing. I once knew a little girl of seven years, who lived in a house where there was a sick, helpless man, who needed much care; this little girl was very kind to the sick man though a stranger in the family. She could not lift him, for he was a large man, and it took two to lift him. He had lost an arm; he had but one hand; that she could wash, she could carry him water to wash with, and water to drink, to his sick chamber; and when his meals were prepared, she could carry him his dinner or supper, and thus save her mother and older sister some steps. But this little girl was tempted not to do one day. While she and her mother were in the room alone, after a silence of some time, the girl spoke as follows:

"Mother," said she, "don't you never lose your patience?"

The mother, (perhaps a little convicted,) made no reply. The little girl said:

"I do almost lose mine. I think, sometimes, I will carry no more water to D—(the sick man.) Mr. D—may come and take him away;" (he had offered to take him.) "Then," said she, "I think he is a poor sick man, and can't help himself, and I will keep my patience and carry him water."

So she kept on Doing till D—died, and when she saw him put in the grave, she wept. She had stayed alone with him, and waited upon him while her mother had gone to the house of prayer, and they were company for each other. Now she is glad she kept her patience, and kept "Doing." Perhaps you would like to know what this little Doers name is:—her name is Aga. If she never yields to the tempter and always Does right, I hope, through grace, she will meet D—again in the Kingdom.

D. W. S.

A WOODEN LIBRARY.—An odd work is being carried on for exhibition at the Permanent Industrial Exposition in Vienna. It is a wooden library, that is a hundred octavo volumes, the covers of which are formed of wood; the backs of bark, inscribed with the names of the trees they are made from; and the interiors of specimens of the leaves, flowers, fruits, etc., of the trees.

The commerce of the world requires 3,600,000 of able-bodied men to be traversing the sea. Of this number, probably 7,500 die every year. The amount of property annually moved on the water is from fifteen hundred to two thousand millions of dollars; and the amount lost by the casualties of the sea averages twenty-five millions of dollars.

Thou art Near.

Psalm cxix, 151.

In the bursting, rolling thunder,
In the lightning's lurid flash;
When the rocks are rent asunder,
When the raging billows lash,
Thou art near.

In the zephyr's gentlest breath,
In the dewdrop's sparkling gem;
In the lowliest flow'et's death,
In the grass's fragile stem,
Thou art near.

In the rage of passion's storm,
When the deadliest weapons gleam;
In the battle's fiercest form,
In ambition's maddest dream,
Thou art near.

In affection's softest voices,
In contrition's faintest sigh;
When the humblest soul rejoices,
When the poorest comes to die,
Thou art nigh.

Near to punish, near to bless,
Near to strengthen, near to spare;
Near to hear when men confess,
Near to grant the latest prayer;
Ever near.

Try and Trust.

It has been well observed by some one, that "difficulty is often the daughter of idleness; and we learn, by experience, that it is impossible to determine how much constancy may endure, or perseverance perform."

"The wise and prudent conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them. Sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and danger,
And make the impossibility they fear."

There are two little words which every Sabbath school teacher should invariably keep before the eye of his mind. They are, "Try" and "Trust." The world owes much to these two monosyllables. The first, you may remember, was powerfully impressed on the mind of Robert Raikes, the founder of Sabbath-schools, when he first began to meditate their institution in the city of Gloucester; and so singularly did that one word prompt him to action, that he afterwards remarked that "he could never pass by the spot where the word 'Try' came so powerfully into his mind, without lifting up his hands and heart to heaven in gratitude to God for having put such a thought into his head." The missionary Williams, too, "the martyr of Erromanga," always admired those two little words. "You know not (he used to say) what you can or can not effect, till you try; and if you make your trials in the exercise of trust in God, mountains of imaginary difficulties will vanish as you approach them, and facilities will be afforded which you never anticipated."

Never let it be forgotten, then, that the measure of the blessing is in the ratio of the measure of your faith. The heathen poet could say, "They can conquer who believe they can." And shall not the ardent Christian in like manner say, "By the help of God I shall succeed." "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." Forget not the faithfulness of Him who hath promised—and that you are called to labor in his cause, not upon a mere probability of success, but on the express declaration of the Holy One of Israel, and whose word of truth remaineth and abideth for ever. This will fill your heart with courage—this, this, will make you invincible.—S. S. Journal.

The Milky Way.

The milky way forms the grandest feature of the firmament. It completely encircles the whole fabric of the skies, and sends its light down upon us, according to the best observations, from no less than 18,000,000 of suns. These are planted at various distances, too remote to be more than little understood; but their light, the medium of measurement, requires for its transit to our earth, periods ranging from

ten to a thousand years. Such is the sum of the great truths revealed to us by the two Herschels, who, with a zeal which no obstacle could daunt, have explored every part of the prodigious circle. Sir William Herschel, after accomplishing his famous section, believed that he had gaged the milky way to its lowest depth, affirming that he could follow a cluster of stars with his telescope, constructed expressly for the investigation, as far back as would require 330,000 years for the transit of its light. But presumptuous as it may seem, we must be permitted to doubt this assertion, as the same telescope in the same master-hand was not sufficiently powerful to resolve even the nebulae in Orion. Nor must we forget that light, our only clue to those unsearchable regions, expands and decomposes in its progress, and coming from a point so remote, its radiant waves could be dispersed in space. Thus the reflection is forced upon us, that new clusters and systems, whose beaming light will never reach our earth, still throng beyond, and that, though it is permitted to man to behold the immensity, he shall never see the bounds of creation.

It's What You Spend.

"It's what thee'll spend, my son," said a sage old quaker, "not what thee'll make, which will decide whether thee's to be rich or not." The advice was trite, for it was Franklin's in another shape: "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." But it cannot be too often repeated. Men are continually indulging in small expenses, saying to themselves, that it's only a trifle, yet forgetting that the aggregate is serious, that even the sea shore is made up of petty grains of sand. Ten cents a day is even, thirty-six dollars and a half a year, and that is the interest of a capital of six hundred dollars. The man that saves ten cents a day only, is so much richer than he who does not, as if he owned a life estate in a house worth six hundred dollars; and if invested quarterly, does not take half that time.

But ten cents a day is child's play, some will exclaim. Well, then, John Jacob Astor used to say, that when a man, who wishes to be rich, has saved ten thousand dollars, he has won half the battle. Not that Astor thought ten thousand much. But he knew that, in making such a sum, a man acquired habits of prudent economy, which would keep him advancing in wealth. How many, however, spend ten thousand in a few years in extra expenses, and then, on looking back, cannot tell, as they say, "where the money went to." To save, is the golden rule to get rich. To squander, even in small sums, is the first step towards the poor-house.

A Million.

Few people have a clear conception of "a million of dollars," which we hear expressed on every side, whenever the cost of this "cruel war" is under discussion. Let us make a very simple mental calculation, and see if we are not astonished at the result. Mr. Longworth, who recently died at Cincinnati, was said to be worth fifteen millions of dollars. How many days would it take to count that sum, at the rate of fifty dollars a minute, working steadily ten hours each day? While some are guessing four or five days, another a week, another two weeks or a month, the operation may be carried on mentally by saying, fifteen millions divided by fifty gives three hundred thousand minutes, divided by sixty gives five thousand hours, divided by ten gives five hundred days! one and one-third years. The true answer furnishes an instance of the striking difference between guessing and calculation.

A Travelling Companion.

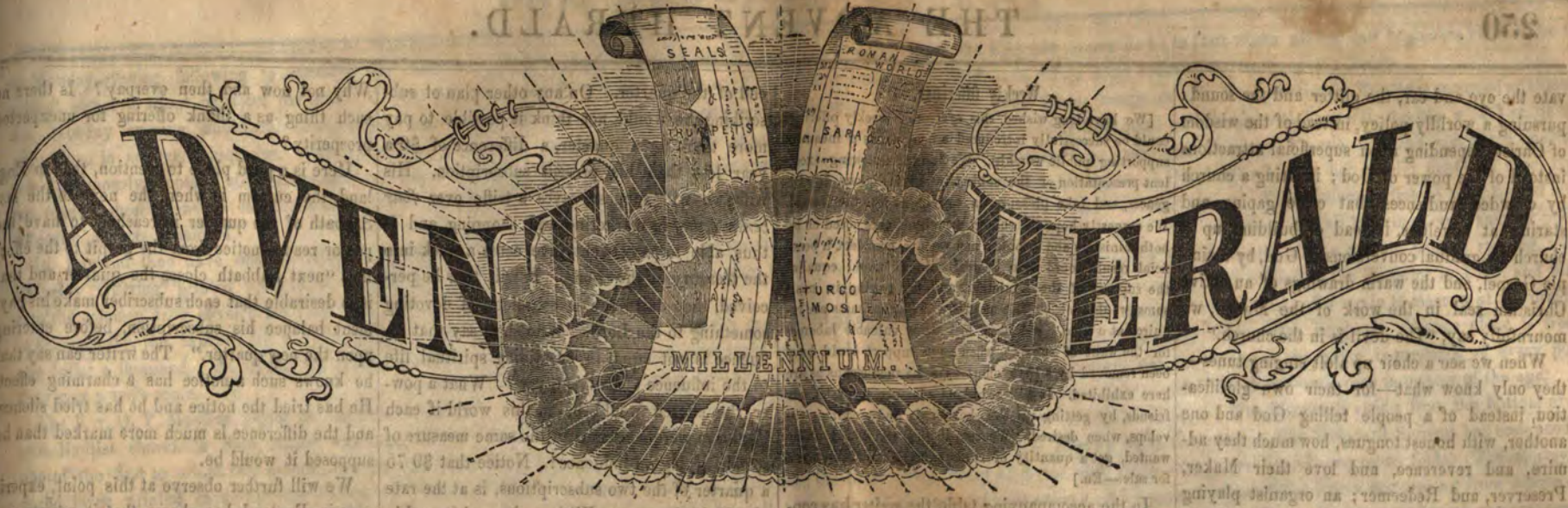
From the Rio Colorado we had been constantly followed by a large gray wolf. Every evening as soon as we got into camp, he made his appearance, squatting quietly down at a little distance, and after we had turned in for the night, helping himself to anything laying about. Our first acquaintance commenced on the prairie where I had killed the two antelopes, and the excellent dinner he then made, on the remains of the two carcasses, had evidently attached him to our society. In the morning, as we left the camp, he took possession, and quickly ate up the remains of our supper and some little extras I always took care to leave for him. Shortly after he would trot after us, and if we halted for a short time to adjust the mule-packs, or water the animals, he sat down quietly until we resumed our march. But when I killed an antelope, and was in the act of butchering it, he gravely looked on, or loped round and round, licking his jaws, and in a state of evident self-gratulation. I had him twenty times a day within reach of my rifle, but he became such an old friend, that I never dreamed of molesting him.—Adventures in Mexico.

The Foot of the Fly.

And as regards the fly, you need not even quit your study or parlor to have an opportunity of witnessing a strange, and, to the masses, an inexplicable phenomenon connected with the insect, namely, the mode in which it walks upon the ceiling with its feet upward, or progresses upon the smooth vertical pane of glass in your parlor window, setting at defiance a well-known law of gravitation. If you are not able to solve this mystery, ask some friend who possesses a microscope to show you the foot of a fly under the instrument, and you will find that at its extremity it is furnished with a pair of membranous disks, on which there are disposed countless minute suckers that operate upon the inverted ceiling, or smooth glazed surface over which the fly is marching, in the same manner as did the leather sucker with which as a schoolboy, you were wont to amuse yourself in lifting heavy stones; this is the simple but effective apparatus which enables the little creature to maintain its hold with security in any position.

Impolite Things.

1. Loud and boisterous laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
4. Talking when others are reading.
5. Spitting about the house, smoking or chewing.
6. Cutting finger nails in company.
7. Leaving a church before public worship is closed.
8. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
9. Gazing rudely at strangers.
10. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
11. A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
12. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
13. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
14. Making yourself the hero of your own story.
15. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
16. Joking of a 1 others in company.
17. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.
18. Answering questions that have been put to others.
19. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table; and
20. In not listening to what one is saying in company—unless you desire to show open contempt for the speaker.



WHOLE NO. 1150.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1863.

VOLUME XXIV. NO. 33.

Anti-Christ.

[We commend the following article to the careful consideration and study of our readers. The subject of which it treats is of vast importance, and is becoming a matter of deep interest to students of prophecy, both in Europe and America. Indeed, it seems at present destined to eclipse all other subjects of prophecy in the interest concentrated upon it. The last number of the London Quarterly Journal of Prophecy is largely devoted to it; and we intend to afford our readers the opportunity of reading the discussion as there presented. We have for many years regarded this question as one of great importance to the church; and one which, sooner or later, must come up for reconsideration; and we are glad Bro. R. has taken it in hand. Let us have all the light which can be shed on it, pro and con. And if we find a difference of opinion, we may differ in charity, conducting our discussion of differences in the spirit of meekness. It is not one of those great vital questions which, in themselves, involve in their reception or rejection, the salvation or the damnation of man. But it is one which may, sooner or later, become a vital practical question, the understanding of and acting upon which, will involve the eternal interests of men.—Ed.]

Anti-Christ—Personal and Organized.

As this subject is up for discussion, I wish to suggest a few thoughts for consideration.

I. "Anti" means not only against, but instead of, in place of, or room of, as substitute, or rival. As Archelaus, in room of his father Herod, reigned. And in this sense it is used in a majority of cases in the New Testament, mostly rendered "for," in the sense of instead, or room, or place of. See Matt. 5:38; 20:38; Mark 18:45; Luke 11:11; Rom. 12:17; 1 Thess. 5:15; 1 Peter 3:9. Now in this sense the Popes have fully held the place of a vice Christ and God, showing himself that he is God.

II. The denial of Father and Son may be either of two ways. First, word or writing, second, by works, as Titus 1:16—"They profess that they know God; but in works they deny him, being abominable, disobedient, to every good work reprobate." Now if we take this mode of denial, which is both scriptural and equally important, and bad as the other, then the papacy has fulfilled the conditions of Anti-christ in the most ample manner for ages; is now and will to the end. The masterpiece of Satan; no power in history has equalled it.

III. It is evident that in the last coming days of wickedness and wrath, that the beast, or eighth head of Rome, is united with the papal power "till the words of God are fulfilled." Carrying the harlot as a queen in her triumph, till the ten horns turn and hate, and hurl her down, expose, burn and destroy her, i. e., the papal hierarchies under his headship. And then the Roman beast or civil government of the Roman empire takes the pope along with him in the great war on the Lamb. And thus arrayed together, they are taken by the Lord and his army and cast into the lake of fire. Thus Rome, as the little horn of the seventh of Daniel, is fulfilled by the papacy alone, and the horn of the eighth in both pagan and papal. And Daniel 11:31-40, by Rome papal in every item. And from the 40th to the close, yet future. Thus the civil government or beast, united with the papal power, may yet stand in the holy land and holy city, and there make war and be judged to perdition.

IV. That Anti-christ did not mean in John's day, the open denial of the existence of God and his Son, I think evident from the fact that he says there were "many" in his day. That is, I

take it, many personal Anti-christs; the forerunners of the one great organized one, to grow up in the church and rule and persecute the saints. And yet no proof that they openly denied the existence of Father and Son. Now an organized Anti-christ must have a personal head to guide and rule, or it cannot act; so that the one great persecuting Anti-christ is a vast, organized power, with a personal head. Evidently no personal Anti-christ alone could do the things ascribed to him. So he must be both personal and organized to fulfill the prophecy.

V. The idea now suggested, advocated and spreading, that Napoleon is, or rather is to be, the great Anti-christ of the Bible, is, of course, possible, for aught I or any man knows. But I think it improbable for several reasons.

1. He does not yet fill any of the predictions of it, and therefore there is nothing to fix it on him more than any other we may fancy.

2. I think he has had and will have, unless he becomes insane, more sense than to do all that such say he will who take him for Anti-christ.

3. I think he will unite all Catholic powers, if he can, under him, and carry the harlot and exalt her everywhere he can, that she may strengthen and sustain him in his objects—very like persecute and try to put down Protestant nations. But I think he will be hurled to the ground, and the monarchies and hierarchies be overturned, and the kings unable and afraid to interfere to save them in their fall, but lament over it, and an infidel republicanism triumph over both. How else can "the beast" himself be "the eighth head?" How else can he be the beast "that was" before the vision, and "is not" at that time, and yet to ascend from the bottomless pit? It could not be "imperial," for that was at the very time. It could not be any one between that and the last, for "the beast" which he saw was the eighth and last, and to go to perdition. Rome had been a republic, and ceased to be so. The republic is the desire of the masses now. It is a volcano beneath all Europe, and is destined to overturn both king and priest, monarchy and hierarchy, and blind, and impassioned, and infidel in all Europe. Hating the name of church, priest and religion alike, it will make war on all alike till the judgment, slaughter the witnesses and make war on the Lamb. Then the Lord will take the kingdom, overthrow his foes, restore all things and reign forever.

These things appear to me from the prophecies to be the things before us. For them we must prepare. Through them we are to pass rapidly. May the Lord keep and save us.

D. I. R.

The Watchword.

In one of the great rock galleries of Gibraltar, two British soldiers had mounted guard; one at each end of the vast tunnel. One was a believing man, whose soul had found rest upon the Rock of Ages; the other was seeking rest, but had not found it.

It was midnight, and these soldiers were going their rounds, the one meditating on the blood which had brought peace to his soul, the other darkly brooding over his own disquietudes and doubts. Suddenly an officer passes, challenges the former, and demands the watchword.

"The precious blood of Christ!" called out the startled veteran, forgetting for a moment the password of the night, and unconsciously uttering the thought which was at that moment filling his soul. Next moment he corrected himself, and the officer, no doubt amazed, passed on. But the words he spoke had rung through the gallery, and entered the ears of his fellow-soldier at the other end, like a message from heaven. It seemed as if an angel had spoken, or rather as if God himself had proclaimed the good news in that still hour. "The precious blood of Christ!" Yes; that was peace! His troubled soul was now at rest. That midnight voice had spoken the good news to him, and God had carried home the message. "The precious blood of Christ!" strange but blessed watchword; never to be forgotten. For many a day and year, no doubt, it would be the joy and rejoicing of his heart.

Written for the Advent Herald. Ne'er Murmur.

There may be clouds on the mountain,
And not a drop of rain;
They may hang o'er the valley,
Yet hang there in vain;
He who the clouds controlleth
Still holdeth the rain.

With sunshine and shadow
Thy life may be checked,
As the mountain and valley
Too, often are decked;
A Father's kind hand
Permitteth the shade;
The sunshine seems brighter
In comparison laid.

Christian, thy sky may be dark and lowering,
And thy heart, too, full of pain;
Dark, 'neath thy feet thy pathway,
And giants on the plain;
Still trust thee, hope thee, ever,
Ne'er murmur, ne'er complain.

"Lo, I am with you always."
Was written ne'er in vain;
Those arms are still around thee,
Though thou art on the main;
On earth he prayed for thee—
He prayeth still the same.

Look not the toils of the morrow,
For sufficient unto the day
Is the evil thereof, and the burdens,
Let them come to thee when they may;
"My grace is sufficient for thee"—
Rise, gather thee strength for thy way.

MARY.

Defense of the Beard.

There are more solid inducements for wearing the beard than the mere improvement of a man's personal appearance and the cultivation of such an aid to the every-day diplomacy of life. Nature, combining, as she never fails to do, the useful with the ornamental, provides us with a far better respirator than science could ever make, and one that is never so hideous to wear as that black seal upon the face, that looks like a passport to the realms of suffering and death. The hair of the moustache not only absorbs the moisture and miasma of fogs, but it strains the air from dust, and the smoke of our great cities. It also acts in the most scientific manner, by taking heat from the warm breath as it leaves the chest, and supplying it to the cold air taken in. It is not only a respirator, but with the beard entire we are provided with comforter as well; and these are never left at home like the umbrellas and other such appliances whenever

they are wanted. We have heard Moffat and Livingstone, the African explorers, and many other travellers, say that at night no wrap could equal the beard. The remarkable thing is, too, that the beard, like the hair of the head, protects against the heat of the sun; it acts as a thatch does to the ice-house; but more than this, it becomes moist with the perspiration, and then by evaporation cools the skin.

A man who accepts this protection of Nature's may face the rudest storm and the hardest winter. He may go from the hottest room into the coldest air without any dread, and we verily believe he might sleep in a morass with impunity—at least his chance of escaping the terrible fever would be better than his beardless companion's. That our soldiers and sailors, who have to endure every climate in the world, should be made to travel about with razors in their knapsacks, is as absurd and useless an encumbrance as making them carry a complete set of shoebrushes. The men would look better and feel better if they were allowed to wear beard neatly trimmed; and there is no doubt that the invaliding which is now so serious a burden to the country would be much reduced—to say nothing of the comfort of the soldier and sailor, and these deserve some consideration against the arguments of General Pipeclay and Admiral Tartar. Ten years experience may have made us ourselves a little enthusiasm in favor of *pogonotrophy*; but if a total immunity from toothache, relaxed uvula, coughs, colds, and all the host of rheums be any inducement, then we can cordially recommend the beard in all its glory.—Temple Bar.

"The Devil in the Church."

In one of the Dutch churches in the country, a few weeks ago, the people were gathered in great excitement. A man of good reputation in the community, had, early in the morning gone to a blacksmith shop, and taken from it, without permission, a pickaxe. He marched through the street to the little church, burst the door, first cast down the pulpit lamps, and then ascending the stairs to the space over the ceiling, commenced to hew right and left until he had demolished the centrepiece, and broken in a large space in the wall. He then rang the bell. The unaccustomed sound brought the people to the spot. He was seized and questioned as to his intent. He at once declared his purpose. He said the devil was in the church, and he had armed himself with the axe to drive him out. His insanity became sadly apparent, and doomed him to confinement beyond the possibility of doing further damage.

Had this maniac been elsewhere than in the unpretending country church, we might have suspected some method in his madness, and some truth in his charge.

The devil in the church! The writer has thought sadly on this fact.

Where we see the minister secularizing the pulpit, preaching something in the place of the Gospel, that is not the Gospel; preferring sound to sense, declamation to fervency born of the truth and experienced in his soul and presented to his hearers, we sadly think, "The devil is in the church."

When we see a people pushing and puffing their "enterprise;" "drawing" by what capti-

REV. JOHN M. ORRICK

vate the eye and ear, the glitter and the sound: pursuing a worldly policy, instead of the wisdom of Christ, depending upon superficial attractions instead of the power of God; inflating a church by crowded audiences that come gaping and staring at novelties, instead of building up a church by gradual conversions to God, by a simple Gospel, and the warm drawings of an active Christian zeal in the work of the Master, we mournfully say, "The devil is in the church."

When we see a choir up aloft singing tunes—they only know what—for their own glorification, instead of a people telling God and one another, with honest tongues, how much they admire, and reverence, and love their Maker, Preserver, and Redeemer; an organist playing overtures for preludes, operatic snatches for interludes, airs of parlor and hand-organ notoriety for afterludes, playing the people out of church, as they are usually played into the ball-room, we say bitterly, "The devil is in the church." And we would not be sorry to see some madman or sane man with his pickaxe declaring the whole affair "played out," and making right and left at the gilded pipe and oaken or black walnut panels. We fear the devil is in some of our prominent city churches. Brethren, look out for him.—*Intelligencer*.

Whitening Sugar.

The common sugar of our tables is made from the juice of sugar cane, which grows only in very warm countries. This sugar cane resembles the stalks of our Indian corn, though its juice is much sweeter. In making sugar, the cane is cut into short pieces, and passed through a mill to press out the juice. This liquid runs off into a reservoir, from which it is dipped into boilers and boiled down. This process sends off the watery part of the sap in steam, leaving the sugar behind. When it is boiled down to a syrup, this is put into large wooden trays called coolers. Here it becomes grain sugar. But what a dark, dirty, brown mass it is. Can it be whitened? Yes; and here we will tell how a man first learned to do it. A hen that had walked through a puddle of clay and water, went into a sugar house, and walked over a pile of brown sugar. Some one noticed that wherever she stepped the sugar was whitened. The man opened his eyes wide, and by several experiments soon discovered the fact that moist clay would whiten sugar! And that man's discovery led on to a systematic use of earthen jars wider at one end than the other, and hence came the old-fashioned "loaf sugar." The raw sugar is put into one of these long jars, with the widest end upward. When the jar is nearly full of sugar, clay is put on the top and kept constantly wet. The water runs through the clay and sugar, and finds its way out through a small hole at the bottom of the jar.

Our young readers should watch even hen tracks, and all other such things, for sharp looking and close thinking often amount to something useful. A dull head would have shouted "Shoo! shoo!" to the old hen, and scraped off her muddy tracks and thought no more about it. Not so this wide-awake man, as much a philosopher in his way as Isaac Newton in his, when he saw the apple fall.—*American Agriculturist*.

Stephen Tyng, Jr., on the Signs of the Times.

Rev. Stephen Tyng, Jr., a son of Dr. Tyng, is drawing large houses every Sunday, and promises to do much credit to the goodly stock from which he springs. He says we are upon the outer edge of the millennial wave; that all the signs prove it. He is no Millerite, nor Second Advent man, as the terms go; but the conviction seems to possess him; and the way he impressed it upon the staid, substantial congregation which crowded the church of the Mediator two Sundays ago, was a surprise to me. The attention was tense, almost painful; and when the preacher leaned over the desk, and in conclusion solemnly besought all present to keep watch for the "Lord, who is close at hand," a visible thrill ran through the house. If this only were the solution—if all the blackness and darkness will only usher in the millennium—let the republic die!—*N. Y. Cor. Springfield Republican, Dec. 25th*

Weekly Offerings.

[We have long wished this system of weekly offerings could be successfully introduced among us, as a means of supporting public worship. We find the following excellent presentation of the subject in the Religious Intelligencer, and take pleasure in copying it into the Herald. We earnestly hope the subject may be at once acted on by both ministers and people; and we are confident a beneficial result would soon be realized. It would equalize the support of the ministry; and, by paying in small sums, would not be felt as it is when larger sums are required at a time. We have lost many valuable laborers for the want of support, when such support could have been removed by a little effort by some such means as are here exhibited. It will afford us pleasure to assist our friends, by getting up the show-cards and procuring envelopes, when desired. We can, if they are likely to be wanted, get a quantity of cards printed, and keep them for sale.—Ed.]

In the accompanying table the writer has copied from the subscription book of his own church for the first quarter of the present year down to the eleventh subscriber. The whole number, we may say in passing, is 215, one or two of whom promise not more than three or five cents each:

No.	Subscribers' Name.	Amount weekly.
1	L. J. S.	60
2	Mrs. S.	25
3	J. N.	1 00
4	J. M. T.	1 00
5	T. S.	1 00
6	J. A. N.	50
7	J. H. P.	50
8	J. A. R.	50
9	S. A. R.	50
10	T. B.	50
11	S. A. R.	50
12	Con.	60
Total.		4 75
13	J. N.	2 75
14	J. M. T.	8 45
15	J. A. N.	4 75
16	J. H. P.	2 00
17	J. A. R.	2 00
18	S. A. R.	2 00
19	T. B.	1 00
20	J. M. T.	2 00
21	J. A. N.	1 00
22	J. H. P.	1 00
23	J. A. R.	1 00
24	S. A. R.	1 00
25	T. B.	1 00
26	J. M. T.	1 00
27	J. A. N.	1 00
28	J. H. P.	1 00
29	J. A. R.	1 00
30	S. A. R.	1 00
31	T. B.	1 00
32	J. M. T.	1 00
33	J. A. N.	1 00
34	J. H. P.	1 00
35	J. A. R.	1 00
36	S. A. R.	1 00
37	T. B.	1 00
38	J. M. T.	1 00
39	J. A. N.	1 00
40	J. H. P.	1 00
41	J. A. R.	1 00
42	S. A. R.	1 00
43	T. B.	1 00
44	J. M. T.	1 00
45	J. A. N.	1 00
46	J. H. P.	1 00
47	J. A. R.	1 00
48	S. A. R.	1 00
49	T. B.	1 00
50	J. M. T.	1 00
51	J. A. N.	1 00
52	J. H. P.	1 00
53	J. A. R.	1 00
54	S. A. R.	1 00
55	T. B.	1 00
56	J. M. T.	1 00
57	J. A. N.	1 00
58	J. H. P.	1 00
59	J. A. R.	1 00
60	S. A. R.	1 00
61	T. B.	1 00
62	J. M. T.	1 00
63	J. A. N.	1 00
64	J. H. P.	1 00
65	J. A. R.	1 00
66	S. A. R.	1 00
67	T. B.	1 00
68	J. M. T.	1 00
69	J. A. N.	1 00
70	J. H. P.	1 00
71	J. A. R.	1 00
72	S. A. R.	1 00
73	T. B.	1 00
74	J. M. T.	1 00
75	J. A. N.	1 00
76	J. H. P.	1 00
77	J. A. R.	1 00
78	S. A. R.	1 00
79	T. B.	1 00
80	J. M. T.	1 00
81	J. A. N.	1 00
82	J. H. P.	1 00
83	J. A. R.	1 00
84	S. A. R.	1 00
85	T. B.	1 00
86	J. M. T.	1 00
87	J. A. N.	1 00
88	J. H. P.	1 00
89	J. A. R.	1 00
90	S. A. R.	1 00
91	T. B.	1 00
92	J. M. T.	1 00
93	J. A. N.	1 00
94	J. H. P.	1 00
95	J. A. R.	1 00
96	S. A. R.	1 00
97	T. B.	1 00
98	J. M. T.	1 00
99	J. A. N.	1 00
100	J. H. P.	1 00
101	J. A. R.	1 00
102	S. A. R.	1 00
103	T. B.	1 00
104	J. M. T.	1 00
105	J. A. N.	1 00
106	J. H. P.	1 00
107	J. A. R.	1 00
108	S. A. R.	1 00
109	T. B.	1 00
110	J. M. T.	1 00
111	J. A. N.	1 00
112	J. H. P.	1 00
113	J. A. R.	1 00
114	S. A. R.	1 00
115	T. B.	1 00
116	J. M. T.	1 00
117	J. A. N.	1 00
118	J. H. P.	1 00
119	J. A. R.	1 00
120	S. A. R.	1 00
121	T. B.	1 00
122	J. M. T.	1 00
123	J. A. N.	1 00
124	J. H. P.	1 00
125	J. A. R.	1 00
126	S. A. R.	1 00
127	T. B.	1 00
128	J. M. T.	1 00
129	J. A. N.	1 00
130	J. H. P.	1 00
131	J. A. R.	1 00
132	S. A. R.	1 00
133	T. B.	1 00
134	J. M. T.	1 00
135	J. A. N.	1 00
136	J. H. P.	1 00
137	J. A. R.	1 00
138	S. A. R.	1 00
139	T. B.	1 00
140	J. M. T.	1 00
141	J. A. N.	1 00
142	J. H. P.	1 00
143	J. A. R.	1 00
144	S. A. R.	1 00
145	T. B.	1 00
146	J. M. T.	1 00
147	J. A. N.	1 00
148	J. H. P.	1 00
149	J. A. R.	1 00
150	S. A. R.	1 00
151	T. B.	1 00
152	J. M. T.	1 00
153	J. A. N.	1 00
154	J. H. P.	1 00
155	J. A. R.	1 00
156	S. A. R.	1 00
157	T. B.	1 00
158	J. M. T.	1 00
159	J. A. N.	1 00
160	J. H. P.	1 00
161	J. A. R.	1 00
162	S. A. R.	1 00
163	T. B.	1 00
164	J. M. T.	1 00
165	J. A. N.	1 00
166	J. H. P.	1 00
167	J. A. R.	1 00
168	S. A. R.	1 00
169	T. B.	1 00
170	J. M. T.	1 00
171	J. A. N.	1 00
172	J. H. P.	1 00
173	J. A. R.	1 00
174	S. A. R.	1 00
175	T. B.	1 00
176	J. M. T.	1 00
177	J. A. N.	1 00
178	J. H. P.	1 00
179	J. A. R.	1 00
180	S. A. R.	1 00
181	T. B.	1 00
182	J. M. T.	1 00
183	J. A. N.	1 00
184	J. H. P.	1 00
185	J. A. R.	1 00
186	S. A. R.	1 00
187	T. B.	1 00
188	J. M. T.	1 00
189	J. A. N.	1 00
190	J. H. P.	1 00
191	J. A. R.	1 00
192	S. A. R.	1 00
193	T. B.	1 00
194	J. M. T.	1 00
195	J. A. N.	1 00
196	J. H. P.	1 00
197	J. A. R.	1 00
198	S. A. R.	1 00
199	T. B.	1 00
200	J. M. T.	1 00
201	J. A. N.	1 00
202	J. H. P.	1 00
203	J. A. R.	1 00
204	S. A. R.	1 00
205	T. B.	1 00
206	J. M. T.	1 00
207	J. A. N.	1 00
208	J. H. P.	1 00
209	J. A. R.	1 00
210	S. A. R.	1 00
211	T. B.	1 00
212	J. M. T.	1 00
213	J. A. N.	1 00
214	J. H. P.	1 00
215	J. A. R.	1 00
Total.		\$69 34

Our remarks upon this table will suffice for most of the points we need to notice.

It will be seen that before the names of subscribers are the figures 1, 2, 3, 4. L. J. S. is preceded by the figure 1. All the envelopes handed to him are therefore marked thus, "No. 1." The second subscriber's envelopes, for a like reason, are marked "No. 2," and so of the rest to the end of the list, according to their respective places in the list.

In No. 12, it will be noticed, "Con" is written for contribution. Some persons insist upon not letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth in the duty of supporting the ministry. They, therefore, insist upon dropping what they "feel to give" without envelopes or subscription. But that class of persons must not have the credit of contributing \$2.90 shown for the quarter in the table. It is more likely that at least three-quarters of that sum was contributions, for no individual account can be kept. Some persons have attempted to raise the money for their expenses by the weekly offering, without subscriptions. We believe that mode proves a failure universally. The correct principle seems to be this: That to meet definite weekly expenses, there should be an equally definite and reliable basis.

The figures, 4, 11, 18, &c., under the names of the months, denote the days of the month upon which the Sabbath falls.

If the reader will now give his attention to the figures 1 and 2, he will notice that L. J. S. and Mrs. S., his wife, paid each their weekly subscription every week, rain or shine. L. J. S. is a hard-working mechanic. He finds it much easier to pay out of his moderate wages a half-dollar weekly than to pay \$6.50 at the end of the quarter, yes, easier than to pay \$5 at the

end of the quarter. On any other plan of subscribing he would not think it possible to pay more than \$5 a quarter, a difference of \$6 a year less than his present subscription. His wife, we will suppose, saves a trifle over four cents a day in marketing and shopping, and is thus able to pay twenty-five cents a week into the treasury of the Lord. It will thus be perceived, that daily she is conscious of devoting something to the Lord. Who shall say that influence is not equal in sustaining spiritual life to the influence of daily prayer? What a power the church would be in this world if each Christian were conscious in the same measure of so sanctifying an influence! Notice that \$9.75 a quarter of the two subscriptions, is at the rate of \$39 in the year. With such a spirit, and in such a system, what place is there in all our land that needs be destitute of preaching? With such conditions, how many pastors might be spared the pain of living at "a poor dying rate?" The writer is most happy to say that it is his pleasure to minister to more than one such family, and he believes that the weekly offerings system has a natural tendency to lead families to this praiseworthy consecration of their means, and, if of their means, of their lives.

But we must pass more rapidly. G. N., No. 3, it will be seen, failed, for some reason, to pay his subscription on the last Sabbath of January; but he makes it up the next Sabbath. See, however, he then had to pay two dollars instead of one to keep his score even. Perhaps he had been ill the Sabbath before, and then the double offering accorded with the gratitude of his heart for being able once more to go up to the house of God. If he had been absent unnecessarily, (which, however, is not supposable in this case,) the double offering might, in some measure, make him more conscious of his neglect. The reader does not see Mrs. G. N. at No. 4, though it is lower down in the lists than here shows. We think it a matter of importance for the different members of the families to present their respective offerings as we have already hinted when speaking of children.

J. M. T., No. 4, is manifestly punctual, and towards the close of the quarter, you see that "change is easier." T. S., No. 5, overpays, and, moreover, he is probably better acquainted with the preacher's urgency for money, than some, as he pays before it is due, rather than after. He seems to be one of the few thoughtful men who thinks he can better be deficient one dollar than the minister can a dozen. If such a man expects to be absent a Sabbath, he pays beforehand, rather than to have the treasury suffer by his absence.

I. A. N., No. 6, presents a new case. He makes no subscription, but consents to take the envelopes, promising to pay something. You see he paid \$5 on the 22d of February. The weekly offering is often found to do well with these cases, exceedingly well. You see it saves the work of making out bills, almost entirely, and, likewise, the work of collecting. How many weary hours of disagreeable labor it saves some persons in this way! How much easier for each person thus to carry his dues to the church than to impose the thankless task upon two or three to collect them, whether quarterly, monthly, or yearly.

J. H. P., No. 7, is a punctual payer of his subscription, and you perceive in his payments something of the state of the currency. He is a very hard-working blacksmith, and he once made a remark about the weekly offering worth repeating. He observed that he had been accustomed, before the introduction of this system, to pay \$10 a year, and that he felt that more in the way of a burden than he does his fifty cents a week, or \$26 a year.

Judging from the record before the reader, he would be likely to infer that the next three subscribers are not very punctual in payment, but we know they generally are, and, perhaps, they advanced something on the preceding quarter, which is paid off by the present apparent deficit. The next subscriber, you perceive, quite overpays this quarter; either by way of getting in advance of his subscription, or making his deficit in the accounts of the preceding quarter.

Why not now and then overpay? Is there no such thing as a thank offering for unexpected prosperity?

Here is a good place to mention, that in England, the custom is when the next to the last Sabbath of the quarter is reached, to have the pastor read a notice from the pulpit to the effect that "next Sabbath closes the quarter and that it is desirable that each subscriber make his payment balance his subscription, before entering upon the new quarter." The writer can say that he knows such a notice has a charming effect. He has tried the notice and he has tried silence, and the difference is much more marked than he supposed it would be.

We will further observe at this point, experience in England has shown that it proves serviceable there to send to each delinquent subscriber, after the quarter closes, a printed notice with the blanks filled, stating the amount of the deficit and further suggesting if for any providential reason the subscriber is unable to keep up his subscription, the committee are ready to cancel the past, and would be happy to receive any lower subscription adapted to the change in the subscriber's circumstances. This is meant in kindness and so taken, and not unfrequently prevents the bad appearance upon the books, and the worse effect upon character, which result from permitting the old subscription to run on unpaid.

You see the eleven subscribers promise a weekly sum of \$4.75. By adding together the weekly amounts paid, found at the foot of the columns, you find for the quarter the sum of \$69.34. Adding together individual quarterly amounts found in the extreme right hand column, you have the same, \$69.34, and thus prove the correctness of your accounts. If you divide this \$69.34 by thirteen, you have in the quotient the weekly amount paid upon average, and in this case it is a trifle larger than the amount promised. This is probably better than the rest of the subscription, but we presume that in many cases the amounts not subscribed, which come in, will quite make up for the deficits on the part of subscribers.

The reader will readily distinguish between our remarks made upon knowledge of facts beyond what appears in the table, and those suggested by the table itself. In the table all the subscribers promise either a dollar, a half, or a quarter of a dollar, each. The thirteenth subscriber in our list, however, promised only six cents a week, but paid considerably more. It often turns out that those subscribing humbly, pay more than they promise. If any of our readers undertake this plan of subscription, or any other, we hope you will be fortunate enough to get none of the "Do Nothings" on your list, that is, we wish you had better fortune than has fallen to ourselves.

In case pews are let, it is still a great gain to have the money deposited quarterly or monthly, if not weekly, in the boxes in envelopes marked by numbers, as we have shown. Suppose pews are \$20 each a year, persons taking them will usually consent to deposit half a dollar a week, or \$26 dollars a year. It often proves that those who propose to pay by the month or the quarter, soon form the better habit of weekly payments, as they become convinced that is the better way. Men of abundant means had better set this good example for their less fortunate neighbors. If any church prefer it, of course, the envelopes can be gathered by passing collection boxes in the usual way of taking collection around to the pews. In this case you can dispense with the stationary boxes. We know some practice this way in this country, but most congregations prefer the quiet way of stationary boxes.

The mode in which the writer introduced this system into his congregation is briefly as follows: On the Sabbath he preached upon the general duty of supporting the Gospel, enforcing as best he could the benefit and blessing of "paying as you go," the benefit and blessing of a system by which each one may contribute his share, however much or little, irrespective of the price of pews; explained the Weekly Offering in detail; and invited the congregation to come together

on Monday evening following to consider the subject, either to adopt or reject the plan. On the Monday evening additional explanations were given in answer to inquiries. The system was unanimously adopted; about every one present made subscriptions; a committee to solicit subscriptions was appointed.

In England they have small envelopes with "Weekly Offering" printed upon them. Hitherto the common drug envelop has been used in this country, the expense for it being about one dollar a thousand. At present we presume they cost a trifle more.

The Rev. O. T. Moulton, pastor of the Free-will Baptist church in Saco, Maine, who was one of the first to adopt this system, has procured large printed cards for the purpose of framing, to suspend at convenient places about the entrance of the sanctuary. These cards, printed in characters so large that he that runneth may read, briefly explain this system in the following terms:—

"THE WEEKLY OFFERING.—The worship of God in this house is sustained according to 1 Corinthians 16:2. *Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by in him store, as God hath prospered him.*"

HOW ALL CAN AID IN THE GOOD WORK.

1. Call on the sexton for a package of envelopes, which you will find are numbered, and subscribe a specific amount weekly.

2. Enclose in one of these envelopes, each week, the amount subscribed weekly, seal it, and on the Sabbath, deposit it in the WEEKLY OFFERING BOX, at the door of the audience room.

3. If from any cause, you fail to pay weekly, (or if you prefer to include the whole at longer intervals,) enclose the whole amount due, in a single envelop and deposit as above.

N. B. The number, name, and amount subscribed by each person are passed to the WEEKLY OFFERING RECORD, where the date and amount of each person are faithfully credited.

GENERAL RULES.

1. 'Every one' is solicited to contribute *something*.

2. Every one is asked to 'give as God has prospered him.'

3. Your offerings bring with a right good will, Which makes the banquet sweeter still.

2 Cor. ix., 6, 7.

These cards essentially aid in the introduction of this plan. Our brother will forward them, prepaid, by mail to those who apply for them at the simple expense of the paper and printing, only ten cents for a single card and five cents for each additional card sent at the same time.

Many of our pastors, even in churches abundantly able, are not adequately supported. They are not able to procure the books which are absolutely necessary for their own intellectual improvement, which is so necessary to enable them to present the requisite variety and strength of thought for the growth of their churches in spiritual things. This state of things results more from want of system than from want of disposition to do better. Many of the pastors themselves are, no doubt, in fault for not presenting sufficiently the duty of not consecrating property to the Lord, and in not devising ways of collecting for missions and other causes, what their people under the pastor's influence are willing to give. In this way even the spontaneous Christian liberality, so far from being developed into a settled principle, is stunted, and finally, amidst increasing cares and worldliness, it disappears. The want of consecrating property truly and heartily to the Lord is to-day the bane of the church. Souls by millions perish through this crying sin. Pastors and people are hastening to a fearful account.

One of the chief hindrances in the way of the pastor when he attempts to bring his people to the duty of sustaining missions, and other causes away from home, is the fact that his own people are usually in arrears on the pastor's salary and other home demands. His very best men fear for the cause at home if anything is attempted for the cause abroad. Thus every benevolent effort is checked from time to time, till from increasing penuriosities the dreaded evils actually fall upon the church.

In the weaker churches, especially such as demand and receive aid from the Home Missionary Society, there is often the same lack of system in raising funds for home purposes, and in some

cases they lift their hands in holy horror, if they are asked to impart as well as to receive. There is a danger that such churches fall into mendicancy, which in the common citizen is usually the worst crime. In church matters, it operates to stint the contributions of the churches best able to give, if the feeble churches fail to help themselves to the utmost, and quite as much, if they fail to share the burden of sustaining the denominational causes.

Another great evil resulting from the causes alluded to, is the fact that usually our truly benevolent friends are greatly over-burdened and frequently fail or weary under their burdens. This of course results chiefly from the negligence of those who do nothing because they can do but little. If these fragments might be gathered up, the treasury of the Lord might be full, at least not empty.

We most earnestly commend to the attention of all pastors the system we have so imperfectly delineated. We believe, upon reflection, you can present this system as sanctioned by the Scriptures, from which you may draw innumerable arguments and illustrations to commend it to the attention of your people. From experience and observation we heartily believe, that in this way, you may most efficiently aid your people "to pay as they go." Their hearts are thus made light, and even filled with joy, when they find they can so easily to themselves throw off what they have hitherto dreaded as an intolerable burden. As a result your people will become more liberal both in salary and donations for the support of the Gospel at home. They will more readily and heartily, as well as liberally, co-operate with you in sustaining the denominational causes. Those who have hitherto excused themselves from doing anything, on the ground of poverty, will pay respectable sums; they will grow in enterprise and worldly thrift as well as in grace. They may even shame into respectability some of those pests of religious society, *rich, stingy professors of religion*, and thus at home save souls as much in danger of hell fire as the souls of the ignorant, degraded heathen. By salvation at home we have the wherewithal to send salvation abroad.

[Extracts from a sermon by Rev. E. Purdon, Eng.]

Napoleon III. and his Schemes.

Forty-seven years ago, after the battle of Waterloo, a shout of triumph was raised by universal Europe—by the world. Napoleon was put down, and universal tyranny was set up in his place. Thirty tyrants were pleasanter than one. No wonder if the world rejoiced! And we ourselves contracted a debt of £700,000,000 to bring about this horrible result. "How are the mighty fallen!" We passed a decree, like that of the Medes and Persians—no member of the Napoleon family shall ever sit upon the throne of France. We gloried in our wars, and even in our national debt, because they had excluded a Napoleon from the French throne forever. Orators and historians were never weary of the theme. But pride shall have a fall! * * *

Napoleon has risen again; and the scene of 1862 is more wonderful than the scenes of the old Napoleonic day. * * * Our wars, our public debt, our frenzy or hostility have ended in the recognition of a new Napoleon in every way more formidable than the First. Say what we will, there is but one name in the world—and that name is "Napoleon." It was so in 1802, and it is equally so now. * * *

We see one man with an immense army, which in a month can be raised to two millions of disciplined men. We see him possessed of a fleet the most powerful in the world, with one exception. Not satisfied with this, he exhausts every resource of genius and science to bring these terrible machines still nearer to perfection. His army is trained to a point never reached before by any host, either ancient or modern. His troops are taught to climb, to leap, to swim. They are taught that bayonet exercise which was formerly thought impossible. They are assembled in vast encampments, and manoeuvred on the scale of armies on the field of battle. They are kept under canvas on lofty hills, even in the midst of winter; and they endure all with-

out a murmur, for the Emperor comes down to their encampment and says, "You must endure these hardships for my sake, for my troops must be capable of everything." They bear it all for his sake, and they become hard as iron, and more efficient than the Roman legions. His navy, strong as it is, is to be made sevenfold stronger by the addition of the iron fleet. The iron fleet is the Emperor's own invention, and so vast is its power that it is said that one iron frigate is a match for six of unarmed timber.

In this same year we witness still stranger things than these. We see one man, thus all-armed and all-accomplished, completing the circumvallations of the globe. While he is perfecting his armaments, he is equally perfecting his lines. Beginning at Rome and Paris—the centres of empire—he is drawing a cordon around the world. France, Savoy, the Alps, Rome, Italy, Corsica, Sicily, Tunis, Greece, Ionia, Syria, Egypt. He crosses the Isthmus and enters the Red Sea. Abyssinia, Madagascar, Bourbon, Cochin, Cambodia, China follow next. He then plunges into the Southern Ocean, and grasps New Caledonia and Tahiti. He crosses right through the Southern Ocean, and ascends in latitude to Guinea, the French West Indies, Mexico and the United States. He then traverses the Atlantic and arrives at home, after the completion of a circle of 25,000 miles. He then throws out his connecting lines and draws in Spain and Morocco on the South, Denmark, Sweden and Holland on the North. He traverses the zones of the earth, from the south temperate zone to the Arctic Circle. Along this vast circumference every spot that we have named is subject to his influence—some by strict alliance, some by fear, some as provinces of his empire, and ALL by INTEREST. He calls to his aid the master passions of the human breast, ambition and revenge; and holds out to each its object until his own objects have been gained. In this immense circle each point is so arranged as to support the other. He disposes his alliance with military precision and by strategic rules. Every position that he has seized upon commands some vital point. Savoy commands Italy; Egypt commands the highway of the East; his American alliances command our own American possessions. Spain commands the Straits; Denmark the Baltic; New Caledonia is an outwork against Australia. Observe the military skill of these arrangements; there is nothing insulated, nothing left unsupported. And at each of these points he has a military or naval force, either his own or his ally's, ready at a signal to co-operate with the next.

Are these things merely accidental? Are they a childish display of power? They are parts of one vast scheme, the object of which is universal empire. Should he think fit to attack England, or Austria, or Prussia, or Turkey, or even to invade India, in every case he has provided himself with allies in the immediate vicinity of the country to be attacked. In one case the United States; in another Italy; in a third, Russia, Persia, and India beyond the Ganges. By this admirable provision he will never be alone, go where he will. And yet he has also arranged that no one of his allies shall be able to overshadow him, nor will any one at any given point be stronger than himself. He has their co-operation, while he precludes their combination, and makes all subservient to his interests, while they appear to be contending for their own. The aggregate strength of his allies is greater than that of France, yet France is stronger than any one of them at any determined point; so that he carries out with nations the military principles of the first Napoleon when dealing with armies.

Alexander, Caesar, and the first Napoleon were men of limited views. Their circle of empire fell far within the circle of the globe. Alexander wept for new worlds to conquer, but he never approached to the circumvallation even of the world on which he lived. Their ambition and their powers were limited by a Divine decree, because their destiny was not that of universal empire. But there is one man who is destined for universal empire,—a man whom raw beginners fancy to be identical with the Pope,

but whom all but raw beginners know to be the supplanter of the Pope.

Every nation in Europe is occupied at home—Russia with her serfs, Austria with Venetia and Hungary, Prussia with the Germanic question, England with her public debt and cruel taxation. France alone is free to act; for her army and fleet are all but completed, and her people have still ninety million pounds sterling, which they offered to the Emperor in 1859, and which they would offer again to-morrow at the first hint of war with England. France alone is free to act, and she alone is prepared at every point. The Napoleonic race is master of the age.

The Korven is rising from the bottom of the deep. The Midgard Serpent has embraced the world in his enormous folds. The stormy visions of the North are passing from imagination to reality. One powerful mind encompasses the globe. One will plays with the will of all mankind, as a giant with a dwarf. The world is invested like a beleagured city. It is bound by a chain whose links are empires. The last link of that chain is held by one inscrutable man. He waits his time. He prepares his opportunity. When the fit hour has come, he gathers up the links. In moving one he moves them all. He fixes the last link to his throne—compresses it with relentless hand—and the world becomes his slave.—*Prophetic Times.*

"The Poorer Class."

The objection raised by some against the present truth and its effects is, that only the poorer class embrace it. But instead of this being against the truth it is highly in its favor. The rich have rarely embraced the truth when it has been preached in its purity.

Jesus of Nazareth was a model preacher. His preaching, his blessings, and his promises were to the poor. "Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God." Luke 6:20. He was "anointed to preach the Gospel to the poor." When John Baptist would know whether he was the true Christ, the men were to tell John that, "To the poor the Gospel is preached."

If the rich heard him they were generally offended, but "the common people heard him gladly." When the rich man that had great possessions went away sorrowful, Jesus said unto his disciples, "A rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven." The kingdom is promised to the poor. Says the apostle James, "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom, which he hath promised to them that love him?" With this agree the words of Paul, "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound things which are mighty and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen." 1 Cor. 1:27-28.

As a general thing, the truth is too straight for the rich and the aristocrat—they are not willing to come down; also for the poor who are steeped in crime, and wallowing in their own filthiness—they are not willing to come up. It is the "common people," the worthy industrious, honest poor, that hear the truth gladly.

The popular churches of this day, like the Jewish church, can boast of their multitude of great and rich men; but the true church of Christ is a "little flock," chosen out of the worthy poor, or common people. These are the class that are willing to make the sacrifice, and give all for Christ. Occasionally those who are rich and proud, believe the truth and obey it; but the cases are still more rare where the very filthy and degraded of earth are ever corrected. Both extremes are bad, while the medium is the "good ground."

If persons are too proud, or like Martha of old, are ever careful, and troubled about many things, they must be corrected by the truth; if on the other hand, persons are lazy and filthy, there is but little hope that they will be corrected. Cleanliness is not pride, neither is filthiness humility. There is more hope of the industrious proud, than of the slack and lazy poor; but

in either case the life must be corrected by the Gospel. The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation. It has power to correct and save all; but the mass are not willing to reform. A remnant will be saved, because they receive the love of the truth. "The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the holy One of Israel." Praise the Lord, for such a Gospel, and for such a hope.



ADVENT HERALD.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1863.

JOSEPH LITCH, EDITOR.

Readers of the *Herald* are most earnestly besought to give it room in their prayers; that by means of it God may be honored and his truth advanced; also, that it may be conducted in faith and love, with sobriety of judgment and discernment of the truth, in nothing carried away into error, or hasty speech, or sharp, unbrotherly dispute.

The Outgoing and Incoming Administrations.

The *Prophetic Times*, published by Z. W. Herbert, 112 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, among a variety of other able and excellent articles in the July number, has one from the pen of R. N., on the "Judgment of the Righteous," some extracts from which will appropriately introduce our present number. While there is much in the article from which we quote, to which we most heartily assent, there are some points which we think should be made more clear before they are received as established truth. After declaring his conviction that the coming of Christ will be personal, he says:

"He must come in person to take out of the way all things that oppose the establishment of his kingdom. And when he comes, the scene of judgment will commence,—the first act in the grand drama of the judgment will be performed.

And this brings us to the second division of our subject, namely: what will be the several scenes or stages in the progress of this judgment? Much confusion has arisen in relation to this subject, from the habit, which many have fallen into, of thinking of the future advent of Christ, and of the judgment connected with it, as though they were but the events of a single, ordinary day. They take it in at one thought, and are in the habit of looking forward to it, as though it were one individual act. But this is a very erroneous way of thinking. There are many great events which are spoken of historically in the same way, but we find that though they are mentioned merely as one great act, yet the development of each consisted of various acts in detail, occupying a considerable portion of time. Thus, when we refer to our own Revolution, we speak of it as one event; and yet how multitudinous were the scenes wrought into the seven long years of conflict which made up that Revolution! So we speak of the Reformation as though it were but a single act; and yet we know it was a very complicated movement, stretched out over a long course of years. In the same way we speak of the first Advent of Christ, as if there were but one act connected with it, instead of which we know that it extended over a period of more than thirty years. And so also, when we speak of that Advent of our Lord which is yet future, and of the judgment connected with it, we should remember that though it will be one great crisis to the world, yet it is to be developed in the same way as other great historical and prophetic events. And though it has not pleased God to give us any systematic, detailed plan of all that will then take place, yet it has pleased him to give us considerable information on many points. There are at least three great scenes or acts in the stupendous drama of the judgment clearly defined in Scripture, and entirely distinct from each other. These are the judgment of the righteous, both dead and living, i. e. of the whole company of Christ's ransomed people, from Abel down to those living on the earth at the time of his appearing. This is the first great stage in the judgment. After this, and entirely distinct from it, will be the judgment of the nations then living on the earth, and out of whom will be chosen those who are to inhabit the earth during the millennial reign, and be the subjects of that kingdom over which Christ and his resurrection people will exercise dominion. This is the judgment described in the parable of the sheep and the goats, in the 25th chapter of Matthew, where only living nations are spoken of as being judged, and no mention is made of any of the dead appearing before the Judge."

This expresses in general our view of the order of events at the second advent of Christ and the judgment; but we think the closing paragraph needs a review. The writer says:—"After this, and entirely distinct from it, will be the judgment of the nations then living on the earth, and out of whom will be chosen those who are to inhabit the earth during the millennial reign, and be the subject of

that kingdom over which Christ and his resurrection people will exercise dominion. This is the judgment described in the parable of the sheep and the goats in the 25th chapter of Matthew, where only living nations are spoken of as being judged."

We agree with the writer that after the resurrection of the just and change of living saints, will come the judgment of the living nations. But we cannot see so clearly that the 25th chapter of Matthew teaches that out of the nations left behind, when Christ takes away the righteous, living and dead, will be chosen those who shall inhabit the earth during the millennial reign.

1. The promise has been standing on record ever since the days of David, when he wrote the 37th Psalm, renewed by our Saviour in his sermon on the Mount, to "the meek," "the righteous," "the upright," of all ages of the past that they shall "inherit the earth" and "dwell therein forever," and "delight themselves in the abundance of peace." "When the wicked are cut off thou shalt see it."

We cannot believe otherwise than that all the meek who have rested in this promise, like Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and died without receiving the promises, and yet died in the faith, will realize them at the resurrection of the just.

2. The parable of the sheep and goats, Matt. 25: 31-46, teaches, if language can teach it, the division of all nations assembled before the Judge, into two classes. Those on the right are to inherit the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world; which we understand to be the earth in its perfect state; and that in entering on the inheritance of it they are to enter "eternal life." And these, we are told, are the righteous. While those on the left are to go away into eternal punishment, into the everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.

3. We understand "eternal life" to be the portion of all believers in Christ, of this, and all past dispensations; what Christ has promised, John 10th, to give to all his sheep. "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand."

But if we are mistaken, and the righteous who are to inherit eternal life, and the kingdom of heaven, are after all a class of people, who are not in Christ at his coming, it is a sad mistake under which the whole church has been laboring so many centuries.

4. Is it not to the poor in spirit, of this dispensation, to whom Christ made the promise, Matt. 5: 3, "Yours is the kingdom of heaven?" Or is it a class who shall live on earth at Christ's second advent, who never were poor in spirit till after that second advent?

Is it not those who are "persecuted for righteousness sake," under this dispensation, to whom he said, "Yours is the kingdom of heaven?" Matt. 5: 10. Does not the expounding angel say to Daniel, 7: 18, after showing him the fall of the empires of earth, "But the saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom and possess the kingdom forever, even forever and ever?" Again; can any but glorified and immortal saints inherit the kingdom of God, unless the apostle Paul is greatly mistaken when he says:—"This I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed; in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump. For the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed?" We find ourselves unable to reconcile this declaration with the theory of R. N., that the sheep who are invited, Matt. 25th, to inherit that kingdom, and shall enter into life eternal, are a class of men in mortal flesh. But yet his theory and application of that parable seems to us essential to the millennial theory.

If asked for our explanation of the parable of the sheep and goats, we frankly answer that there are points in it which are not entirely clear to our own mind. But we regard it as a mixed parable; that is, its statements are partly literal and partly parabolical. The nations, "all nations," we regard as literal: the comparison of the shepherd's work of gathering and separating his sheep and goats, we regard as parabolical, representing the process of dividing the righteous and wicked of earth, not by gathering them all in one place, but by their all beholding him as distinctly as if they were gathered in one assembly where he is enthroned. The process of separation is by changing all his living people and taking them to meet him in the air. Thus "one shall be taken and another left." Those taken are the righteous who shall enter "into life eternal;" and those left, are the wicked, who shall depart into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.

Indiana has sent 102,798 troops into the field since the war began.

Bengel on the Apocalypse.

John Albert Bengel was born in Germany, in 1687. He became an eminent minister of the Gospel, and was especially distinguished for his exposition of the book of Revelation. No author, perhaps, of his age, was so fully impressed with the importance of understanding that book as himself. It was his writing, principally, which interested John Wesley in the study and explanation of the same book. Indeed, Wesley's views, especially his calculations on the prophetic periods of the book, are little more than a transcript of Bengel's more elaborate work. It was from this source he was led to adopt 1836 as the time for the commencement of the millennium. Believing that our readers cannot fail to be interested in his delineation of events that should precede the coming of Christ, we shall make from time to time copious extracts for the *Herald*.

Some may ask, If his calculation of the prophetic times were so erroneous, why should we trouble ourselves with his writings? This will perhaps be best answered by hearing what he had to say on this subject. His reasoning is so much to the point that we wish our readers to have it before them.

"The Great Tribulation, which the primitive church looked for from the future Antichrist, is not arrived, but is very near; for the predictions of the Apocalypse, from the tenth to the fourteenth chapter, have been fulfilling for many centuries; and the principal point stands clearer and clearer in view, that within another hundred years, the great expected change of things may take place. Even though within the next five years the beast's chronological number should still remain unexpired, such a failure in our apocalyptic calculations is no more than the crack of a pane in the window of a large edifice. Still let the remainder stand, especially the great termination which I anticipate for 1836. Let the periods intervening issue as they may—they are only the wool of my system, not the warp; the latter is good, though the former, I am well aware, has its defects. On every point I do not insist with equal assurance; but I lay the total, such as it is, before the public; and let posterity consider it for themselves—correcting some parts, and confirming others, as experience of fulfillment shall direct. I have long made up my mind as to my explanations of the Apocalypse,—that they will seem to have come to nothing, soon after I am dead, and that my very name, as one of its expositors, will fall into disrepute,—nevertheless, a time will arrive when the truth of my allegations will be recognized with the seal of public approval.

Should the year 1836 pass away without any such remarkable change in public affairs as I have anticipated, some fundamental mistake in the arrangement of my system must be sought after. Should even my exposition of the prophetic periods in general be ultimately found erroneous, still my practical application of the matters of those periods will stand good and be serviceable; and not less valuable in its place will be found, I trust, my exhibition of the structure of the Apocalypse; indeed, I cannot help thinking that the two inquiries, namely, into the structure of the subject-matters, and into the determination of the periods, serve materially to illustrate each other. And my province is not so much to declare future events, as to display the relative bearings of the apocalyptic system. Perhaps I could tell the world more plainly than I am disposed to do, in what manner a variety of future events will turn out; yes, how they will shape themselves in the course of the next century; as also how they will succeed one another. But men have warnings adequate to all necessary purposes; quite as adequate as if the events were rightly computed to an exact period or year.

I have watched the condition of our times, and am convinced that the art of political government is forming more and more methodically into a system from which all holy fear concerning the judgment of God is meant to be carefully excluded. And here, indeed, we outdo the ancients. Their governments had their religions, however false. Among ourselves also prevail sins, which the prophet complains of as respecting Sodom; namely, pride, luxury, indolence, and contempt of inferiors. Those of lower ranks, who can by any means keep pace with the higher, are permitted to come up with them; and this permission is imagined to atone for everything else. Surely we cannot feel at home in such a world as we now find it; at best it is but as an inn upon the road; and the summons, "Arise, and depart, for this is not your rest, because it is polluted," surely cannot be unwelcome, when it comes. For folly is practised exceedingly in our own days; because it is taken for granted that we can know nothing about futurity; and because, to superficial beholders of God's providence, all is at present uncertainty and suspense; but when the great breaking up shall begin, what things are there of an awful and important kind that may not be expected to follow one another in quick succession?"

THE PNEUMATIC DISPATCH COMPANY.—This company, which has carried Her Majesty's mails through a part of the city of London for the last five months, proves to be such a decided success that contracts have been made for an extension of the line. The new tube will be fifty-four inches in diameter, and two and a half miles in length. Thirty trains per day have been run with perfect regularity, and this number can be indefinitely increased, without any appreciable difference in expense. In the experiments made, 172 trains were run in a day, each train averaging a ton and a half in weight, though they might have been loaded much heavier. The expense of conveying them was equal to 1 1-2d per ton.

Care of Furs and Woolens.

We are pretty well satisfied from long experience, that there is no efficacy in camphor, tobacco, drugs, or even cedar closets and chests, in protecting furs and woolen stuffs against the moths. They only lull us into a fancied security, to wake up to find our most valued furs and clothes ruined by this mischievous little insect.

To preserve these articles with entire safety, shake them thoroughly, in order that any moth already in them may be dislodged; then place them in close cotton or linen bags, and tie the bags as closely as possible, to exclude the miller, and there will be no danger from moth. There need be no special place to hang the bags. Wardrobe, closet, or garret, wherever you please, is all the same. Old newspapers, entirely without fractures, will answer just as well in which to wrap up furs and woolens; but they must be pasted together as to leave no place for the entrance of the millers.

Will housekeepers please to keep this, and abandon all their other methods of protection against moths?

Strength of Wire Rope.

Some experiments, important to all persons engaged in the manufacture of wire ropes, or who may be accustomed to use them, have recently been made, and the results communicated to the Institute of Mining Engineers. The conclusions arrived at are, that half the strength of the rope is lost in heating the wire; that the ordinary joint is much weaker than any other portion of the rope; that if a flat rope is well spliced it is not weakened thereby, but if the workmanship is bad, it loses from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. of its strength. In either event, the experiments show that a round wire rope spliced became thirteen per cent. weaker than before. Round steel wire rope will bear more than double the weight required to break iron wire rope of similar diameter.

New Publication.

"THE VOICE OF GOD, and the Fathers and Founders of the Church on the Reign of Christ." Eight pages. A new tract, published by the American Millennial Association, 46 1-2 Kneeland Street, Boston. Price 2 cents single; \$1 50 per hundred. Postage two cents for each four ounces, or fraction of four ounces. We think the postage will be six cents a hundred, or two cents per dozen. Send in your orders.

DEATH OF A CELEBRATED INDIAN PRINCESS.—The mother of the Maharajah Duleep Singh—a Princess who in her time played a terrible part in India—died a short time ago in London. The Maharajah is a Christian, and has settled down, leading the life of an English gentleman. The deceased Sultana kept to her old faith down to the time of her death, and was so particular about everything relating to caste that she steadily refused to eat when her Christian son happened to be on the same carpet with herself, and had a separate establishment of Indians, who attended to her table and everything connected with it. She was the woman whom the English robbed of the celebrated Koh-i-noor diamond. In early life her morals were bad.

COST OF A CAMP-MEETING.—The correspondent of the Providence Post on the Vineyard, a careful arithmetician, has made a calculation that the pecuniary cost of the camp-meeting of 1860, run up to the astonishing figure of \$109,000.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

Summary of War News.

Accounts from Charleston are up to Thursday last. The Morris Island batteries of Gen. Gillmore had nearly used up Fort Sumter, which would probably be either abandoned or surrendered by the rebels within a day or two. The attack on Fort Sumter was commenced on Monday morning. The Monitor fleet, aided by the wooden fleet, attacked Forts Wagner and Gregg with great fury, silencing the former and almost silencing the latter, thus enabling the shore batteries to play on Sumter. The monitors Patapsco and Passaic went within 1400 yards of Sumter and played into it, causing considerable havoc. A shot from Wagner broke a piece of the interior lining of the monitor Catskill, when within 150 yards of that fort, the piece striking the heads of Commodore Rodgers and Paymaster Woodbury, instantly killing both of them. These were the only persons injured. The fall of Charleston is generally anticipated by the rebel papers at the South. The army of the Potomac will probably act on the defensive until news of the fall of Charleston is received.

Notwithstanding his presence on the Rappahannock, Gen. Lee is said to be organizing secretly an army of reserve, the location of which will be either Winchester or some place in the Shenandoah Valley. This army, to which all the conscripts passing through Richmond are directed, will be forty thousand strong. Their mission is not yet known, although it is generally believed that it will have an independent organization and a particular task to

CORRESPONDENCE.



In this department, articles are solicited, on the general subject of the Advent, from friends of the Herald, over their own signatures, irrespective of the particular views which it defends. Views of correspondents not dissented from, are not necessarily to be considered as editorially endorsed. Correspondents are expected to avoid all personalities, and to study Christian courtesy in all references to views and persons. Any departure from this should be regarded as disintitling the writer to any reply. Christian and gentlemanly discussion will be in order; but not needless, unkind, or uncourteous controversy.

The Second Death—No. 5.

Brother Litch.—In your reply to me in the Herald of July 21st, what you say in regard to the word "devour," somewhat surprises me. The reason is this: You say, "But devour is an ambiguous word," &c.; and then you seem compelled to go entirely to the Old Testament,—to Jer. 50: 17, to find a passage which would sustain you in your assertion. I will now examine the New Testament and see if the word "devour," as used in Rev. 20: 9, is "ambiguous!"

The Greek word rendered devour in Rev. 20: 9, is *kataphago*: and is found elsewhere in the New Testament but eight times. In order to prove whether this word devour is "ambiguous" or not, I will now give every case where the word is found in the New Testament. "And the fowls came and devoured them up." (Matt. 13: 4.) "And the fowls of the air came and devoured it up." (Mark 4: 4.) "And the fowls of the air devoured it." (Luke 8: 5.) "Thy son . . . hath devoured thy living with harlots," &c. (Luke 15: 30.) "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." (John 2: 17.) "Take it, and eat it up." (Rev. 10: 9.) "I took the little book . . . and ate it up." (10th verse.) "And the dragon stood . . . to devour the child." (Rev. 12: 4.) Now it is plain that in all these passages the meaning is, "to eat up, to waste, to consume."

Who, then, can say, that this word "devour," as from *kataphago*, "is an ambiguous word?" Your theory, Brother Editor, in relation to the doom of the wicked, seems to compel you to say that the word devour "is an ambiguous" one; for if your theory be right, then this word devour should have the sense of preserve! instead of to eat up, to waste, to consume!

Is it not a fearful thing to charge the God of the Bible with using "ambiguous words" when revealing to man the doom that awaits him as a sinner? Under such circumstances will God use words in a second sense, or ambiguously? May I not with propriety again repeat, "Why cannot our brother be satisfied to teach the sinner his doom just in God's words, and not insinuate as though God had spoken to us on the subject of the 'second death' in 'ambiguous words'?"

I now come to an important part of your reply to me, where you say: "We do intend to say that the words 'forever and ever,' used by John in the book of Revelation, expresses as unmistakably as words can do it, the eternity of the subject to which they refer. Rev. 11: 15—He shall reign forever and ever; Rev. 12: 5—And they shall reign forever and ever." These are instances of its use, and can mean nothing else than an eternal reign."

Surely these passages you have quoted do mean an eternal reign. No one doubts this, I should hope. But you add: "When the same words are applied to the wicked, the enemies of God, and their torment, and it takes its departure from the time when the final subjection of the devil and his hosts takes place, after the millennial period is closed and the eternal cycles have begun, what limitation is there or can there be to the period used to express duration, as in Rev. 20: 10?" This, Brother Editor, is just the point I wish to meet: "What limitation is there or can there be to this period" when applied to the wicked? This question I propose to answer most fully. That "forever and ever" sometimes means an eternal period, will not be questioned by me. We know this to be true. But the point at issue between us now is this: Does the phrase "forever and ever," ever have a limited signification? If so, when, and where? The Greek adjective *aionion*, which some contend always refers to a period of an endless duration, is certainly once used to express a limited period, as found in Philémon, 15th verse: "That thou shouldst receive him FOREVER." This "forever," or *aionion*, would make rather a short ETERNITY, would it not?

What, then, is the true meaning of the terms "forever," "forever and ever," "everlasting," and "eternal?" These words are all, as found in the

Bible, either from the Hebrew *le-oulom* or *olam*, or from the Greek *aion* and its derivatives, or different forms. In the Old Testament, the phrase "forever" is limited in the following passages: Exod. 12: 14, 17; 21: 6; Numb. 10: 8; Deut. 15: 7; 2 Kings, 5: 27; Psalms, 79: 13; Isa. 32: 14, 15; Jer. 17: 4; Jonah 2: 6. Now, these "forevers" relate to periods which would make rather short eternities! For Jonah's "forever" was only "three days!" The jubilee "forever" "fifty years!" Judah's "forever" in captivity in Babylon, "seventy years!" The phrase "everlasting" is also limited in the following passages: Gen. 9: 16; 49: 26; Exod. 40: 15; Numb. 25: 13; Hab. 3: 6. These *everlastings* are to have no end! One is limited by, "while the earth remaineth," or "seedtime and harvest" remains; another by the time when the "hills" shall melt; another by the Jewish "priesthood," or "throughout their generations;" and the other until the "mountains" will be "scattered." We shall also find "forever and ever" limited in Psalms, 119: 44; 145: 1, 2; Isa. 30: 8; 34: 10; Micah 4: 5. The two first are limited to King David's LIFETIME; the third to what was written "in a table" and noted "in a book;" the fourth "from generation to generation;" and the last is limited to the time when "many nations" shall "walk in the name of the Lord," &c.

I will now examine the New Testament. The word "forever" is also limited in the New Testament in the following passages: John 14: 16; Phil. 15, and 2 John 2. And these "forevers" must be limited to this life. The one in Philémon 15th, is especially applied to Philemon's natural life, while he should receive "Onesimus," not as a servant, but as "a brother beloved." And what is worthy of particular note is this: The "forever" in this place is from the Greek *aionion*, precisely the same word as is rendered "everlasting," and "eternal," as found in Matt. 25: 46.

T. M. PREBLE.

Concord, N. H., July 27, 1863.

[To be continued.]

Answer.

We are highly gratified with our correspondent's present number, and receive it as a full remuneration for what we were, throughout this discussion, disposed to regard as a disposition to evade the main questions or points involved, and quibble about words which could never settle the controversy. But we are happy to find in No. 5, a disposition to meet the main points, and we trust he will continue in the same track till we close.

1. He takes up the word devour. We said that the word devour is ambiguous. This he regards with surprise. He thinks—so we gather from his remarks—that it invariably means to extinguish; and that God will not use an ambiguous word in expressing the final doom of man. But has he not shown clearly that the word is used to express less than extinction even in the New Testament? "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." In what sense is *kataphago* used here? Clearly not in the sense of extinction, but to be swallowed up or entirely devoted in zeal for the house of God. So, also, in our illustrative passage from Jer. 50: 17—"The King of Assyria hath devoured him," that is, has gathered and carried him into captivity in Assyria; for that is what he had done to Israel. If the word devour does ever mean extinguish, it also means something less than that; and is, therefore, after all ambiguous. It is used in the Bible to express the simple idea of killing, without otherwise affecting the body. Lev. 10: 2—"There went out fire from the Lord, and devoured them; and they died before the Lord." After being thus devoured so that they died, their cousins "went near, and carried them in their coats out of the camp." Lev. 10: 5. A fowl devours the grain simply by swallowing it whole. So we understand that a fiery tornado will come from heaven and gather up, as the king of Assyria did Israel, the enemies of Christ, and cast them into the lake of fire, where the threatened torment will be experienced. And if we have been successful in comprehending our correspondent's views, it is in substance his opinion also. For he does not think the descent of the fire is to kill or extinguish them; but the fire after it becomes a lake. The torment which they will experience, we are therefore agreed, will be in the lake of fire.

Our two points of disagreement as we now understand it, are, first, the origin of the lake of fire, and second, the duration of the torment. He takes the position that the lake of fire is caused by the storm or descent of the fire from heaven—while we maintain that the same lake exists at least a thousand years before the fire descends; and that the beast and false prophet are there a thousand years before the devil and wicked men are cast in. (Rev. 19: 20; 21: 10.) (The duration of that torment is, therefore, the only real question left. And to this he has addressed himself in a manner worthy of the subject, that is, in a direct form.

In reference to this point we would here remark, that he seems to have forgotten in the latter part of his article, his objection of the former part, to going to the Old Testament for proof or illustration; and has given us a long list of Old Testament texts. So, also, he seems to have forgotten his surprise at our remark on the ambiguity of words, and proceeds to prove to us that the words "forever," and "forever and ever," are ambiguous, although they relate to the doom of man. We admit, and have never denied, that "forever" is often used in the New Testament as well as Old, for limited duration. So far we are agreed.

But we deny that *eis tons aionas toon aionoon*, is ever used in the New Testament in any other sense than eternal duration, "forever and ever." It can be shown clearly in every case of the use of "forever and ever" in the Old Testament, whether it is limited or unlimited, by the subject or connection in which it stands. But it cannot be shown in the New Testament that in one single instance it must be understood as expressive of limited duration. We are glad to learn that our correspondent has resolved and promised to meet this point most fully; and hence it is that we state our point again in as plain a form as we know how.

The words forever and ever are used in the New Testament in a form unmistakably to mean "eternal duration." Our correspondent acknowledges this, and says, "No one will deny it." Here, again, we are agreed.

We assert that in no one case of its use in the New Testament, can it be clearly proved to mean anything else. The burden of proof is on him! In all his list of quotations of the use of "forever," he does not attempt to meet this case; and forever is not in dispute. That he may have the passages of its occurrence before him we give them. Gal. 1: 5; Phil. 4: 20; 1 Tim. 1: 17; 2 Tim. 4: 18; Heb. 1: 8; 13: 21; 1 Peter 4: 11; 5: 11; 2 Peter 3: 18; Rev. 1: 6; 4: 9, 10; 5: 13, 14; 7: 12; 10: 6; 11: 15; 14: 11; 15: 7; 19: 3; 20: 10; 22: 5.

Thus we find the phrase used twenty-two times in the New Testament, and not one of these instances can be proved to mean less than duration without end. We trust every reader will trace these references and decide for himself whether the *usus loquendi* of "forever and ever," in the New Testament, is not abundantly settled.

The commencement of the "forever and ever," *eis tons aionas toon aionoon*, literally, to the eternities of the eternals, or to the eternal ages of the eternities, of the torment of God's enemies is after the millennium is ended, after the devil's last assault is over and defeated; and after all the cycles of time are ended and the eternal ages are introduced. What termination to this forever and ever will there be? It is not, "They be tormented awhile and their torment cease;" "forever and ever;" but, "They shall be tormented forever and ever."

We believe our correspondent has done the best that mortal man can do on his side of the question; but we shall see how much better he can do in his next. Eb.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Progress in Palestine.

A correspondent of the Work of the Christian Church, writing from Jerusalem, last March, thus describes the remarkable change which has taken place in that country during the past thirty years:

When the first Protestant missionaries visited Palestine they were obliged to submit to many restrictions which nobody thinks of at the present time. The Mohammedan power, proudly overestimated by the followers of the false prophet, though weak in itself, was strong enough to keep in subjection the native Christians as well as the Jews, and exclude foreign intervention. All the native Christians are subjects of the Porte, and also most of the Sephardim—the Spanish Jews—who have lived for centuries in Turkey. No representation or protection of the European powers were then witnessed in Palestine, and long and tedious was the recourse to Constantinople. The pashas had to pay such large sums of money before they could hope to obtain the pashalics, that it appeared to them a matter of course, after having got the appointment, to extort as much money as possible from their subjects. This was done the more eagerly, as they knew well that probably after a few years the high functionaries at Constantinople would wish to have the fee of entry renewed by some other good friends, and that, consequently, they themselves would be recalled. Thus, if they did not succeed in filling their treasury to the utmost, the undertaking might turn out a loss instead of a gain. Fully to understand the responsibility which rests upon the government of a people, it is enough to come to Turkey to see the fearful moral ravages caused by the corruption of the local authorities.

The peasants of the country would fain have labored to cultivate the fruitful soil, but for the sad prospect of having taken from them all their profit. To the native Christians the influence of the convents was some protection. Unfortunately, the hatred and contempt of these Christians towards the poor Jews made their condition more miserable. So strong is the feeling among these so-called Christians, that they are bound to revenge the cruelty of the Jews to our Savior, that it would be far more dangerous for a Jew to enter the court of the Sepulchre than for a native Christian to visit the Mosque of a Mohammedan.

The convents of the country, the great convents of Jerusalem, had to pay a considerable annual tribute to the government, whence the old saying:—"If we have not the holy fire, (that great scandal on Saturday before Easter,) we shall have no pilgrims, and if we have no pilgrims who bring us their money from distant lands, how shall we satisfy the thirst of the government?"

For a series of centuries this has been the state of the country; but now what a remarkable change has taken place!

Besides the Protestant's bishopric, the missionaries and all their various institutions, there are the consuls of all the chief powers of Europe residing at Jerusalem and having their agents throughout the country. The material profit, the old inhabitants of the city derive from these new residents is too evident not to make them willingly submit to the respect paid to the foreign element.

The people now know well that the Moslem power is not the only one; that there is a great and sufficient protection given by the representatives of the European powers. As France has always been the legal protector of the Latin Convents, more or less efficient according to the circumstances of Europe and the sympathies of her rulers; and as the Emperor of Russia has been considered to be the protector of the Greek church; so the Protestants are sheltered under the English and Prussian flags. The former unjust oppression cannot be carried on so openly and so unblushingly, and the Jews also enjoy greater liberty since the European influence has spread.

Instead of hatred and contempt, the Protestants show a sincere interest in the welfare of the Jews, and although these remain, as a body, the most bigoted Jews of the world to this day, and although the prophet's predictions of a trembling heart, failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind, of their eating of bread with carefulness, and their drinking of water with astonishment, are truly applicable still, yet a good many have found salvation in the Lord Jesus Christ, and let me add, most even of those who remain in a hostile position toward Christianity have experienced more or less of the power of that truth which shakes their talmudical traditions and superstitions, and dispels their dream of security.

This remark concerning unbelieving Israel as now under the influence of the Gospel truth set before them, is even more applicable to the native Christians of Palestine. As among the Jews, a hospital and schools have been erected for counteracting the influence of the English institutions, so have there also been among the Greek, Latin and Armenians. What a cheering testimony it is to the powerful agency of the word of God, as it is disseminated in the many Protestant schools, that so soon as the enemies of the truth have become awakened to the danger of losing their ground, they have felt themselves necessitated to follow the example, however much they might have been opposed to the opening of schools for teaching the children the word of God. It is through the indirect influence of missionary work that the Bible is now read and taught in many schools of the Oriental churches, besides the direct benefit of bringing over many from the darkness of superstition and idolatry to the light of the Gospel.

For many centuries the people of the East have seen Christianity only in disfiguration and deformity. What if now we can succeed in setting before them a true form of Christianity—the pure Christian worship, connected with the testimony of Christian conduct in words and deeds? The practice of the Oriental churches had always been revolting to the Moslems, as well as the Jews, and yet it supplied the only idea they form of the Christian church.

I may state that some months ago, two youths of the very first Effendi families of Jerusalem prepared in secret for leaving their home and abandoning their Mohammedan faith. They went to Malta to embrace Christianity; and heart-cheering is the report from Malta College concerning their diligence, good conduct and zeal.

ICEBERGS ON THE COAST.—The captain of a Bremen bark which arrived at New York lately, reports that he passed several icebergs on the 5th inst., on the southern edge of Newfoundland banks. The sudden fall of temperature on the 16th was probably owing, in part, to this cause.

Power of Augustine's Preaching.

Augustine was one of those preachers whose power can never be estimated by their written discourses. We want to see the man and hear his voice, to witness the fascination of his manner and the flash of his eye. Who could form any adequate conception of Whitefield by the mere perusal of one of his printed sermons? That Augustine had great skill and power as a preacher, is evident from the effects which he occasionally produced. Two instances of this kind he has himself recorded.

There was a custom among the people of Caesarea, in Mauritania, which had been carried to a monstrous pitch of cruelty. At a particular season of the year, citizens, neighbors, brothers, parents, and children, having formed themselves into parties, engaged for some days in battle with stones, each one killing whom he could. Augustine's object was to draw off the people from a spectacle in which they took very great delight. He has given us his discourse on this occasion. He tells us, however, that he availed himself, as far as he was able, of the grand in eloquence, and not without some success. After he had addressed the people for a while in this way, they began to speak aloud and applaud him. He was too well acquainted, however, with the human heart, to suppose that he had effected anything substantial, so long as they amused themselves with giving him applause. He therefore proceeded in a different strain, and soon saw them melting into tears. He then concluded that a change had in reality taken place in them, and that the horrid custom, which had been handed down to them from their heathen state, would be abolished. "Nor was I," he added, "disappointed; for it is now eight years since, and no attempt has yet been made to renew it."

As to the last instance mentioned, it seems that the African churches—and that at Hippo, among the rest—had long been accustomed to celebrate the birthdays of certain saints, and in the end had so perverted them, that they were made occasions of feasting and drunkenness. And, what made the matter more intolerable, these disgraceful celebrations were held in the churches. Augustine early determined to put an end to them, at least in his own church, and in a long letter to Alypius, he tells us how skillfully and faithfully he managed, and with what entire success. He had been for sometime preparing his people for the change, by reading and expounding to them the most appropriate Scriptures. On the day preceding one of these celebrations, he told them plainly, if they dared to condemn the great things which had been spoken to them in the name of God, that He would surely visit their transgressions with a rod, and their iniquity with stripes, even in the present life.

"While I thus addressed them," said he, "and made my complaints, the Spirit of God seemed to impart to me courage and strength, according to the magnitude and danger of the enterprise. I did not move their tears by mine; but when I was done speaking, I confess that I was unable to refrain. Having thus wept together for a while, with a strong expectation of their amendment, I brought my address to a close."

On the following day, when they were accustomed to prepare for this disgraceful festivity, some were inclined to murmur and ask: "Why now? Our fathers who lived before us, and who were wont to engage in these festivities, were not they Christians?" To these men, and to all those who sympathized with them, Augustine replied: "Say not, *Why now?* but rather, *Even now.* Yes, now, after so long a time, break off this disgraceful practice, and honor the holy martyrs in a manner more appropriate and edifying." The practice, the preacher goes on to tell us, was effectually broken up.—*Princeton Review.*

Strong Character.

Strength of character consists of two things; power of will, and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore for its existence: strong feelings, and strong command over them. Now it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake; because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we may call him a "strong man." The truth is, that he is the weak man; it is his passions, that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak.

You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand, as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial

remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet retain himself, and forgive—these are the strong men.

Little Gifts.

How dear to the heart of the receiver are little wayside kindnesses, especially to the hearts of children. Who cannot remember in his own childhood some bounding of the heart at an unexpected favor of this description? How happy the possession of some trifling gift made us for days together, and that by no means in proportion to its intrinsic value. Children do not weigh all their possessions with silver and gold in the other scale. What a pity they learn to so soon! A lady said that one of the pleasantest memories her childhood, was of resting one day on a grassy bank, when a fair hand was reached out from a window just above her, and a sweet voice said, "Would you like some strawberries, little girl?" at the same time placing a handful of very large ones in her lap. She never forgot the thrill of childish delight which that little gift, accompanied by the loving tones, gave to her heart. Strawberries could never taste like those a second time in her life. Ah, there is a hidden tablet in every child's bosom in which things are noted down. I think it good praise of a faithful pastor I know of, that a little girl who cannot speak his name always calls him, "That man that likes me."

It is such an easy thing to give to a child a handful of cherries, a cluster of grapes, a peach from your trees, when you have such possessions. It may often give a sunny gleam to some life not over bright with blessings, and the reflex influence is equally great. A trifling expense will always keep on hand a few sweet picture cards with hymns, and little bright covered reward books, for gifts to children, which will make the bright eyes sparkle with pleasure, and bind the tender hearts to you very closely. They will convey in a pleasing form instructions that may be forever a blessing to the soul. I may forget what I read yesterday, but the little Sabbath school book I read when I was six or seven years old is graven in steel on the page of memory. So, too, of the little kindnesses we receive in childhood; and whatever else we forget, we shall doubtless remember them.

Big Trees of Great Age.

The Boston Journal says there are now standing, in a thrifty condition, on a piece of pasture land owned by Mr. Samuel D. Ward, at Waverly, in Massachusetts, about a dozen white oaks, which are undoubtedly, taken as a collection, the largest trees in the State. One of the measures, at the distance of about six feet from the ground, sixteen feet in circumference, while the "spread," or shade of the branches, is not less than one hundred and two feet in diameter. Some four years since, one of the trees (and at that time the largest) was blown over, having become unsound at the heart. The trunk of that one is described as having been a perfect "Eddystone lighthouse" in form, and the top was remarkable for its symmetry and for the quantity of solid timber in its branching limbs. Dr. Estes Howe, of Cambridge, gives it as his opinion, that these trees are from five hundred to one thousand years of age. Near the field in which these oaks stand is an elm, which is thought to be the largest and finest in Middlesex county. The big elm on Boston common is quite a shrub in comparison with it.

Printing without Ink.

A gentleman, a large capitalist, and one of the most successful inventors of the day, has succeeded in chemically treating the pulp, during the process of manufacturing printing paper, in such a manner that when the paper is impressed upon the uninked types, the chemical particles are crushed, and a perfect black impression is the result. The advantage sought to be obtained is the discarding of ink and rollers; and by revolutionizing printing machinery, and printing from a continuous roll of paper, it is calculated that the time occupied in impressing large quantities of paper will be nominal in comparison to the requirements of the present day. Cleanliness in the printing office would thus become proverbial, and the time now wasted in making and distributing the rollers obviated. We have been assisting this gentleman in some parts of his experiment, and further information is withheld, at his own request, until letters patent shall be obtained.—*London Typographical Advertiser.*

A favorite cat, having been shut up for six weeks in the drawing-room of a gentleman at Glasgow, who had gone to the sea-side, was found alive at the end of that time, but died shortly after. It had subsisted entirely on brown paper, and the gold ornaments of a mirror.

Written for the Advent Herald.

To My Sister, Rosella B. Preston:

Who died at Bolton, C. E., May 3, 1863.

Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Thy words we never more shall hear,
Till Jesus comes, who hath bereft us,
Then thy voice our hearts shall cheer.

We part, but part to meet in glory;
We there shall meet to part no more;
We'll meet beyond the reach of sorrow,
When Jesus doth all things restore.

O! happy era, day of gladness!
Let it haste, my heart responds;
When earth's sorrow and earth's sadness
Shall flee away, and death be gone.

O! Saviour, come, our hearts desire;
Come raise the dead, the living change;
O! come and reign with all thy power,
On earth, and bring thy people home.

We long to meet the pure and holy
In a land of joy and peace,
And there greet our dearest sister,
Who now lies in silent sleep.

Yes, we long to see the Saviour,
And to hear the trumpet sound,
Calling from the grave the righteous,
To receive a glorious crown.

Then we'll rise and meet our loved ones,
And again return to earth,
Never more by death be parted,
Since we've gained our angel birth.

Magog, C. E.

Mrs. NAOMI COLBURN.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHITTEN'S GOLDEN SALVE is a step by way of progress in the healing art. It is adapted to all the purposes of a family Salve. It effectually cures piles, wounds, bruises, sprains, cuts, chilblains, corns, burns, fever-sores, scrofulous humors, erysipelas, salt-rheum, king's evil, rheumatism, spinal difficulties, chafings in warm weather, &c. &c., and is believed by many experienced and competent judges to be the best combination of medicinal ingredients for external inflammatory difficulties that has ever been produced. Many of the best physicians of the various schools use it and also recommend it. Every farmer should have it for horses; for the cure of scratches, sprains, chafings, &c., and also for "scalds" on cows. It cures felons. It cures warts.

THE GOLDEN SALVE—A GREAT HEALING REMEDY.—It is with much pleasure we announce the advent of this new article in our city, which has met with such signal success in Lowell, where it is made, that the papers have teemed with cases of truly marvelous cures. They chronicle one where the life of a lady was recently saved—a case of broken breast; another where the life of a child was saved—a case of chafing; another of a lady whose face was much disfigured by scrofulous humor, which was brought to a healthy action in a few days; also another of an old man, who had a sore on his foot for twenty years—cured in a few weeks. Our citizens will not be slow in getting at it merits, and will herald it over the land.—*Boston Herald.*

From Mr. Morris Fuller, of North Creek, N. Y.: "I and your Golden Salve to be good for everything that I have tried it for. Among other things for which I have used it, is a bad case of 'scald head' of our little girl as effect in this case was also favorable."

We like your Golden Salve very much in this place. Among other things I knew a lady who was cured of a very bad case of sore eyes. Walter S. Plummer, Lake Village, N. H.

Mrs. Glover, East Merrimack street, Lowell, was cured of a bad case of piles by the use of one box of the Salve. Mr. Farrington, a wealthy merchant, and manufacturer in Lowell, was relieved of piles which had afflicted him for many years, and remarked to a friend that it was worth \$100 a box for piles.

Miss Harriet Morrill, of East Kingston, N. H., says: "I have been afflicted with piles for over twenty years. The last seven years I have been a great sufferer. And though never expect to be well, yet to be relieved as I am from day to day by the use of your Golden Salve, fills my heart with gratitude."

From Mr. J. O. Merriam, Tewksbury, Mass.: "I have a large milk farm. I have used a great deal of your Golden Salve for sore teats on my cows. I have used many other kinds of salve. Yours is the best I ever saw. I have also used it for sprains and scratches on my horses. It cures them in a short time. I recommend it to all who keep cows or horses."

From Dr. Geo. Pierce, Lowell: "Your Golden Salve is good. It will have a great sale."

"I received a wound in my foot by a rusty nail; by reason of which I could not set my foot to the floor for two weeks. The pain was excruciating. When your Golden Salve was applied, it relieved the pain in a short time, and two and a half boxes of it wrought a perfect cure."—Mrs. Lucinda A. Swain, Merideth Centre, N. H.

Mr. H. L. W. Roberts, Editor of Marion Intelligencer, Marion, Ill., says: "Every person that uses the Golden Salve testifies favorably." He has also published a list of names in his paper, of persons cured of wounds, sores, humors, rheumatism, &c., and gives the public reference to them; who, he says, are among the first citizens of the place.

Boston, July 12, 1859. Bro. Whitten: I have used your Golden Salve in my family, and I am acquainted with a large number of families also who have used it; and I have reason to believe that it is really what you recommend it to be.

From Dr. W. S. Campbell, New Britain, Conn.: "Your Golden Salve is a great thing for chilblains. I have also used it in afflicting cases of salt rheum, erysipelas, and sore nipples. Its effect was: speedy and permanent cure."

Dr. Bliss, of Brunswick, Me., says: "I have several friends who have been cured of scrofulous humors by the Golden Salve. You may recommend it from me as a valuable Salve."

Made only by O. P. Whitten, No. 35 and 37 East Merrimack street, Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists, and at country stores. Price 25 cts. per box, or \$2 per dozen.

I want good, reliable, persevering agents to canvass in all parts of the United States and Canada. A large discount will be made to agents. Aug 15—pd to Jan 1'63 For sale at this office.

DANIEL CAMPBELL,

GENERAL AGENT.

P. O. address, Carlisle, C. W.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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AYER'S SARSAPARILLA,
THE WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY
FOR

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS DISEASES.

From Emory Edes, a well-known merchant of Oxford, Maine.

"I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community."

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers, Sores, and all Diseases of the Skin.
From Rev. Robt. Stratton, Bristol, England.

"I only do my duty to you and the public, when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your SARSAPARILLA. My daughter, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in her ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to cure until we tried your SARSAPARILLA. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known and much-esteemed lady of Dennisville, Cape May Co., N. J.

"My daughter has suffered for a year past with a scrofulous eruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried your SARSAPARILLA, which soon completely cured her."

From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely-known firm of Gage, Murray, & Co., manufacturers of enamelled papers in Nashua, N. H.

"I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became an intolerable affliction. I tried almost everything a man could of both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever, until I took your SARSAPARILLA. It immediately made my face worse, as you told me it might for a time; but in a few weeks the new skin began to form under the blotches, and continued until my face is as smooth as anybody's, and I am without any symptoms of the disease that I know of. I enjoy perfect health, and without a doubt owe it to your SARSAPARILLA."

Erysipelas—General Debility—Purify the Blood.

From Dr. Robt. Savin, Houston St., N. Y.

DR. AYER: I seldom fail to remove Eruptions and Scrofulous Sores by the persevering use of your SARSAPARILLA, and I have just now cured an attack of Malignant Erysipelas with it. No alternative we possess equals the SARSAPARILLA you have supplied to the profession as well as to the people."

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Wakeham, Ohio.

"For twelve years I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds of dollars' worth of medicines. The ulcers were so bad that the cords became visible, and the doctors decided that my arm must be amputated. I began taking your SARSAPARILLA. Took two bottles, and some of your PILLS. Together they have cured me. I am now as well and sound as anybody. Being in a public place, my case is known to everybody in this community, and excites the wonder of all."

From Hon. Henry Monroe, M. P. P., of Newcastle, C. W., a leading member of the Canadian Parliament.

"I have used your SARSAPARILLA in my family, for general debility, and for purifying the blood, with very beneficial results, and feel confidence in commending it to the afflicted."

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.

From Harvey Sickler, Esq., the able editor of the *Tunkhannock Democrat*, Pennsylvania.

"Our only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead. They rapidly spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and actually blinded his eyes for some days. A skillful physician applied nitrate of silver and other remedies, without any apparent effect. For fifteen days we guarded his hands, lest with them he should tear open the festering and corrupt wound which covered his whole face. Having tried every thing else we had any hope from, we began giving your SARSAPARILLA, and applying the iodide of potash lotion, as you direct. The sore began to heal when we had given the first bottle, and was well when we had finished the second. The child's eyelashes, which had come out, grew again, and he is now as healthy and fair as any other. The whole neighborhood predicted that the child must die."

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

From Dr. Hiram Sloat, of St. Louis, Missouri.

"I find your SARSAPARILLA a more effectual remedy for the secondary symptoms of Syphilis, both of the primary and secondary type, and effectual in some cases that were too obstinate to yield to other remedies. I do not know what we can employ with more certainty of success, where a powerful alterative is required."

From A. J. French, M. D., an eminent physician of Lawrence, Mass., who is a prominent member of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

DR. AYER—My dear Sir: I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent remedy for Syphilis, both of the primary and secondary type, and effectual in some cases that were too obstinate to yield to other remedies. I do not know what we can employ with more certainty of success, where a powerful alterative is required."

Mr. Chas. S. Van Allen, of New Brunswick, N. J., had dreadful ulcers on his legs, caused by the abuse of mercury, or mercurial disease, which grew more and more aggravated for years, in spite of every remedy or treatment that could be applied, until the persevering use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA relieved him. Few cases can be found more inveterate and distressing than this, and it took several dozen bottles to cure him.

Leucorrhœa, Whites, Female Weakness,

are generally produced by internal Scrofulous Ulceration, and are very often cured by the alterative effect of this SARSAPARILLA. Some cases require, however, in aid of the SARSAPARILLA, the skillful application of local remedies.

From the well-known and widely-celebrated Dr. Jacob Morrill, of Cincinnati.

"I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent alterative in diseases of females. Many cases of irregularity, Leucorrhœa, Internal Ulceration, and local debility, arising from the scrofulous diathesis, have yielded to it, and there are few that do not, when its effect is properly aided by local treatment."

A lady, unwilling to allow the publication of her name, writes:

"My daughter and myself have been cured of a very debilitating Leucorrhœa of long standing, by two bottles of your SARSAPARILLA."

Rheumatism Gout, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia Heart Disease Neuralgia,
when caused by Scrofula in the system, are rapidly cured by this EXT SARSAPARILLA.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

possess so many advantages over the other purgatives in the market, and their superior virtues are so universally known, that we need not do more than to assure the public their quality is maintained equal to the best it ever has been and that they may be depended on to do all that they have ever done.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, M. D., & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"FEED MY LAMBS."—John 21:15.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1863.

Waiting for Pa.

Three little forms in the twilight gray,
Scanning the shadows across the way;
Six little eyes—four black, two blue—
Brimful of love, and happiness, too,
Watching for pa.

May, with her placid and thoughtful brow,
Gentle face beaming with smiles just now;
Willie, the rogue, so loving and gay,
Stealing sly kisses from sister May,
Watching for pa.

Nellie, with ringlets of sunny hue,
Cosily nestled between the two,
Pressing her cheek to the window pane,
Wishing the absent one home again,
Watching for pa.

Oh! how they gaze at the passers-by;
"He's coming at last!" they gaily cry:
"Try again, my pets!" exclaims mamma,
And Nellie adds, "There's the twilight star
Watching for pa."

Jack nods and smiles, as with busy feet
He lights the lamps of their quiet street.
That sweet little group he knows full well,
May, and Willie, with golden-haired Nell,
Watching for pa.

Soon joyous shouts from the window-seat,
And eager patter of childish feet,
Gay musical chimes ring through the hall,
A manly voice responds to the call,
"Welcome, papa."—*Child at Home.*

Chickens coming Home to Roost.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

Many years ago, a poor boy was walking one of the many crooked streets of Boston, on his way to the printing office. He was an apprentice in that office, without friends or home, or any one to care for him. He had met with some rebuff that day, and felt discouraged. There was no one to cheer him when he tried to do well, and many to blame him when he did not try. As he slowly moved towards his place of work, an old gentleman met him and spoke to him.

"Is your name Samuel?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your father's name was John—was it not?"

"It was, sir; but he is dead."

"Is your mother not living?"

"No, sir."

"Well, are you alone in the world, without friends or property?"

"I have neither, sir."

"Nor have I many or much. But let me say, Samuel, that you can do well without either. You have a young heart, strong limbs, good health, and you have only to earn a good character, and you will be a man. It is all in your own power. You can make yourself just what you choose to be. I have watched you and noticed that you are sober, and industrious, and have too much self-respect to go in bad company. Continue to do so, and you will be all that you want to be. Remember, my boy, that your character is in your own keeping. God bless you!"

The old man passed on, and so did the apprentice. They never met again. But those words of kindness, and approbation, and cheer sank down deep into the heart of the boy. They gave him new hope and courage. And from that day he began to develop more character, and more that was manly. Faithfully he served out the time of his apprenticeship, though often he had not a whole shirt to his back.

I met him years after this, when he was in business for himself, printing and a bookstore. He was then very diligent in business, careful and frugal of expenses. He had an industry that never tired, and would often publish great works that no other man dared touch.

Years passed away, and he had become a man—had risen in wealth and influence till he was mayor of the city in which he

resided, and was the acting governor of the proud State that gave him birth. And on these high places he was not giddy, but was the same pains-taking man that he had ever been—universally respected and greatly honored.

One day he met a young man who was qualified for a valuable office under the United States Government, but he had no friends to aid him.

"Whose son are you?" asked the mayor.

"The son of ———," was the answer.

"Was old Mr. ——— your grandfather?"

"Yes, sir."

"I remember him well. He it was who gave me kind words of encouragement when I needed them most. I attribute most of my success in life to those few words that dropped from his lips. Young man, if in my power, you shall have the office, out of gratitude to your grandfather!"

Away posted the mayor to Washington, and soon returned with the appointment in his pocket. He used to say it was the only office he ever really sought.

How little do men know the power of kind words, especially words of encouragement! The good old man had no thought that what he was saying would produce so much of character in the poor apprentice, and still less did he dream that he was weaving a cloth of gold for a grandchild then unborn!

Words seem a small affair, but they carry a mighty power. And such deeds of sympathy are like casting bread upon the waters—sure to be found after many days. My reader may do to-day what will carry a blessing through generations.—*S. S. Times.*

Wonders of Kentucky.

The geological formation of Kentucky is singular. Ponds with no visible inlet or outlet, are very frequent. Holes in the ground, called "sink-holes," are very common, and some of these lead to the great caves which abound in that region. Boys pick up loadstone from the ground at most any point, and surveyors are often troubled from this cause.

Sink-holes often extend into the earth from ten to three hundred feet, with sometimes a spring or small stream at the bottom. Two of these near Mumfordsville excite a great deal of curiosity. One, on an eminence called Frenchman's Knob, has been descended two hundred and seventy feet without discovering any indications of a bottom. Another, near the town, some seventy-five feet in diameter at the top, inclines like a funnel to the depth of thirty feet. At this point is an aperture, twelve feet in diameter, leading to unknown depths below. A stone cast in, returns no sound indicative of having found bottom.

Near the same place is a spring that rises some twelve inches at noon every day, with as great regularity as the sun passes the zenith.

Wrong Words.

Lay and *lie* are words often not rightly used. "He *laid* there," is wrong; but "he *lay* there," is right. "I *laid* down," is wrong; "I *laid* it down," is right; so is "I *laid* me or myself down." "Let it *lay* there," is wrong; but "let it *lie* there," is right. To *lay*, or *laying*, is a verb, and means the act of depositing a thing in a certain place. When the thing is there, it is not *laying*, but *lying*. "He was *laying* in bed all night," is wrong. He was not *laying* but *lying* in bed.

The words *there were*, are often prefixed to sentences where they ought to be omitted, as "*There were* many people

said." This is wrong. Omit those two words, and you will say, "Many people said," &c.

The words *intrenchments* and *innuendo* are almost universally misspelled in the newspapers, and even in many books; they are commonly spelled *entrenchments* and *inuendo*. They are not to be found in the dictionaries in the latter form. *Enquire* also is more properly spelled *inquire*.

Lesson in Composition.

Dr. Murray pursued his collegiate course at Williamstown, during the presidency of that acute and accomplished critic, Rev. Dr. Griffin. In his fourth year he was brought into more immediate contact with the venerable president, whose duty it was to examine and criticise the written exercises of the graduating class. Dr. Murray, when a young man, and even down to the day of his last illness, wrote a free, round and beautiful hand, and his exercise at this time, which was to undergo the scrutiny of his venerated preceptor, had been prepared with uncommon neatness and accuracy. Dr. Griffin was accustomed to use a quill pen with a very broad nib. Introduced into his august presence, young Murray with becoming diffidence presented his elegantly written piece for the ordeal. The discerning eye of the president passed quickly over the first sentence, and with a benignant look he turned to his pupil, and said in his peculiar way:

"Murray, what do you mean by this first sentence?"

Murray answered blushing, "I mean so and so, sir."

"Then say so, Murray," and at the same time drew his pen through line after line, striking out about one-third of it.

Having carefully read the next sentence, the venerable critic again inquired:

"Murray, what do you mean by this?"

He tremblingly replied, "Doctor, I mean so and so."

"Please just say so," striking out again about one half of the beautifully written page.

In this way, with his broad nib, (which made no clean mark,) he proceeded to deface the nice clean paper of the young collegian, so that at the close of the exercise, the erasures nearly equalled all that remained of his carefully written manuscript.

This trying scene was not lost upon young Murray. He considered it one of the most important events of his college course. It taught him to think and write concisely; and when he had anything to say, to say it in a simple direct and intelligible manner.

Indeed, much that distinguished him as one of our most vigorous and pointed writers, may be attributed to that early lesson, "Say so, Murray."

Doing Good by Sympathy.

A poor widow, the mother of two children, used to call on them at the close of each day, for the report of the good they had done. One night the oldest hesitated in her reply to her mother's question.

"What kindness have you shown?"

"I don't know mother."

The mother, touched with the tone of her answer, resolved to unravel the mystery; and the little sensitive thing, when reassured, went on to say:

"Going to school this morning, I found little Annie G., who had been absent some days, crying very hard. I asked her what made her cry so, which made her cry more, so that I could not help leaning my head on her neck and crying too. Then her sobs grew less and less, till she told me of her baby brother, whom she nursed so long and loved so much, how he had

sickened, grew pale and thin, writhing with pain until he died, and then they put him from her forever. Mother, she told me this; and then she hid her face in her book, and cried as if her heart would break. Mother, I could not help putting my face on the other page of the book and crying too as hard as she did. After we had cried together a long time, she hugged me and kissed me, telling me I had done her good. Mother, I don't know how I did her good, for I only cried with her. That is all I can tell, for I can't tell how I did her good."

Funeral Ceremonies in India.

When the Hindoo is dead, his body is laid on a bier; he is carried usually to the sea or river, where the funeral pile is ready prepared. His face is exposed. Over the corpse is thrown a white cloth, on which many flowers are strown.

Before the body is taken to be burnt, it is anointed with ghee, or clarified butter. Arrived at the side of the water, the nearest relation sets fire to the pile, which is soon in a blaze. It takes three hundred pounds weight of wood to consume the body of an adult.

The ceremonies are numerous, and a description of them would fill a chapter. The ashes are afterwards thrown into the river, or sea, and more ceremonies go on called Shradhu, which consists of rites for the repose of the soul of the departed; it is strictly attended to, and often costs a great deal of money, the priests often receiving very handsome presents from the relations.

The Stars and Stripes.

The stars and stripes were unfurled the first time at Saratoga, at the surrender of Burgoyne. The battle of Bunker Hill was fought under a red flag, bearing the motto "Come if you dare!" But on the 14th of June, 1777, the Continental Congress, resolved, "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be thirteen stars, white, on a blue field, representing a new constellation;" and January 13th, 1794, it was enacted, "that on and after the 1st of May, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be fifteen stars." This was the national flag during the war of 1812. On the 4th of April, 1818, the flag was again altered to thirteen stripes, and one star for every State in the Union.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "HUMBAG."—This now common expression is a corruption of the word "Hamburgh," and originated in the following manner:—During a period when war prevailed on the Continent, so many false reports and lying bulletins were fabricated at Hamburgh, that at length, when any one would signify his disbelief of any statement, he would say, "You had that from Hamburgh;" and thus, "That is Hamburgh," or "Humbag," became a common expression of incredulity.

VASTNESS OF A TRILLION.—Not a trillion of seconds has elapsed since the creation of Adam, nor will that number have elapsed until February 1st, in the year of our Lord 25,825! for in a trillion of seconds there are 31,687 years, 32 days, 1 hour, 46 minutes and 40 seconds.

Prayer.

Ere the morning's busy ray
Call you to your work away;
Ere the silent evening close
Your wearied eye in sweet repose,
To lift your heart and voice in prayer
Be your first and latest care.

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To whom remittances for the Association, and communications for the Herald, should be addressed.

Letters on business, simply, marked on envelope "For Office," will receive prompt attention.

JOSIAH LITCH,
J. M. ORROCK,
R. R. KNOWLES,

Committee on Publication.

[For Terms, &c., see 7th page.]

Written for the Advent Herald.

Foreign Correspondence.

LEEDS, England, July 30, 1863.

Dear Brother Litch,—It is a long time since I wrote to the Herald, and it seems as though I ought to send you a few lines to let you know that you are not forgotten in this distant part of the Lord's vineyard. It poor Brother Bliss were alive, I should feel called upon to apologize for my long silence; under present circumstances I will only say that my silence is much more attributable to pre-engagements and lack of time, than to any want of disposition to write for the Herald. In fact I have had topics revolving in my mind at various times which I have intended committing to paper, but could find no opportunity.

Will you permit me to say, although the allusion may seem too long delayed, that I felt very acutely the loss of our dear Brother Bliss. Even at this distance from you I still feel that the cause has sustained a serious shock by his removal, and can only regard it as a most melancholy event so far as our limited perceptions can discover. He stood nobly forth as the champion of the Advent cause; and without parading himself, or seeking prominence or fame, he honorably sustained a prominent position in the forefront of the ranks and in the thickest of the fight; and by arduous, persevering and incessant toil, characterized alike by ability and magnanimity, he fought the battle of truth with calmness and success. It required no extraordinary penetration for a stranger to perceive that Brother Bliss occupied a very critical and difficult position, seeing the variety of mind he had to cater for, and the varied opposition he had to meet from friends and foes. But his work is done; and I trust he will one day have the unspeakable joy of hearing his Master's plaudit, "Well, done, good and faithful servant." Let those who remain strive to fill up the gap, and each in his measure supply what is lacking.

In this locality we have been favored, as might be expected, with the presence of Dr. Hutchinson, during his visit to this country. Being a Yorkshire man, and having previously been in Leeds, he was heartily welcomed to this town. His visits here have been very acceptable and useful, and he has been able publicly and privately to set forth our hope advantageously. He has been most kindly received by our friends, and has felt pretty much at home here. But alas! it is affecting to look upon him. A quarter of a century ago he left his native land in the bloom of youth; now he returns shorn of vigor and voice, with a shattered constitution, little better than a wreck! How different in energy and endurance even to what

he was when he visited his fatherland seventeen years ago! Our hearts are pained to contemplate the change. He has improved a little, however, since he arrived on our shores, and we hope his visit to this country will prove beneficial to his health. It affords us gratification to say that we have derived considerable consolation and encouragement by his teachings; and while he has succeeded in "strengthening the things that remain," he has also given an impetus to the cause in this vicinity, and been instrumental in holding forth the word of life, and giving it a consistent and harmonious exposition, in the hearing of parties whom we could not reach.

A touching scene was witnessed when we met to bid the doctor farewell. It was a happy yet a painful parting. In anticipation of soon leaving the land of his fathers and of his childhood—a land he loves so well—of bidding adieu to his widowed mother, and dear sisters, and relatives, and parting forever in this world with many, many kind friends, he was quite broken down, and elicited the warm and earnest sympathy of all present on that memorable occasion. Our best wishes and sincere prayers accompany him to Canada, where we trust he will find repose and joy in the midst of his family that will more than recompense his present sorrow and pain.

But Hutchinson was publicly requested to convey our fraternal regards to the Advent brethren in America, and especially to make the same known at your next annual conference—and to assure them of our kindly feelings towards them, also of our sympathy with their efforts and trials, and our appreciation of their devotedness, perseverance and faithfulness.

May the God of wisdom and grace direct and sustain you, my dear brother, in conducting the Herald, and raise up friends and means to support it to the end. It may encourage you to know, though my opinion is of very trifling weight, that you have my heartfelt sympathy and fullest confidence in the position you have been called upon to fill; and I think this is pretty much the feeling of the Advent brethren here. With best wishes for your peace and prosperity, and with brotherly love to all of like precious faith, I am, yours very truly,

C. A. THORP.

P. S. Since writing the above I have heard from Brother Hutchinson, and it seems at present uncertain whether he will return home this summer or not.

C. A. T.

Christ the Shepherd of his Ministers.

How weak the best Christian is when God leaves him for a while to himself! See Peter saying, "Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both into prison and to death," and then so soon denying his Master with oaths. Christ sometimes leads his ministers like children, by the hand, even as his ministers are accustomed to lead those who are just commencing to walk in the narrow way. The under shepherds have a Shepherd too; the same Shepherd as the sheep over whom they watch. Christ's care is over all the sheep of his great fold, and sometimes the leaders of the flocks need to be nourished like the tenderest lambs. Blessed be the great Shepherd's name, for his constant providence over all, and for his gracious voice heard by all.

Though Christ gives to his under-shepherds the food of heaven, and sends them forth to feed his sheep, yet he too feeds every one himself. He calls every one of his sheep by name. They all know his voice and follow him. The under-shepherds know that they too are sheep, and nothing gives them greater joy than this, that Jesus is their Shepherd. That psalm of Israel's shepherd king, the 23d psalm, is as sweet to the under-shepherds as it is to any of the sheep of the flocks they feed.

Minister of Christ, is Christ your shepherd? While you lead others, are you led by his hand? While you feed others, are you fed by him?

You that go forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed your kids beside the shepherd's tent, have you any Shepherd but the under-shepherd? Are you led and fed by the great and good Shepherd of all? All that any minister can do is to lead to Christ.—S. S. Times.

Written for the Advent Herald.

Life Unending.

Once again the muffled bell
Ringeth forth its notes to tell
That another loved one's taken,
That again loved ties are broken;
That fondly cherished hopes are blasted,
Hopes so clung to while life lasted.

Thick and fast the pale winged arrows
Fall around us, and our sorrows
Thickening, as succeeding morrows
Dawn upon us, and life narrows
As the moments quickly fly,
Bringing swift the by and by.

Here we drop the parting tear,
As the fondly loved, and dear,
Weigh their anchors for that shore,
Whither have passed the loved of yore;
But we know this ever changing
Brings to some a life unending.

Immortality and Youth—
O, blissful hope! O, glorious truth!—
Is just beyond; the opening glade
Is paved o'er by footprints made
By "the ~~not~~ lost, but ~~gone~~ before,"
That await on the other shore.

MARY.

July, 1863.

Pews in Churches.

In Anglo-Saxon and some Norman churches of very early date, a stone bench was made to project within the wall, running round the whole interior except the east end. In 1339, they are represented as sitting on the ground, or standing. About this time, the people introduced low, rude, three-legged stools promiscuously over the church. Wooden seats were introduced soon after the Norman conquest. In 1327, a decree was issued in regard to the wrangling for seats, so common, that none should call any seat in the church his own, except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the one he first entered.

As we approach the Reformation, from 1530 to 1540, seats were more appropriated—the entrance being guarded by crossbars, and the initial letters engraved on them. Immediately after the Reformation, the pew system prevailed, as we learn from a complaint the poor commons addressed to Henry VIII., in 1546, in reference to his decree that a Bible should be in every church for all to read, because they feared it might be taken into the *quyre* or some *pue*. In 1608, galleries were introduced.

As early as 1611, pews were arranged to afford comfort by being baized or cushioned, while

the sides were so high as to hide those within, (a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officers, who reported those who did not stand or bow when the name of Him whom they worship as a God was mentioned). The services were often greatly protracted, so that many would fall asleep. Hence Smith's pithy allusion:

"A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep."

With the reign of Charles I., the reasons for the heightening of the sides disappeared, and from the civil war they declined gradually to the present height.

I must Praise More.

The title of a recent article was, "I Must Pray More;" and in it I expressed wonder that we pray so little, and gave reason why we should pray more. But it strikes me that we ought to praise more as well as pray more. I do not know how it is with others, but I know that I have a great deal for which to be thankful and to praise God. I feel that it will not do for me to spend all my breath in prayer. I should thus, it is true, acknowledge my dependence on God; but where would be the acknowledgement of his benefits conferred upon me? I must spend a part of my breath in praise. O! to be animated from above with that life, whose alternate breath is prayer and praise! God has been very good to me. Yes, he has exercised goodness towards me in all its various forms of pity, forbearance, care, bounty, grace and mercy; or to express all in one word, "God is love," and he has been love to me. I do not know why he should have treated me so kindly. I have sought, but can find no reason out of himself. I conclude it is because he "delighteth in mercy." His nature being love, it is natural for him to love his creatures, and especially those he has called to be his children. O! the goodness of God! The thought of it sometimes comes over me with very great power, and I am overwhelmed in admiration. Nothing so easily breaks up the fountain of tears within me. Those drops, if I may judge from my own experience, were intended as much to express gratitude as grief. I think I shall be able without weariness, to spend eternity on the topic of Divine love and goodness.

Reader, can you not adopt my language as your own? Has not God been the same to you? And shall we not praise him? Shall all our devotion consist in prayer? Shall we be always thinking of our wants, and never of his benefits—always dwelling on what remains to be done, and never thinking of what has already been done for us—always uttering desire, and never expressing gratitude—expending all our voice in supplication, and none of it in song? Is this the way to treat a benefactor? No, indeed. It is not just, so to treat him; neither is it wise. It is very bad policy to praise no more than Christians in general do. They would have much more success in prayer, if one half the time they now spend in it were spent in praise. I do not mean that they pray too much, but that they praise too little. I suspect the reason why the Lord did such great things for the Psalmist was, that, while he was not by any means deficient in prayer, he abounded in praise.

The Lord heard his psalms, and while he sung of mercy shown, showed him more. And it would be just so with us, if we abound more in praise and thanksgiving. It displeases God that we should be always dwelling on our wants, as if he had never supplied one of them. How do we know that God is not waiting for us to praise him for a benefit already conferred, before he will confer on us that other which we may be now so earnestly desiring of him? It is wonderful how much more prone we are to forget the benefit received, than the benefit wanted—in other words, how much more inclined we are to offer prayer than praise. For one who offers genuine praise, there may be found ten that pray. Ten lepers lifted up their voices together in the prayer, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us," but only one of the ten "returned to give glory to God." The rest were satisfied with the benefit—this one only thought gratefully of the benefactor. His gratitude obtained for him, I doubt not, a greater blessing than ever his prayer had procured; and praise has often, I believe, in the experience of the people of God, been found more effectual for obtaining blessings than prayer. A person, being once east upon a desolate island, spent a day in fasting and prayer for his deliverance, but no help came. It occurred to him then to keep a day of thanksgiving and praise, and he had no sooner done it than relief was brought to him. You see, as he began to sing of mercy exercised, the exercise of mercy was renewed to him. The Lord heard the voice of his praise.

Christian reader, you complain perhaps that your prayer is not heard; suppose you try the efficacy of praise. Peradventure you will find that the way to obtain new favors is to praise the Lord for favors received. Perhaps if you consider his goodness, he will consider your wants. It may be you are a parent, and one child is converted, but there is another, concerning whom you say, "O that he might live before Thee!" Go now and bless the Lord for the conversion of the first, and it is very likely he will give thee occasion shortly to keep another day of thanksgiving for the salvation of the other. Some of us are sick. Perhaps it is because we did not praise the Lord for health. We forget that benefit. We do not forget our sickness, O no. Nor is there any lack of desire in us to get well. We pray for recovery. And so we should; but it strikes me that we might get well sooner were we to dwell with less grief and despondency on our loss of health, and to contemplate with cheerful and grateful admiration, what God has done for our souls—the great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins; and how he spared not his own Son, that he might spare us; and give us now his Spirit, to be in us the earnest of heaven, our eternal home. If we were to think such thoughts, to the forgetfulness of our bodily ailments, I judge it would be better for the whole man, body and soul both, than any other course we can pursue. If the affliction should still continue, we should count it light, yea, should rejoice in it, because it is his will, and because he says he means to make it work our good.

There is nothing glorifies God like praise. "Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me." Ps. 1:23. Prayer expresses dependence and desire; but praise, admiration and gratitude. By it men testify and tell all abroad that God is good, and thus others are persuaded to "taste and see that the Lord is good." Praise is altogether the superior exercise of the two. Prayer may be purely selfish in its origin, but praise is ingenuous. Praise is the employment of heaven. Angels praise. The spirits of the just made perfect will praise. We shall not always pray, but we shall always praise. Let us anticipate the employment of heaven. Let us exercise ourselves unto praise.

Let us learn the song now, "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness." But above all, "let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing aloud upon their beds." I charge thee, my soul, to praise him, and he will never let thee want matter for praise. "While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being."—Nevins.

Mistaken Identity.

The most prominent case of mistaken identity on record has been that of Martin Guerre, a mere synopsis of which—most readers doubtless being familiar with its details—will suffice in this place.

Martin Guerre, of Biscay, about the year 1570, after ten years of wedlock, abandoned his family, and mysteriously disappeared. Eight years afterwards, a person eventually identified as one Arnaud du Tilh, presented himself to the wife of Guerre, and was recognized, both by herself and her relatives, as her long absent husband. As the true Martin, he made his peace with Madame Guerre, resumed the marital relation, and they had, in the course of three years, two children. Until this period, no suspicion of an imposture had been excited; for according to the record, he had "exactly the features, stature and complexion of Guerre." More than this he was perfectly familiar with the minutest circumstances of the personal history of all the Guerre family, answering promptly all questions on the subject, and even reminding some of them of trivial matters which they had at first failed to remember. About this time, but for what cause does not appear, his identity was doubted, and he was arraigned before a judicial tribunal. The investigations were severe and protracted. Nearly two hundred witnesses were examined, who were about equally divided in their opinions. The sisters of Martin Guerre, four in number, testified positively that the prisoner was their brother, and he was even found to possess certain secret marks which were known to have been upon the person of Guerre. The result of this trial seems to have turned upon two apparently trivial facts. While in every other particular of person and manner he could not be distinguished from Guerre, it was proved by a shoemaker, that there was a difference of three lines in the length of his foot; and also, by other witnesses, that he knew nothing whatever of wrestling, whereas Guerre had been remarkably dexterous in that exercise. He was in the end declared an impostor, but appealed to a higher tribunal, and the examinations were there renewed. Before they were concluded, however, the real Martin Guerre appeared, having been sent home from the wars with a wooden leg. Even then, Du Tilh persisted in his former assumptions, declaring his opponent to be an impostor, and strangely enough, was able to give a better account of Guerre's antecedents than even Guerre himself; while the numerous witnesses were still divided in their opinions as to which was the real Martin. To end the story he was finally convicted; and when he found that his execution was inevitable, he confessed that on returning from the camp in Picardy, he had met with certain of Guerre's friends, by whom he was mistaken for him, and who, in the course of numerous conversations, communicated to him so many personal particulars concerning himself, his wife and their two families, as well as their neighbors in Biscay, that possessing a very retentive memory, and assured of the strong personal resemblance, he felt confident of successfully personating him, and thus securing the comforts of a home and the means of livelihood. He was eventually hanged and burned before the house of Guerre.

The Beautiful.

Man alone is gifted with the faculty of discerning and appreciating the beautiful. And what more beautiful than a summer morning? I am now both riding and writing for such a morning. The day is young, and its locks are yet wet with the dew of the night. The rising sun floods the azure heaven with radiant glory, and earth smiles beneath its beautifying beams. The rippling river flows calmly and silently on in its swift and liquid course. The banks between which it runs are clothed in emerald beauty, while the lovely flowers which fringe and spangle them gratefully smile, and with fragrant breath offer the grateful incense they cannot vocally utter. The bleating flocks luxuriate on the rejoicing hills. The lowing herds ruminate in the verdant valley, beneath the overshadowing trees, which are transferred into musical bowers as the

melodious breeze, playing among their trembling leaves, softly sings glad nature's morning hymn. Upward soars the gentle lark from his dew-spangled nest, in gladsome notes warbling a cheerful welcome to the day god's beaming smile. Now the shepherd goes forth, followed by his trusty dog, to tend his folded flock. The laborer pursues his daily toil, adding another line of beauty to the fair brow of the far-extending landscape. These are thy works, Almighty Father, and they lead us to consider how glorious thou thyself must be. In Christ the blessed one we behold thy veiled beauties; our astonished eyes are dazzled with thy shrouded beauty in thy dying Son. How overpowering then must be the sight of thy unclouded glory to those who behold it without a veil! O, may this unspeakable privilege be mine, to rejoice in thy holiness forever!—Francis W. Monck.

"Star in the East."

Who would not be a Christian? Who but now Would share the Christian's triumphs and his hope? His triumph is begun. 'Tis his to hail Amid the chaos of a world convulsed, A new creation rising. 'Mid the gloom Which wraps the low concerns of states and kings, He marks the morning star, sees the far East Blush with the purple dawn; he hears a tramp, Louder than the all the clarions and clang Of horrid war, swelling, and swelling still, In lengthening notes, its all-awakening call— The tramp of Jubilee. Are there not signs, Thunders, and voices in the troubled air? Do ye not see, upon the mountain tops, Beacon answering beacon? Who can tell But all the harsh and dissonant sounds which long Have been—are still—disquieting the earth, Are but the tuning of the varying parts For the grand chorus which shall usher in The hastening Triumph of the Prince of Peace? Yes; His shall be the kingdoms. He shall come, Ye scoffers at his tarrying. Hear ye not, E'en now, the thunder of His wheels? Awake, Thou slumbering world! E'er now the symphonies Of that blessed song are floating through the air, "Peace, peace on earth, and glory be to God."

JOSIAH CONDER.

New England.

It is, we say, too late to quarrel about the character of the Puritans, because, were history dumb, there stand the six States of New England, everlasting monuments for the perpetuation of the memory of the great qualities of the men who built on the Puritan basis. And in spite of the old story by which the pioneers of the Mayflower have been assailed—in spite of that kind of criticism which, in sneering at long prayers, forgets the godliness of the men who made them, and that, in estimating characters, take account of the blemishes only, and converts the peculiarities of an era into the special vices of the individuals who flourished therein—in spite of despotic reaction against what New England has taught and lived, the fact remains, and is now confessed by all the world—

That nowhere does God's sun shine upon any political community containing an equal number of people, among whom liberty is so secure;

Among whom law and justice are so impartially administered;

Among whom property is so well guarded;

Among whom education is so universally diffused;

Among whom there is such care for the growth and development of the religious sentiment;

Among whom there are so few poor;

Among whom there is such untiring, comprehensive and healthy philanthropy;

Among whom there is such an amount of wealth so equally distributed;

Among whom there is such a promise of physical progress;

Among whom the ownership of land in fee simple is so universal;

Among whom labor is so much respected and so well rewarded;

Among whom progress in all that purifies and ennobles mankind is so rapid;

Among whom women are so honored or so virtuous;

Among whom government bears so easily and is so cheaply administered;

Among whom happiness in the State, in the family and in the individual is so firmly founded on an indestructible basis.—Chicago Tribune.

Religion in Jerusalem and Palestine.

The ancient metropolis of Judea contains about 20,000 inhabitants. This is a very small number if we compare it with its former greatness, but we must not forget that Jerusalem has been often devastated, ruined, burnt, and that it is now under a cruel and servile despotism. How long will it be before the day of deliverance shall dawn on this city where the Son of God was crucified?

Among the 20,000 inhabitants, 10,000 are Jews—a degraded and unfortunate race, who are strongly attached to the walls of this city, rendered sacred by the memories of their fathers. The Polish or German Jews are a little better educated and more moral than the Spanish Jews; but both are for the most part grossly ignorant. They read the Talmud a great deal more than the Old Testament, and imagine that they are performing a meritorious work before God by studying the rabbinical traditions. They live principally on the alms which they receive from the Jews in Europe, Asia and America; for they believe that the prayers and reading of the Talmud, performed in the city of David, help to atone for the sins committed by Abraham's posterity throughout the rest of the world.

The Greeks, or Christians of the Eastern church, number 4,500 to 6,000 within Jerusalem.

The Latins or Roman Catholics in Jerusalem compose a congregation numbering about nine hundred. Their patriarch, Valerga, displays great pomposity in his dress as well as in his pastoral duties, and pretends to control the Christians of other denominations. These Papists, who are mostly priests or monks, have frequently quarrels among themselves. The Franciscans possess large revenues and are not disposed to obey the orders of the patriarch Valerga and the Italian priests.

The Protestants compose a small community of from 250 to 500 souls. They belong to various nations—Germans, English, Swiss, etc. Several are converted Greeks or Jews. They enjoy full liberty in the exercise of their religion.

Lastly, the Mussulmans, 3,000 to 4,000 in number, constitute the remainder of the population of Jerusalem. They make up for their numerical inferiority by their military and social prerogatives. The governor of the city must be Mahometan. He has under his command an armed force which maintains public order. The judges and other magistrates are also chosen among the disciples of the false prophet. These Mussulmans respect the life and property of the Christians, because they fear the great powers of Europe. But their hatred towards the disciples of Christ is always the same; and if any calamity should come upon them, they would be ready to imitate the horrible massacres of Damascus and Mount Lebanon.

In the other provinces of Palestine, the Mussulmans are more numerous. There are, however, Christians and Jews at Nazareth, Bethlehem, in the remote mountains, etc. There are thirty Samaritan families living at Nablous, the ancient capital of Samaria. They persist in believing that Mount Gerizim is the most acceptable spot to the Lord for sacrifices. Their priest, or spiritual leader, is a well-meaning man, who has consented to read the Bible through attentively; but his hereditary prejudices have as yet prevented him from accepting the Gospel.—Cor. N. Y. Observer.

The Clergyman and the Burglar.

The world of fiction hardly contains a more thrilling chapter than an incident which marked the life of the Rev. Mr. Lee, who was recently cut down in his prime, while pastor of the Presbyterian Church in the village of Waterford, N. Y. The adventure says the Troy Times, occurred on the night before Thanksgiving, a few weeks previous to the commencement of the sudden illness which resulted so sadly and fatally. Mr. Lee was sitting in his study about one o'clock in the morning, preparing a discourse to be delivered to his congregation, when assembled for Thanksgiving worship, when he heard a noise behind him, and became conscious that somebody was in the room. Supposing that a

neighbor had dropped in upon some unforeseen errand, Mr. Lee said:

"What is the matter?" and turned round in his chair. He beheld the grim face of a burglar, who was pointing a pistol at his breast. The ruffian had entered the house by a side window, supposing that all the occupants were wrapt in slumber, and burst upon the presence of Mr. Lee before he was aware that the study contained an occupant.

"Give me your watch and money," said he, "and make no noise, or I will fire."

Mr. Lee said:

"You may as well put down your weapon, for I shall make no resistance, and you are at liberty to take all the valuables I possess."

The burglar withdrew his menacing pistol, and Mr. Lee said:

"I will conduct you to the place where my most precious treasures are placed." He opened the door and pointed to a cot where his two children lay slumbering in the sweet sleep of innocence and peace. "These," said he, "are my choicest jewels. Will you take them?" He proceeded to say that as a minister of the Gospel he had few earthly possessions, and that all his means were devoted to but one object—the education of the two children that were reposing in the adjoining room. The burglar was deeply and visibly affected by these remarks. Tears filled his eyes, and he expressed the utmost sorrow at the act which he had been about to commit. After a few remarks from Mr. Lee, the would-be criminal consented to kneel and join with him in prayer; and there, in that lonely house, amid the silence of midnight, the offender poured forth his penitence and remorse, while the representative of a religion of peace and good will told him to "Go and sin no more." Such a scene has few parallels.

On the conclusion of the prayer the burglar attempted to take his departure by the broken window through which he had entered.

"Why not go by the front door?" said Mr. Lee.

The man replied:

"There are confederates there who would shoot either you or me."

He desired Mr. Lee to take an oath on the Holy Scriptures never to reveal the particulars of this singular interview. Mr. Lee said it was unnecessary, as he had the kindest feelings towards him, and should never divulge aught he had seen or heard. The next day Mr. Lee, while walking with his wife, met the man in the streets of Watford, and on subsequent occasions saw him from time to time.

One of the actors in this singular episode fills an early grave, but by means that we are not at liberty to disclose, the event did not die with him. What must be the feelings of the other party to this mysterious meeting, whenever he reflects upon the lonely parsonage and the memorable scene that it witnessed the night before Thanksgiving, 1862?—*Christian Chronicle*.

Reading the Bible.

Read your Bible slowly. Take time, even if you have but little time. A great mathematician once said, if his life depended upon solving a problem in two minutes, he would spend one of the two in deciding how to do it. So in reading the Scriptures; if you are pressed for time (and this ought to be a rare case) then spend the precious moments on a portion of a chapter. When you feel that the mind and heart begin to drink in the sentiment, even of a single verse, then stop and drain the heavenly chalice, because the Divine Spirit is filling thy cup. It is a true, solemn and interesting thought, that we are to wait, to linger, to tarry for the blessing to come from the word before us.

To search the Scriptures with the clear, unmoted eye of meditation, secures treasures of knowledge known only to him who thus coolly, piously and philosophically studies the Word of God.

Let any man give us a reason why, when the Scriptures are read so much, memory retains so little, that quotations are so blundering and incorrect, if the reason is not found in the fact of hasty reading of the Word of God. There, as elsewhere, man must reap as he sows.

[From the Prophetic Times.]

Destiny of Our Earth and Race.

What is to be the final destiny of our earth and the race that peoples it? This cannot fail to be a question of great interest to all serious, thoughtful dwellers on our globe. In regard to the earth itself there is but little room for difference of opinion. That it will emerge from the purifying conflagration of the latter days, with the rays of its long-lost loveliness restored to it, to enter on an unending course of blessedness and glory, is settled by the apostle, when, after his sublime description of the baptism of fire that yet awaits this material creation, he says, "Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens, and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness," (2 Pet. 3: 13).

With all who acknowledge the paramount authority of God's word, this passage is conclusive. It fixes the destiny of the earth. It leaves no room for two opinions on that subject. But nothing is determined here as to the destiny of the race who people the earth. The question, What is to become of this race? remains an open question. As the earth itself is to be renewed and continued forever, it would seem most natural to expect that there will be some connection kept up between it and the race which now peoples it. We propose now to consider, in the light which Scripture throws upon the subject, what this connection will be.

Of the different views held upon this subject we shall only speak of two. In the opinion of some students of prophecy, the further increase of the race will be cut off after the second resurrection and the final judgment. Then the wicked will be cast into the pit of perdition, and the earth, in its renewed and glorified form, will become the everlasting abode of the righteous.

In the opinion of others, there will be no cutting off of the increase of the race. They believe that the design of God, through the Gospel, is, so far as concerns the stock of the race, to purge out from it the taint of corruption—the virus of original sin—and make it pure and holy. They believe that the judgments of the last days, and the regenerating and educational influences to be brought to bear upon the race during the long, happy period of the millennial reign, will be instrumental in securing this blessed result. They will "bring a clean thing out of an unclean." They will produce such a change in the character of this race that the prophet's declaration will be true of it, where he says, "The people also shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land, [or the earth] forever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified." (Isa. 9: 21.)

The race thus purified will not attain unto the resurrection state, but be still partakers of flesh and blood. They will marry and be given in marriage, and thus will people and possess the earth, in successive generations, forever, even forever and ever. And the people of this purified race, thus possessing the earth, will constitute the subjects of that kingdom promised to "the people of the saints of the Most High,"—"the children of the resurrection,"—who are to be "kings and priests unto God and the Lamb." This "royal priesthood,"—this "Church of the first-born," this happy company "elect according to the foreknowledge of God,"—will constitute "the bride, the Lamb's wife," and, made "equal unto the angels," will dwell with their glorified Redeemer in the "holy city, the heavenly Jerusalem," and thence, with him, will administer the affairs of that kingdom which is to "fill the whole earth,"—a kingdom which "shall not be left to other people, and which shall never be destroyed."

This is the view of the destiny of our race, and its final connection with the earth, which is now proposed to consider in the light of Scripture. In the view here taken, the undersigned desires to be considered as expressing only his individual opinions, and not as speaking for the brethren whose names are associated with his own in this periodical.

In subsequent articles the testimony of various passages of Scripture upon the subject will be considered. The antecedent probability of the view here taken is the only point to which attention is now asked.

Now, let us suppose that sin had never entered our world. Suppose that, without the strange dislocation occasioned by the fall, our first parents had retained their innocency, and had gone on in the course then opened before them; what would the destiny of their race have been? Can there be a doubt on any one's mind in reference to the matter? The history of the race then would have been a history of uninterrupted happiness and glory, continued on through everlasting ages. The race, all holy, would have possessed the earth to its utmost limits, and would have continued so to possess it, in successive generations, forever. If the question of a surplus population arises as a difficulty, all that need be said is, that though that would be a difficulty to us, it would be no difficulty in the way of Omnipotence. Translation to other scenes could easily have done for the world in innocency what death has done for the world under sin, in providing an outlet for the overflow of its population.

And if such would have been the destiny of our race on the supposition that sin had not entered the world, then we are fairly warranted in assuming that such was the original purpose or design of God respecting our race and our world. If that was God's purpose originally, it must be his purpose still; for he never changes his plan. His solemn declaration is, "*My purpose shall stand*, and I will do all my pleasure." The entrance of sin has not interfered with that purpose or set it aside. It has only interrupted it. It has caused a delay in the execution of that purpose.

This delay has given opportunity for the introduction of the plan of redemption. This plan contemplates the accomplishment of two great objects. One of these is the gathering of an elect remnant of the different nations of the earth, while the race is under the dominion of sin. This elect company, when their number is completed, are to be a "peculiar people" unto God their Savior. They are to occupy a relation to him, as "kings and priests," which no other creatures of his hand will occupy. They will be "to the praise of the glory of his grace" in a very special sense. But this is only one of the objects contemplated by the plan of redemption. The other object which it aims to secure is the restoration of the race to a condition of purity like that in which it was originally created. When this is done, the original purpose of God will be carried out. The race which he created pure will be brought back to the purity of its creation-state, and will then go on to possess and people the earth forever.

Very many Christians never regard the work of redemption as contemplating any thing more than the first of these objects. But this is greatly to circumscribe the glory of redemption. It is to put the part of a thing, and that, too, a minor part, in the place of the whole. It is to regard the preservation of the fragments chipped off from a great diamond by the lapidary, in his work of polishing it, and carefully gathered up by him, as the whole design of his labor; losing sight of the glory that will accrue to him from the precious stone itself, when the polishing and setting of it are finished, and it is seen shining forth, in peerless beauty, the admiration of all who behold it.

R. N.

Power of Piety.

If we know that an individual holds communion with God, that fact tends to give us confidence in him. Something within tells us that the praying person is one who will not injure us, and one whom we can safely trust. It was upon this principle that an infidel who was traveling, and who was overtaken by nightfall in a lonely and dangerous place, confessed that he was relieved of his fears of being assassinated when the owner of the cabin where he had taken shelter led the family in prayer before retiring to rest. The infidel slept soundly after such a manifestation of Christianity. A cabin roofed and walled by prayer could not be an unsafe place he thought. We have another incident illustrating the same point. In exercising hospitality to a clergyman who arrived at a dwelling late in the evening, the heads of the house surrendered to him their own chamber. Their

little daughter, three years of age, was asleep in the crib, and they concluded not to disturb her. Quite early in the morning she awoke, and looking toward the bed usually occupied by her parents saw a stranger there. At first she was startled, and covered her head with the counterpane. Soon, however, she peeped out and said, "Man, do you pray to God?" "Yes," was the answer; "I love God, and pray to him every day." This satisfied the little inquirer; she smiled, turned over, and dropped asleep.

Anecdote of Rothschild.

An amusing adventure is related as having happened to the Bank of England, which had committed the great disrespect of refusing to discount a bill of a large amount drawn by Anslem Rothschild, of Frankfort, on Nathan Rothschild, of London. The bank had haughtily replied "that they discounted only their own bills, and not those of private persons." But they had to do with one stronger than the bank. "Private persons!" exclaimed Nathan Rothschild, when they reported to him the fact. "Private persons! I will make these gentlemen see what sort of private persons we are!" Three weeks afterwards Nathan Rothschild—who had employed the interval in gathering all the five pound notes he could procure in England and on the continent—presented himself at the bank at the opening of the office. He drew from his pocket-book a five pound note, and they naturally counted out five sovereigns, and at the same time looking quite astonished that the Baron Rothschild should have personally troubled himself for such a trifle. The Baron examined one by one the coins, and put them into a little canvas bag, then drawing out another note, a third, a tenth, a hundredth, he never put the pieces of gold into the bag without scrupulously examining them, and, in some instances, trying them in the balance, as he said, "the law gave him the right to do." The first pocket-book being emptied, and the first bag full, he passed them to his clerk, and received a second, and thus continued till the close of the bank. The Baron had employed seven hours to change £21,000. But as he had also nine employees of his house engaged in the same manner, it resulted that the house of Rothschild had drawn £210,000 in gold from the bank, and that he had so occupied the tellers that no other person could change a single note. Everything which bears the stamp of eccentricity has always pleased the English. They were, therefore the first day very much amused at the little pique of Baron Rothschild. They, however, laughed less when they saw him return the next day at the opening of the bank, flanked by his nine clerks, and followed this time by many drays, destined to carry away the specie. They laughed no longer when the king of bankers said, "These gentlemen refuse to pay my bills, I have sworn not to keep theirs." "At their leisure—only I notify them that I have enough to employ them for two months!" "For two months?" "Eleven millions in gold drawn from the Bank of England which they have never possessed!" The bank took alarm. There was something to be done. The next morning notice appeared in the journals that henceforth the bank would pay Rothschild's bills the same as their own.

Wish of a Good Man.

"I would rather," said Dr. Sharpe, "when I am laid in the grave, that some one in his manhood should stand over me, and say: 'There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the danger of the young. No one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need; I owe what I am to him.' Or would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children, 'There is your friend and mine; he visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family.' I would rather that such persons should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable, in my estimation, than the most costly cenotaph ever reared."



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JOSIAH LITCH, EDITOR.

The readers of the *Herald* are most earnestly besought to give it room in their prayers; that by means of it God may be honored and his truth advanced; also, that it may be conducted in faith and love, with sobriety of judgment and discernment of the truth, in nothing carried away into error, or hasty speech, or sharp, unbrotherly dispute.

The Outgoing and Incoming Administrations.

In our last, we commented on an extract from the *Prophetic Times*, on the 25th chapter of Matthew. The article in question was from a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, for whom, and whose abilities as a writer and minister, we entertain the highest esteem. And in the general outline of his faith we most heartily agree with him. We give another article this week, from the same source, to which we invite attention, entitled, "Destiny of our Earth and Race."

It becomes a matter of interest to understand, under the coming Administration who is to possess and inherit the kingdom, over which we agree with the conductors of the *Prophetic Times*, Christ will preside. Will there be, as the *Times* contends, a mortal race who shall possess this earth and dwell here, marrying and giving in marriage, multiplying and replenishing the earth, to endless ages? This the *Prophetic Times*, in its June number, presents as one of the peculiar features of Millenarianism. We confess that after reading for twenty-five years the most that the writers on the millenarian side of the question have said, we were surprised on reading the article referred to, to learn that it was Millenarianism. It appeared to us that the theory was an innovation on the Millenarian views. But if Millenarians are willing to accept it as an expose of their doctrine, we have no cause for complaint. But as we have to do with it, we regard it as a peculiar theory of the conductors of the *Prophetic Times*; not because it has never before been broached, but because they are its principle advocates. True, R. N. in the article on another page exonerates the conductors of the *Times* from all responsibility for what he writes, but the avowed sentiments of another and leading or principle editor do not require the exemption to be made. It may be regarded as the avowed theory of the *Times*. A careful perusal of the article in question, will show that it maintains that the taint of sin, during the millennial reign will be purged out of the human race, living in the flesh, marrying and giving in marriage. This is to be accomplished by judgments and regenerating, and educational influences to be brought to bear upon the race during that period. One proof text produced is Isa. 60: 21—"The (Thy?) people also shall be all righteous. They shall inherit the land, (the earth) forever." The objections we make to this theory are:—1. That we cannot see how to reconcile it with the declaration that when the Lord makes up his jewels the "Day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud and all that do wickedly shall be stubble, and the day that cometh shall burn them up, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch,"—Mal. 4: 1. So also, the passage considered last week, Matt. 25: 31, 46. Where all nations living on the earth, are to be divided into two parts; are to live in the flesh for the purpose of multiplying and replenishing the earth; and the other to be destroyed from the earth; one to "enter into life eternal," and the other to "go away into everlasting punishment." So also Paul, Rom. 2: 6-11—"Who will render to every man according to his deeds: to them who by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory and honor, and immortality; eternal life. But unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but unrighteousness: indignation and wrath. Tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil; of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile; But glory, honor, and peace, to every man that worketh good; to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile; for there is no respect of persons with God."

Is there to be left one soul of man, "In the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Christ Jesus, who shall not be adjudged either to "eternal life," or to "Indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish?" Jew and Gentile alike are embraced here. Either R. N. or the apostle Paul labor under a misapprehension; or we do not know the meaning of very plain language.

2. If during the millennial reign the virus of sin is to be purged from the race, and the "people are to be all righteous," and "inherit the earth forever," we confess our inability to see where Gog and Magog, that innumerable host like the sands of the sea, who led by Satan, surround the camp of the saints at the end of the millennium, are to come from, on the millennial hypothesis that they are to consist of a race raised up during the millenium. The virus does not seem to have been purged from this host at the period of the great invasion. Nor would it seem that "The people were all righteous and should inherit the land forever," for fire shall "come down from God out of heaven and devour them."

But says R. N., "And the people of this purified race, thus possessing the earth, will constitute the subjects of that kingdom promised to the people of the saints of the Most High."

We learn from this, that in the opinion of the writer, the saints of the Most High, will possess or inherit the kingdom, and have those men in the flesh for their subjects. But according to his interpretation of Matt. 25: 31-46, men in the flesh are to inherit the kingdom," not the glorified saints.

Again, in discussing "The antecedent probability" of this eternal succession of generations, R. N. enquires, If our first parents had not sinned, can there be a doubt in any one's mind but what the history of the race would have been one of uninterrupted happiness and glory, continued on through everlasting ages? He says, "The race, all holy, would have possessed the earth to its utmost limits, and would have continued so to possess it in successive generations, forever."

His argument deduced from such a state of things and from such a design, would be very sound were it sustained by Divine testimony. But it is not. It is purely hypothetical. Can there be a doubt in any one's mind? he asks. We reply, yes. We have serious doubts on the subject. Our hypothesis is, that if Adam had not have sinned, each one of his descendants would have had to pass for himself just such a probation as Adam did; and that each who failed would have been doomed as are "the angels who kept not their first estate." And at the end of the six thousand years, just as now, all who maintained their first estate would be glorified and "made equal to the angels," while all who failed, would share the fate of the fallen angels. And our hypothesis is confirmed by revelation. For we do not imagine God's purpose has ever changed; and he has revealed that purpose so far as all the faithful of six thousand years are concerned, to make them equal to the angels, so that they shall neither marry nor be given in marriage. And in case of the obedience of our first parents, and the disobedience of their children, at the end of this probationary period, there would have been no such middle class as R. N. contends for, neither fit for heaven nor hell.

Once more: our writer says, God's plan of redemption has two objects:—1. "To gather out an elect remnant from among the nations while the race is under the dominion of sin, to sustain a relation to him of "kings and priests." 2. The restoration of the race to a condition of purity like that in which it was originally created," to possess the earth for ever. Those who regard the work of redemption as only contemplating the first of these objects greatly circumscribe the glory of redemption. It is to put a minor part in place of the whole; the preservation of fragments chipped off from a great diamond by the lapidary in polishing it, as the whole design of his labor.

This is a beautiful illustration, but unhappily it has reversed the order of things in the application. The redeemed or elect, "The kings and priests," are the diamond, and not the chips. It is them he calls his jewels. It is them of whom Paul wrote when he said "That in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace" to us "who first trusted in Christ." Which is the most like the diamond, "the bride, the Lamb's wife," or the serfs of the plantation? According to R. N.'s illustration, it is the serfs.

To us, it is clear, that the chippings in getting out the brilliant are the refuse of earth, represented by the chaff of the floor, the stubble of the field, the tares, the goats. The chippings of the process are not those who shall have the highest honor, the highest place in the everlasting kingdom. We marvel that such a comparison in reference to them should be introduced.

Before he proceeds further with his articles on this subject, we commend to R. N. a review of his theory of Matt. 25th, the parable of the sheep and the goats. If on a rigid review and criticism of that chapter it will not sustain his position, his whole theory is baseless. If it does mean that all living nations are to be arraigned and separated, when the Son of Man shall come in his glory, into two classes, those two classes are the righteous and

wicked; the one to share the fate of the devil and his angels, and to "go away into everlasting punishment;" the other, the "righteous, into life eternal." The chapter gives not the faintest shadow of authority for saying that the sheep represent the men in the flesh who are to populate the earth after the righteous are taken away and glorified. But, as we said in our last, his appropriation of the parable is essential to the existence of the theory which we here review. But for our part, we must still believe that "the meek shall inherit the earth."

If we have in any point done injustice to the writer's views or arguments, or if he wishes to reply to our criticisms, our columns are open for such vindication of his theory as he desires to make.

Lake Village Meeting.

We had the pleasure of attending the meeting as above, and enjoyed a most refreshing season. Leaving the city on Friday morning, 21st inst., we reached our destination a little past twelve o'clock, noon, where we found Elders Osler, Pearson and Bundy, awaiting us.

The meetings had already commenced, under the most encouraging circumstances, and promised good results. The brethren had laid themselves out for a good meeting, and invited the people far and near to meet with them; and had laid aside their worldly cares as far as might be to attend the meeting. The consequence was, that from the beginning the house was well filled, both day and evening. Ministers of the different denominations were in attendance with us, and manifested a deep interest in the subjects presented. The weather was somewhat unfavorable to outdoor meetings through the week, so that we were kept in the church. But on the Sabbath, a more lovely and auspicious day for a grove-meeting never shone. As the hour for service drew near, the stream of carriages and foot passengers wending their way to the grove, showed that the country was stirred, and that we were to have a large attendance. And so it came to pass. What was supposed would be ample accommodation for seating all who would come had been made; but when the hour arrived it was found that a large number must accommodate themselves by standing, or find seats on the ground.

The spot was most lovely, being a side hill, rising from the shore of the lake, which lay in smiling calmness a few rods from where we met for worship. The capacious stand was so arranged as to accommodate the choir as well as ministers, while on the right of the stand was seated the Sabbath school, under the superintendence of Mr. Davis. It was the most lovely object in the beauties of the scene. The upturned and smiling faces of some sixty or seventy children, all conducting themselves with perfect propriety and listening respectfully to the Word of God, gave a deep interest to the scene. We did not wonder that Elder Osler should remark in his address to them, and in language he attributed to another,—that he thought while looking at them, that "if all the children were taken out of the world, he should not want to stay in it." But the whole scene was one for an artist's pencil or camera. The discourse of the morning service was by Elder Osler, from the 25th chapter of Isa.—"The feast of fat things which the Lord will make in Mount Zion for all people." It was listened to throughout with breathless interest, and many wished it had been much longer. We trust it will bring forth much fruit. In the afternoon the writer spoke from Acts 17: 7—"And these all do contrary to the decrees of Caesar, saying, that there is another king, one Jesus." Of the discourse we will not speak further. The interest of the occasion was greatly increased by the sweet songs of Israel, poured forth in melodious notes by the choir.

In the evening we retired again to the church, which was filled to listen to a discourse from Elder Pearson, from 2 Peter, 3d chapter, on the conflagration and restitution of the earth; in which he showed the agencies which exist in nature for accomplishing this great work, and proved, we think to all who can appreciate an argument, that the God of nature and revelation are one; and that 1700 years before modern philosophers ever knew or understood the power of chemical agents, the God of the Bible, by an unlettered fisherman, described the action of those agents on the grandest scale. The meeting closed under a full tide of deep and solemn interest in the things pertaining to the kingdom of God and of the importance of preparing for the great day of the Lord. We believe a new era has dawned on this glorious cause in that region. Elder H. Bundy has a most encouraging field of labor, and is highly appreciated. We received, while there, nine new subscribers for the *Herald*, and expect many more.

The once powerful tribe of Montauk Indians, on Long Island, have dwindled down to only five persons.

Appeal to Young Men and Churches.

Feeling deeply the necessity of an immediate accession to those who are proclaiming the speedy advent of our Lord Jesus, we, ministers of this faith, are moved upon to make the following call and appeal in behalf of this cause. We, therefore, exhort all young men who, in any degree, are inwardly impressed with the duty of entering the ministry among us, to give a more serious heed to their convictions, by placing themselves in a position where their services may be rendered available. And we do, in order to the attainment of this end, most affectionately invite all such to present themselves at our coming annual convention, for consultation, advice and aid. And we also call upon pastors and churches to give their immediate attention to this subject, by giving encouragement to any such persons in their midst, and by adopting such measures as will promptly and effectively bring them into the work to which God is calling them, and permitting none such to absent themselves from our General Conference for the want of pecuniary means.

We call, too, upon the brethren and sisters, to send in to this Conference pledges, according as a kind Providence hath prospered them, that these young men may receive instruction to enable them to enter, with advantage, the field already white to the harvest.

We appeal to you, young men, to come forward, and with cheerful hearts enter the more public service of the Master, and dedicate all your powers to the defence and propagation of the great truths intimately connected with the near approach and reign of our eternal and glorious King.

We appeal to all true lovers of Christ's appearing, to a renewed consecration of themselves to the support of our holy mission, and without any delay, not only petition the Lord of the harvest to raise up laborers, but to take hold of the work in earnest of furnishing the pecuniary means necessary to the increase of this ministry.

Do we, young men, brethren and friends, make this call and appeal in vain? We trust not. We fondly anticipate a cheering response at our approaching General Conference.

J. PEARSON,
L. OSLER,
J. LITCH.

General Conference.

Brethren and friends will perceive that the next General Conference is to be held at Lake Village, N. H., Oct. 12th, and is to hold over the Sabbath. We hope all who attend, both ministers and people, will make arrangements to remain till its close. Also, that the churches will see that their ministers do not fail of being present for the want of means. A small amount from each will easily raise a sum which it would be difficult for a poor minister to spare. Don't forget it. This will be an important Conference in many respects. Great questions are to be presented in carefully-prepared essays, and then thrown open for discussion. The place is beautiful and accommodations ample.

Dr. Hutchinson Returned.

We had just completed setting up Bro. Thorpe's letter when we received the following from Bro. Hutchinson, who has just arrived at New York:

NEW YORK, August 26, 1863.

Bro. Litch.—You will confer a favor by saying in the *Herald* that I arrived here Aug. 25th, by the Great Eastern. Saturday, 22d, in the evening, we encountered a tornado, which could hardly be surpassed in fury, and which will be long remembered by the seventeen hundred souls on board. The damage was immense. I will send you the balance of my journal soon. Yours fraternally,

R. HUTCHINSON.

THE MARTYR'S DELIVERANCE.—It is related, in the memoirs of the celebrated William Whiston, that a Protestant, in the days of Queen Mary, of the name of Barber, was sentenced to be burned. He walked to Smithfield, was bound to the stake, the fagots were piled around him, and the executioner only waited the word of command to apply the torch. At this crisis, tidings came of the queen's death; the officers were compelled to stay the proceeding till the pleasure of Elizabeth should be known; and thus the life of the good man was spared, to labor, with some of his descendants, successfully in the service of the Lord Jesus and his church.

LOST MONEY.—We would say to those who have sent money for the *Herald*, which was lost, that we have credited them to the time to which the money would have paid. A few have paid again. Those who sent us money, but have not informed us for what, or on whose account, will please do so soon, that we may credit it to the persons.

REMEDY FOR PILES.—Prepared by J. A. Cole Lake Village, N. H., and for sale by him or at this office. Price \$1. It is highly recommended by those who have used it. Judging from its nature, we think it a good article.

CORRESPONDENCE.



In this department, articles are solicited, on the general subject of the Advent, from friends of the Herald, over their own signatures, irrespective of the particular views which it defends. Views of correspondents not dissented from, are not necessarily to be considered as editorially endorsed. Correspondents are expected to avoid all personalities, and to study Christian courtesy in all references to views and persons. Any departure from this should be regarded as dissenting the writer to any reply. Christian and gentlemanly discussion will be in order; but not needless, unkind, or uncourteous controversy.

My Journal.

SECOND TOUR WEST.—NO. V.
Earlville and Chicago, Ill.

Thursday, June 18. Commenced a series of meetings in the M. E. Church, in Earlville, La Salle Co., Illinois. There was a good cause raised here some years ago by Elders Spencer and Calkins and others. But of late years the church has been in a low and discouraged state. Still there are a few faithful, and mean to live, and hold up the Advent banner. At the urgent request of these I am here to cheer and help them. As they have no place of worship, the M. E. Church was procured by Bro. Rogers, of the Methodist Society, and a friend and believer, though still holding his relation with that church. He has our gratitude for this, and other aid in the cause. But the meeting was not advertised, as it should have been, and with this neglect, picnics and festivals were in full blast to draw off attention from anything like the Lord's coming. And so in the first part of my meeting I only had the faithful few in attendance to hear the word. But the attendance and interest was increased, in the progress of the meeting, and before its close, as always in such communities, there was a full attendance and interest. And I have the consolation of knowing that the saints have been comforted and encouraged to maintain their profession in these perilous times.

I gave ten discourses in four days; one the first, and three on each succeeding day. One half on clear, practical, every day living with God, with our light shining before men, and the other half prophetic; in which I showed that our probation would soon close up by the coming of Christ, and the establishment of "his kingdom under the whole heavens." So that what we do for mankind must be done quickly.

The Sabbath service, June 21st, was fully attended and well appreciated by the community. Some heard for the first time on the times and seasons.

This meeting has not been as interesting or effective as my other late meetings elsewhere in the State. But the little church have been cheered and built up, and many of those outside have been enlightened on the evidence of the near coming of Christ.

I was the guest of Bro. Almond Burlingame, formerly from the East. I took leave of the most of the friends on Sunday night at the close of the meeting, and on Monday, A. M., at five o'clock, I parted with Bro. Spencer and wife, with a goodly number of others, who rose early and accompanied me to the cars, where we parted with many good wishes and prayers for each one's welfare.

We arrived at Chicago, the Queen city of the West, at 9, A. M. Here I knew of only two persons favorable to our faith, though I do not doubt there are many. And if I hold my contemplated meeting, a few weeks hence, I may find them. I called upon Dr. Thomas, son of Dea. Thomas, of Bristol, Vt., and received a hearty welcome. He is an Adventist, but living twelve miles from the city, he can have no religious relations here, except what his professional duties open to him. I had a cordial reception and an interesting interview. I also called upon Judge John Wilson, an old friend, and an early Adventist. He holds a high position in this community, and has never been backward to give his sympathy to those who look for the "coming One." He is at present sick. Constant labor on the bench in the discharge of official duties, has prostrated his nervous system, so that he is laid by for the present. I enjoyed a most precious visit and had a very interesting conversation with him, on the signs of the times, and the near coming of Christ. He wished all the back numbers of the "Voice of the Prophets," and bid me God speed in my work.

I have felt that I ought to sound the alarm in this great city. But there is no one that I can find as yet, who can aid me in the work. And so I shall attempt it alone. I looked out a place to pitch the tent, and so if God please, I shall hold a tent meeting in this city in the early part of July.

At 7 A. M., took the cars from New Canale, Illinois, and arrived at 10, A. M., and put up at the hotel. The camp meeting was three miles distant. I found mine host and his family were friendly to me as an Advent preacher, and also to our people, and will attend. I asked them for my bill, but they would take nothing. And so I bid them good-bye, with my blessing, and rode to the camp, in Hamilton, Indiana.

The last month has been spent in Illinois. I have held four large meetings, and filled up the spare days and evenings in places where they were destitute, or wished a single lecture. I have averaged about two meetings a day, and with all my labor I have not been sick an hour. Mind and body are both vigorous, and never more in the good work than now. I am exposed to the low lands and miasma, fever and ague and other diseases incident to the climate and country, none of which affect me as yet. Plain living, in accordance with the laws of health, by God's blessing, I consider the reason of my continual good health. All praise to his Holy Name. But the best of all is, God is with me to bless and enrich my mind with joys unspeakable—an overflowing cup. He is to me a "fountain of living waters." In all my cares and duties He is with me. He sweetens the bitter cup, and helps to bear the heavy burdens, and He has promised to be with me, and all his dear people to the end.

Of late the people with whom I have labored, have not been able to sustain me, or meet my expenses. But this is among the "all things," that works for good. He will, if need be, strike some flinty rock ere long, out of which waters will gush, and I shall be sustained. God is true and faithful. And I know I am doing his will, and have his blessing, and he will not leave me to sink under a burden I cannot bear. My work is not done.

JOSHUA V. HIMES.

The Second Death—No. 6.

The word "everlasting" is also limited in the New Testament, as is found in 2 Thess. 2:16, and Rev. 14:6. In the first of these passages, the apostle says:—"And hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope." &c. This *everlasting* then is confined to the Gospel dispensation while the saints have "hope." The other refers to the *preaching* of the Gospel—called the everlasting Gospel.

The word "eternal," is also used in a limited sense, as found in Heb. 6:2, and Jude, 7. Can the "eternal," mentioned in the first passage above referred to, continue any longer than the "judgment?" and will Christ be *eternally* judging the world? There is but one way that this "eternal," now under consideration, can be understood to be without end, and that would be in its consequences; and this may be its meaning here. The passage in Jude, I think, shows clearly, that the "eternal" has ended. For the Sodomites are not now suffering or burning, in that "brimstone and fire" that the "Lord rained" upon them! are they? McKnight translates it:—"Having undergone the punishment, or paros aionion, in eternal fire." But if any one is disposed to contend that the fire which was rained upon the Sodomites is eternal in its duration; then, upon the same principle, will not the fire mentioned in Rev. 20:9, be "eternal" also? And if so, will there not be two eternal fires, suited to different classes of the wicked? and the only difference will be this, the "eternal fire" upon the Sodomites will be, of necessity, about five thousand years longer than the fire mentioned in Rev. 20:9. Hence, the *first* eternity is to be five thousand years longer than the other!

The phrase, "forever and ever," is also limited, as I think I shall be able to prove, as found in Rev. 14:11, 13:3, and 20:10. I will first state, however, that the adjective derived from the noun *aion*, does not occur in the book of Revelations but once; and that is found in chap. 14:6. All the *forever* and *evers*, as found in the book of Revelation, are from *aionas ton aionon*, which I hope will be borne in mind.

The word *aion* does not occur in the New Testament; but its derivations are as follows:—*aionas*, Matt. 6:13; *aioni*, 12:32; *aionos*, 13:22; *aiona*, 21:13; *aionas ton aionon*, Gal. 1:5; *aiosi*, Eph. 2:7; *aionan*, 3:3-11. The noun, *aion*, or its derivatives, occurs in the New Testament one hundred and five times; and is translated in twelve different ways, as follows: 1. *World*, Matt. 13:39, 40; 2. *Ever*, Mark, 11:14; 3. *World began*, Luke, 1:70; 4. *Beginning of the world*, Acts, 15:18; 5. *While the world standeth*, 1 Cor. 8:13; 6. *Evermore*, 2 Cor. 11:31; 7. *Ever and ever*, Gal. 1:5; 8. *Course*, Eph. 2:2; 9. *Ages*, 2:7; 10. *Eternal*, 3:11; 11. *World without end*, 3:21; 12. *Worlds*, Heb. 1:2. Don't forget that these are all from the noun *aion*.

The adjective *aionias* or *aionion*, occurs in the New Testament seventy-one times; and is translated in four different ways, as follows:—1. *Eternal*,

Mark, 3:29; 2. *Everlasting*, Luke, 18:30; and Rev. 14:6; 3. *World*, Rom. 16:25; 4. *Forever*, Phil. 15. What say now, Bro. Editor, is there not a little ambiguity about this word *aion*, as it is found in the New Testament? If you can say that the word "*devour*," as found in Rev. 20:9, is an ambiguous word, what shall we say of this word *aion*, and its derivatives, which are translated in some fourteen different ways in the New Testament. Is it not an ambiguous word? I think it will now be profitable to attend for a short time to the definition of this word *aion*.

The classical meaning of this word and its derivatives, according to Donnegan's Greek Lexicon, is as follows:—"Time; a space of time, life-time, life, the ordinary period of man's life, the age of man, man's estate, a long period of time, eternity; to a very long period, to eternity; from, or in the memory of man; of long duration; eternal, lasting, permanent."

The theological meaning, according to Greenfield's Greek Lexicon, is as follows:—"Duration, finite or infinite; unlimited duration; eternity; a period of duration, past or future, time, age, life-time; the world, universe, unlimited as to duration, eternal, everlasting."

The English of the word, as given by Webster in his unabridged dictionary, is as follows:—"Age," . . . ("Greek *aion*;") "1. The whole duration of a being, whether animal, vegetable, or other kind; as, the usual *age* of a man is seventy years; the *age* of a horse may be twenty or thirty years; the *age* of a tree may be four hundred years."

"2. That part of the duration of a body which is between its beginning and any given time; as, what is the present *age* of a man, or of the earth."

"3. The better part of life, a long continued duration; oldness."

"4. A certain period of human life, marked by a difference of state; as, life is divided into four stages or ages, infancy, youth, manhood, and old age; the *age* of youth, the *age* of manhood," &c.

Taylor, in his Hebrew Concordance, says of the word *olim*,—"The word is applied to time, and signifieth a duration which is concealed as being of an unknown or great length, with respect either to time past or to come." He then quotes some texts in proof, and then adds:—"It signifies eternity, not from the proper force of the word, but when the sense of the place, or the nature of the subject to which it is applied, requireth it; as God and his attributes."

Parkhurst, on the word *olim*, says, "It seems to be much more frequently used for an indefinite than for infinite time." In his Greek Lexicon, on the words *aion* and *aionios*, he says, that the Hebrew word *olim* answers as the corresponding word for these two words in the Greek of the Seventy, which words denote time hidden from man, whether indefinite or definite, whether past or future."

Prof. Stuart, in his letters to Dr. Miller, page 128, commenting on Mic. 5:1, says:—"The word *kedesh* and *ad*, rendered by Turretine, eternity, are like the Greek *aion*, that also signifies anything ancient, which has endured or is enduring for a long period. The question when these are to have the sense of ancient or very old, is to be determined by the nature of the case, that is, by the context." Let us mark well the force of Prof. Stuart's closing remark:—

"Always to be determined by the nature of the case, that is, by the context." Surely, this word *aion*, is really "an ambiguous word."

Some say the adjective *aionaios*, expresses more than the noun *aion*; and always signifies eternal duration. Let us see. Can the adjective *aionaios* or *aionion*, be made to express more than the noun *aion* from which it is derived? Does *holy* express more than *holiness*? or *lovely* than *love*? So if *aion* means an *age*, *aionios* means *pertaining to an age*, or throughout an age; and does not express everlasting otherwise than as being connected with an age, which we are taught in other, and unambiguous language, will be everlasting. The phrase,—"Shall inherit the kingdom of God," expresses an everlasting inheritance, but not from the force of any adjective derived from the noun *aion*, but because other phrases teach us that this kingdom will have no end.

As I have already said, the adjective *aionios* or *aionion*, occurs about seventy-one times in the New Testament; and about forty of them refer to the righteous; and as this life is never to end, so these places will bear the meaning of *everlasting*, or never ending, without any apparent straining of the language; but it is not so with the other about thirty cases.

T. W. PREBLE.

Concord, N. H., August 15, 1863.

Reply to the Above.

We perceive by No. 6, that our correspondent has really found out, after all his exclamations and surprises that we should say that words relating to the final destiny of wicked man are ambiguous, that

they are so. We hoped all along that he would see the truth at last.

He also abundantly confirms what we said in our last, that "forever," &c., is used both in the Old and New Testament sometimes to signify limited duration. And he has also as clearly shown that they are all of them sometimes used to signify eternal duration, and are therefore ambiguous; and that their meaning is "Always to be determined by the nature of the case, that is, by context." It is then to the context we must appeal to settle the meaning of "forever and ever" as used in the New Testament. And as we said last week, it is really the only point to be settled. Our correspondent has acknowledged that in Rev. 11:15, "forever and ever" signifies eternal duration, as also in Rev. 22:6; and that no one will dispute it. But what is there in the context of either of those passages requiring that sense, which does not equally exist in the context of Rev. 20:10? There is no point of importance at issue between us in all the long letter of the present week. It looks to us as if this multiplying of words on points not in dispute, were an attempt to cover up a weak position by drawing off attention from it to something else. Why not frankly meet the point before us in its simple form. There is a phrase "forever and ever," used in the New Testament twenty-two times. We affirm that in every instance of its occurrence its subject and connection both require the sense of unending duration. If he can dispute it, let him do so. The phrase is used Rev. 20:10, in reference to the sufferings of God's enemies, the context requires the sense of unending duration.

The Question Settled.

Lowiston, C. E., August 26, 1863.

Dear Brother Litch,—Having seen for some time past the controversy in the Herald, on the "Second Death," I think my view of the case will cast additional light on the subject.

1. Have we any statement in the Bible that the wicked will have immortal bodies in, or at, the second resurrection? I think not; and put it down as an article of belief that the wicked will not have immortal bodies when they rise at the second resurrection.

2. What is the first death? Is it not the destruction of the body? And if the analogy be correct, the second death must resemble the first death. When men die, physically, the body only is destroyed, and the soul or spirit consciously exists. So will it be when the whole man is cast into the "lake of fire." The body will be destroyed, i. e., separated from the soul forever, while the soul or spirit will still exist and endure the lot with the "beast and the false prophet" in the "lake of fire."

3. As the body and soul while here sinned together, so God intends they shall be punished together. The body does not bear that amount of punishment here which God sees it deserves; consequently, at the second resurrection, he brings soul and body up together and casts them into the "lake of fire," at which time the body dies; and which, in my view, constitutes the "second death."

4. What is the "lake of fire" the death to? Certainly not the soul, but the body.

5. Immortality for the bodies of God's saints is imparted at the first resurrection, when Paul says, They shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye. But no such statement is made concerning the wicked in the second resurrection; consequently no such change shall pass upon them; therefore we must conclude that their bodies are no more than mortal.

6. If the wicked shall have immortal bodies at the second resurrection, why not say that the beast and false prophet, also, shall have immortal bodies? Surely no one will say so.

I therefore conclude, logically and scripturally, that the term "second death" relates not to the soul, but to the body.

Yours in Jesus Christ, HOSEA PURDY.

"Are You a Professor of Religion?"

Not long ago conversing with a friend with whom I had been acquainted some months, I incidentally alluded to the church to which I belonged. My companion looked up with some surprise, and asked, "Are you a professor of religion?" I was startled by her tone, but answered her inquiry, and we resumed our conversation.

Many, many times has that question come to my mind, and perhaps it may not be inappropriate to some of my fellow-Christians. I had evidently been living, perhaps unconsciously, without showing by my daily walk and conversation that I was on the Lord's side.

"Are you a professor of religion?" and if so, in what respect are you different from others? Are you confessing Christ before men, before your family, your friends and associates, in your daily life and conduct? If the work of grace is going on in the heart, it will be seen in the life; "by their fruits ye shall know them."—*Adv. Review.*

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"FEED MY LAMBS."—John 21:15.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1863.

The Little Seed Cells.

How neatly all the seeds are laid
Within the ripening pod;
How carefully the cells are made:
This is the work of God.

The lining is not harsh or rough,
But soft, or polished well;
Each little seed has room enough
Within its tiny shell.

How carefully the sides are closed
Against the wind and rain;
For if He left the seeds exposed,
They would not grow again.

There's no disorder anywhere
In what my Father does;
He condescends to make with care
The smallest flower that grows.

So children who would learn from Him,
Neat habits seek to gain,
Or they will waste much precious time,
And do their work in vain.

Led, not Driven.

A mother sitting at her work in her parlor, overheard her child, whom an older sister was dressing in an adjoining room, say repeatedly, as if in answer to her sister, "No, I don't want to say my prayers."

"How many," thought the mother to herself, "often say the same thing in their heart, though they conceal, even from themselves, the feeling!"

"Mother," said the child, appearing in a minute or two at the parlor door; the tone and the look implied that it was only his morning salutation.

"Good morning, my child. Stop a minute; I want you to come and see me first."

The mother laid down her work in the next chair, as the boy ran towards her. She took him up; he knelt in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backward and forward.

"Are you pretty well this morning?" said she, in a kind, gentle tone.

"Yes, mother, I am pretty well."

"I am very glad you are well. I am very well, too; and when I waked up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy, in a low tone, half a whisper. He paused after it; conscience was at work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a moment's silence, at the same time taking the boy down, and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

"No—but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine now? How it goes beating!"

"Yes," said the child.

"If it should stop beating, I should die at once."

"Should you?"

"Yes; and I cannot keep it beating."

"Who can?"

"God."

A silence ensued.

"You have a pulse, too, which beats in your bosom here, and in your arms, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you. Nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?"

"I don't know, mother?" said the child, with a look of anxiety; and another pause ensued.

"So, when I waked up this morning, I thought I would ask God to take care of me."

"Did you ask him to take care of me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I thought you would ask him yourself. God likes to have us all ask for ourselves."

A very long pause ensued. The deeply thoughtful and almost anxious expression of countenance showed that the heart was reached.

"Don't you think you had better ask for yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy, readily.

He knelt again in his mother's lap, and uttered, in his own simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection and blessing of Heaven.

Remains of Ancient Cities in England.

In Shropshire is a little village called Wroxeter, which is surrounded by vestiges of antiquity. In the Roman times, there was a station there, called Uriconium; and to this day a rampart and ditch, with remains of walls, three miles in circumference, mark the boundaries of the city.

Other Roman stations, and some British encampments, are scattered all over the adjacent country. The noble chieftain Caractacus, is supposed to have been defeated by the Romans not far off; and the presence of the old imperial legions is to be traced in every direction.

But Wroxeter is the place to which special attention is now being directed. The ancient town or station of Uriconium was destroyed by the Saxons in their contests with the Romanized Britons; and the remains are now being disinterred, after a lapse of eighteen hundred years. Whole houses, as in Pompeii and Herculaneum, have been laid bare, and the workshop of an artificer has lately been disinterred. A small heap of Roman coins lay on the sill when the room was first broken into, and the fragments of a small earthen vessel were found on the floor, dropped there, apparently, by some one who was carrying it away. This earthen pot is supposed to have contained the coins. A large square pier, built of hewn stone, occupies the centre of the room, and in one corner is a raised structure of clay, having in the upper part a furnace which has been vitrified by the intensity of the heat. A large quantity of charcoal is scattered about, together with several pieces of Samian ware. Eastward from the furnace, a low wall runs across the apartment, another wall branching from it northward.

Other objects of interest are to be seen in the enclosure, and the museum, which is being formed out of the recent discoveries, has received some very valuable additions in the shape of ancient sickles, pruning-hooks, knives, glass, etc.

Use of the Cypher.

Perhaps our little readers will be surprised to learn that the use of the cypher to determine the value of any particular figure, which is now practiced by every scholar, was unknown to the ancients. Therefore, among the Greeks and Romans, and other nations of antiquity, arithmetical operations were exceedingly tedious and difficult. They had to reckon with little pebbles, shells or beads, used as counters, to transact the ordinary business of life. For instance, to express 300,000 they had to make use of the following very awkward and cumbrous notation—CCCLXXX CCCCLXXX CCCCLXXX. How very odd all this looks in the year of our Lord MDCCCLXIII—1863!

BULLETS.—Stone bullets were used until the year 1514, when they were supplanted by iron. It was near the close of the sixteenth century before leaden bullets were generally adopted. Stone cannon balls are yet used in some of the Eastern countries.

Pyramids in Tahiti.

Our repast over, the Tahitian beckoned me to follow him, and leading the way through an entangled glen, amidst rocks and waterfalls, he came to an extensive pile of stone-work in the form of a low pyramid, having a flight of steps on each side. My surprise was great at the sight of such a structure in an island where the best houses are built of bamboo.

I found that, on pacing the building, it was about 260 feet long by about 95 feet broad, and from 40 to 50 feet high. The foundation of this remarkable structure consisted of rock stones, the steps being of coral, squared with considerable neatness, and laid with the utmost regularity; and the entire mass appeared as compact as if it had been erected by Europeans.

The size of many of the blocks is remarkable, but they bear no marks of the chisel, nor is it easy to understand how they were transported by savages, unacquainted with mechanical science, from the sea-shore to their present position. It is scarcely possible that the present race of islanders, or even their ancestors, could have raised this imposing mass. They are unacquainted with mechanics, or the use of iron tools to shape the stones with.

From all that could be gained from the guide, and from other natives afterwards, I felt convinced that they knew nothing of its history, for as it was beyond their comprehension, they naturally said it was built by gods, and was as old as the world.—*Colburn's Magazine.*

Genius vs. Labor.

"Of what use is all your books and your studying?" said an honest farmer to an ingenious artist. "They don't make the corn grow, nor produce vegetables for market. My Sam does more work with his plough in one month, than you can do with your books and papers in one year."

"What plough does your son use?" asked the artist, quietly.

"Why he uses —'s plough, to be sure. He can do nothing with any other. By using this plough, we save half the labor; and raise three times as much as we did with the old wooden concern."

The artist quietly again turned over one of his sheets, and showed the farmer a drawing of the lauded plough, saying:

"I am the inventor of your favorite plough, and my name is —."

The astonished farmer shook the artist heartily by the hand, and invited him to call at the farm house and make it his home as long as he liked.

"That Cross Face."

"What a strange thing to talk about! A cross face? Why, that is too ugly to think of, and too disagreeable to look at, I'm sure!" exclaims Willie.

"But do you truly think so, Willie?"

"To be sure I do. Only the other day, when I was playing with Lucy, she got angry, and made such a face, that I said I would never play with her again. And it was a cross face, too."

"Well, I am certain Lucy must have forgotten herself then, for her face is usually very pleasant. But why did you not tell her that you were willing to make friends, if she would forgive you and look a little more smiling?"

"So I did, and she said my face was as cross as hers."

"Ah, there was the secret! You had a cross face, too, and Lucy saw it. How much sooner would she have repented if she had seen you smiling."

Now, my dear little friends, I wonder if some of you are not like Willie? Do you think that any of you ever look cross?

"Perhaps so," Mary says. Yes, I think so. Most every little boy and girl looks cross sometimes; but that may be avoided. How? Simply by resolving to look pleasant, whatever may come. "That is not very easily done," you say. No, it is not. But you can accomplish it if you try.—*Home Evangelist.*

"The Year Nine."

The year 1863 might be called the year 9—for, by adding the first numbers, 1 and 8, the total is 9; and the last two, 6 and 3, form the same number. Place the two numbers, 1 and 8, under 6 and 3, and adding them together, 81 is the result, which two numbers together make 9. On the other hand, deduct 18 from 63, and 45 remains, 4 and 5 again producing 9; divide 63 by 18, it goes 3 times, leaving 9 over. Multiply the four numbers, 1, 8, 6, 3, the one by the other, and the result is 144, which added together make 9; add the four numbers (1, 8, 6, 3) together, the total is 18, again the 1 and 8 making 9. Divide 1863 by 9, it goes 207 times, the addition of the 2 and 7 again producing 9. In short—add, divide, subtract, multiply—9 will turn up.

Anecdote of a Wasp.

As Dr. Darwin was walking one day in his garden, he perceived a wasp upon the gravel walk, with a large fly, nearly as big as itself, which it had caught. Kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head and abdomen; and then, taking up with its feet the trunk, or middle portion of the body, to which the wings remained attached, fly away; but a breeze of wind, acting on the wings of the fly, turned the wasp round with its burden, and impeded its progress. Upon this, it alighted again upon the gravel walk, deliberately sawed off first one wing, and then the other, and having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its booty.

Make a Beginning.

If you do not begin, you will never come to the end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed set in the ground, the first shilling put in the savings-bank, and the first mile travelled on a journey, are all important things; they make a beginning, and thereby give a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning.

Forbearance.

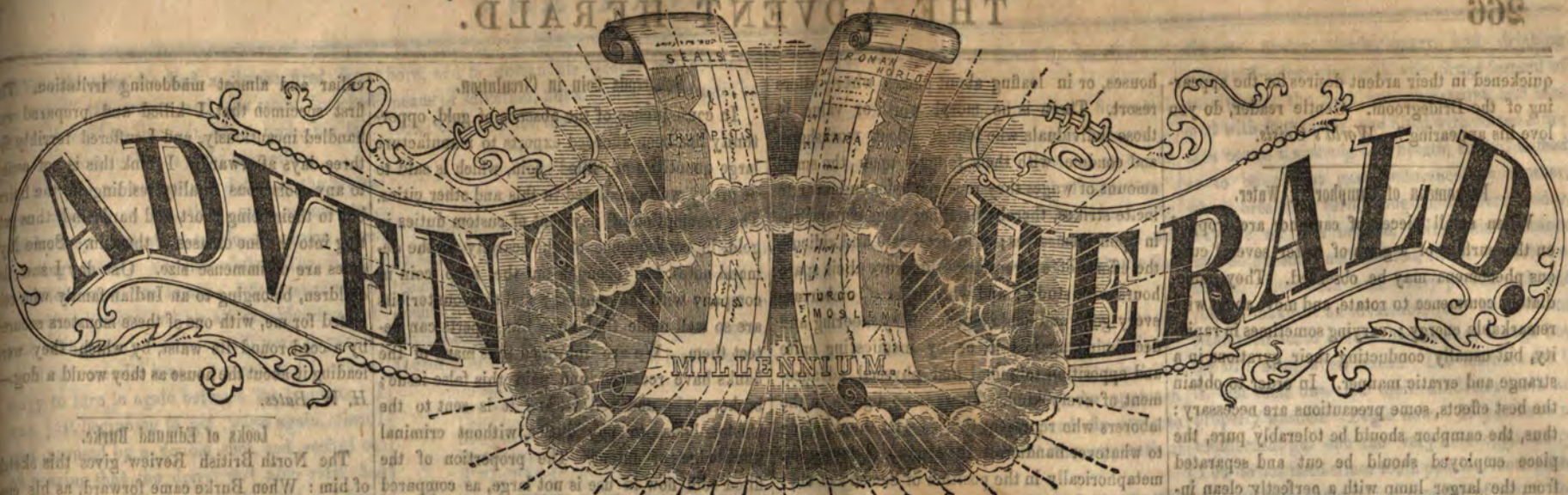
To be able to bear a provocation is indicative of great wisdom; and to forgive it, of a great mind. Has any one injured you? Bear it with patience. Hasty words rankle the wound, soft language dresses it, forgiveness cures it, and forgetfulness takes away the sore.

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

The continent of Africa contains over eleven million square miles—being three million more than the whole of North America.

The only words in the English language in which the five vowels follow each other in order, are *abstemious* and *facetious*.

None should despair, because God can help them; and none should presume, because God can cross them.



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[For Terms, &c., see 1th page.]

The "Come" of Rev. 22: 17.

BY D. T. TAYLOR.

To whom does the word "come" in the above mentioned verse refer? Are sinners alone invited by it, or is Christ invited? Does it mean come to Christ, or does it mean come, Lord Jesus? The following comments upon the passage by apocryphal writers, selected from my library, show it to have been understood very differently from the usual and popular view, which makes it solely a Gospel invitation to the race of men at large; and the splendid passage is, by these authors, made a beautiful advent text, constituting a royal welcome to the coming King, poured out from the lips of the whole church, and from the Holy Spirit, also, which, at this stand-point in the vision, is about to finish its office-work below, turn its back upon the world, and go up with the Bride. I have taken this view of the text for years, and regard it as worthy of special notice, and exactly suited to our times.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come, for they look for, and hasten unto the coming of the day of the Lord, and let him that heareth answer, Come. And then, at my coming, I will fulfill to him my words. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."—*Isa. 55: 1.* (Note or heading: "That the coming of Christ is the great object of expectation to the church, and that this revelation is to serve to the end.")—*Rev. W. H. Hoare on Apoc. p. 149. 1848.*

"The Spirit saith, Come; For by his Spirit alone in the heart can we wish for his coming; his Spirit can alone desire, can alone prepare us for his coming; and the Bride, his church, also in waiting, says come,—even as a bride looks for the coming of her Lord, and makes herself ready for that coming. They that love his appearing, is the very mark of his elect; they are ever looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God. And they that are heavy laden also, that thirst after righteousness to which they feel that they have not attained, they also may come," etc.—*Rev. Isaac Williams, on Apoc. p. 484. 1852.*

"And all godly spirits, and Christ's holy church, and chaste spouse, wished him to come, and ye that heare, pray for his coming; and let every man that zealeth, and thirsteth after spiritual graces, approach and come unto him," etc.—*(Lord) John Napier on Rev. p. 319. London, 1611.*

"The Spirit, or Holy Ghost, who directs the church, and the Bride of Christ, or the church

herself, cry to me, saying: Come, hasten the general judgment, put an end to the labors of your servants, and admit them into the heavenly city. Whosoever heareth this cry of the Holy Spirit and the church, let him also say, Come; let every one join in the same request, because it is for the ultimate and greatest blessing. And if any one thirsteth after the water of life, after the glory which I give, let him come and meet me, let him hasten to me in fervor and sanctity. And he that will, let him take the water of life freely."—*Sig. Pastorini on Rev. Fourth Edition, 1807, p. 391. By Bishop Malmesley, a Roman Catholic. 1771.*

"The former part of this verse appears to be expressive of the earnest desire of the redeemed for the second coming of the Saviour. The Holy Spirit, who in the economy of the redemption, acts as the Comforter and Sanctifier of the elect, joins with the Bride, the Lamb's wife, in an ardent wish and fervent aspiration for the accomplishment of the Lord's gracious promise to 'come again and receive his people unto himself, that where he is, there they may also be;' and the same thing is repeated, verse 20. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. But verse 17 comprises a most free and gracious invitation to him that is athirst, and to whosoever will to take the water of life freely. The words are precisely of the same import as *Isa. 55: 1*," etc.—*Lectures on Apoc., by W. Jones. p. 607. 1830.*

"Here our Saviour shows the true effect of this revelation in the hearts of the faithful, viz., earnestly to desire his second coming: The Spirit in their hearts, and the Bride, that is the whole catholic church, wish and long for his second coming. And let him that heareth say come; that is, every one that heareth and believeth these glorious things should also desire the same, and long for the performance of them, praying daily, Thy kingdom come. These are short and abrupt sentences, full of holy affection. Our Saviour lets the church know, that he is to send no new Scripture, or messages of this sort to them; they have no more to expect but his second coming upon the accomplishment of this prophecy. As Malachi in his last chapter closes the canon of the Old Testament with a promise of Christ's first coming, and refers the people of God to the law of Moses and to the prophets till then; so Christ here closes the canon of the New Testament with a promise of his second coming. And let him that is athirst, viz., after righteousness,—say come, that is, desire and pray that Christ may come and receive all the faithful into heaven."—*Samuel Oradock on Rev. p. 253. 1696.*

"Hearing Christ say that he should come quickly, verse 7, 12, the Spirit and the Bride express an earnest wish, and a most affectionate desire after his coming; by the Spirit may be meant the Spirit of God in the hearts of his people, who not only convinces them of, and acquaints them with the coming of Christ to judgment, and gives them reason to expect it, but fills their souls with the love of his appearing; so that they look and long for it, and hasten in the breathings of their souls after it; . . . even all the elect of God; . . . the Lamb's wife, these wait for the Bridegroom's coming, and most earnestly desire it, as there is good reason for them so to do, since his appearing in itself

will be a glorious one, being in his own glory, and his Father's, and the holy angels; and seeing then will be the solemnization of the marriage-day between Christ and his church, etc., and let him that heareth say come likewise; or express his wishes and desires in the same earnest and affectionate manner, that Christ would hasten his second coming."—*Dr. John Gill on Rev. pp. 688—89. 1763.*

"These kinde of abrupt sentences, full of affection, serve to stir up like affections, desires, and wishes in us. Here the Lord Jesus commends unto us the studie of this prophesie by the example of the Spirit and of the Bride: they say Come, that is, from this prophesie they look for my coming, and that I fulfill the same. Therefore ye also that heare this prophesie ought to have the like desire. By the Spirit and Bride may be meant the spiritual Bride, sanctified by the Spirit of God. By the Bride I understand the church, especially the triumphant. She desires me to come, that is, to fulfill the prophesie, and to return to judgment, that she might be glorified through a final redemption: like as the souls under the altar did desire the full deliverance of the church from all the miseries of this life. Or we may understand the Spirit properly of the Holy Ghost, who spake to the churches in the Epistles in which it is oft repeated, Hee that hath eares let him heare what the Spirit saith unto the churches. In this sense the Spirit is said to wish the coming of Christ, by a *metalepsis*; because it is the Spirit that makes the Bride to desire Christ's coming; in which sense also it is said, *Rom. 8: 26*, that the Spirit maketh intercession for us, that is, stirreth us up to make our requests and to cry, Abba Father. Come to the full glorification of thy Bride. This is the reason of the wish, for the coming of the Lord shall be the full redemption of the church: the which, seeing wee all doe expect, wee must also wish for the coming of the Lord, for as the apostle intimates, it is a note of God's children to love his coming, *2 Tim. 4: 8*, and let him that heareth, etc. This is the consequent of the former, as if he should say, if the Spirit and the Bride long for my coming, then also let him that heareth the words of the prophesie say Come; that is, ardently desire my coming for his redemption. Thus he would have us continually to pray Thy kingdom come. By which we daily desire that the Lord Jesus by his coming would wholly destroy the kingdom of Satan and perfectly set up his own," etc.—*David Parcus Com. on Rev. pp. 593-4. Amsterdam, 1844.*

"In the eleventh place is brought in speaking the church, wishing the coming Christe unto judgment. For sirs our Lorde Jesus Christe is so good, so benign, and holisome, whome all this booke hath promysed to come, and to deliver the church of saintes afflicted in this worlde, now is resited the desire of the same his church, wishing and calling the Lorde, sayeng, Come. For anone we shall heare the Lorde promysing and saying, Be it, I come quickly: and the church agayne reporting Amen: even so come Lorde Jesus. And that the spirite within our body crieth busily to the Lorde for our deliverance and glorifieng, the Apostle mentioneth much in the 8 to the Romanes. Notwithstanding that by the spirite may be understand every spiritu-

all man also. And therefore Aretas he nameth them spirite, sayeth he, which are accounted worthe of the spirituall marriage, and the Bryde, the church itselfe: Thus sayeth he. Of the Bryde we have spoken many times in this worke, so that we nede not be tedious in repeting the same. Howe be it with a wonderfull desyre all the godly covet that the Lorde wolde come unto judgment: To the wicked that day is terrible and abhorred, to the godly most joyfull and wished for. For the godly perceave that they shall once be delivered from all evylles, and plentifully rewarded with all good thinges, that the glory and veritie of God shall be avatuned and established, that all ungodlyness shall be abolished, and the wicked by the just judgment. Whereupon St. Peter, in the 3 chapt of the Actes, calleth this day the restoring and performing of all such thinges as God hath at any time spoken by the mouth of his prophetes. In that same day therefore shall all the promesses of God even of the greatest matters be fulfilled throughly. Therefore sayeth the Lorde in the gospell: Lift up your heads for your redemption draweth nere. They that mourne and are desperate—like cast down their heads,—the Lorde biddeth us lifte up our heades, to be cheerefull and of good hope. For we shall certainly be delyvered and gloresied, which have been in the world a laughing stocke and had in derision of all men. . . . The godly shall rejoyce in him whome they see coming, shewing the woundes where-with they are redeemed. Lyke as therefore the desyre of saintes was greatest when the first coming of our Savior approached nere, as in Symeon alone appeareth, *Luke 2*,—right so at the second coming of Christe unto judgment all saintes with uncessable voyces shall crye, and continually do crye, Come, Lorde Jesus, come and deliver us, come and maynetayne thy glorie and church, almoste braughte to naught; come our Redeemer and Savior so wished and loked for, despatch us from evilles, grant us the good thinges promised."—*Henry Bullinger, pastor at Zurich. A hundred sermons on the Apoc. pp. 691—93. 1561.*

HYMNS 810 AND 811 ON REVELATIONS XXII, 17.
The church in her militant state
Is weary, and cannot forbear,
The saints in an agony wait
To see Him again in the air;
The Spirit invites in the bride
Her heavenly Lord to descend,
And place her enthroned at his side
In glory that never shall end.
The news of his coming I hear,
And join in the catholic cry,
O, Jesus, in triumph appear,
Appear on the clouds of the sky!
Whom only I languish to love,
With fulness of majesty come,
And give me a mansion above,
And take to my heavenly home."

Charles Wesley, M. A. *Short Hymns on Select Passages of Holy Scriptures, in two volumes. Vol. II, p. 138. London: 1796.*
I have been much stirred in my heart and comforted in reading these golden commentaries of holy men of old as well as modern times; so much so that I could not refrain from copying them for the readers of the Crisis, with the wish that every other one of our Advent papers would see fit to reprint them, and thus spread them before those in America who wait for the Lord to come from heaven, that they may be

quickened in their ardent desires for the appearing of the Bridegroom. Gentle reader, do you love his appearing?—*World's Crisis*.

Phenomena of Camphor in Water.

When small pieces of camphor are dropped on the surface of a glass of water several curious phenomena may be observed. They immediately commence to rotate, and move about with remarkable energy; varying sometimes in rapidity, but usually conducting their gyrations in a strange and erratic manner. In order to obtain the best effects, some precautions are necessary: thus, the camphor should be tolerably pure, the piece employed should be cut and separated from the larger lump with a perfectly clean instrument, and contact with the fingers should be scrupulously avoided. Moreover, the glass should be quite clean and the water pure. When these conditions are satisfied, the phenomena are really very striking, and well merit more attention than is generally devoted to such things. If, instead of using a torn or cut fragment from a lump of camphor, one or two fine crystals are detached with a clean needle-point from the cork of a phial in which camphor is kept, and these are let fall on clean water, they at once begin to move about with wonderfully increased rapidity, darting away in various directions, as if shot from some miniature engine, or, endowed with life and a will of their own; each crystal quivering and rocking on the water with an apparent high degree of indignation at its forced contact with the humid surface. This fury gradually diminishes, and a regular dance begins; the various particles select partners, to some of which they will seem to cling with pertinacity; whilst others will either remain indifferent, or, if attracted, will only stay a very short time in embrace, and wander again in search of more congenial floating associates.

In describing the method of separating and placing the camphor on the water, we laid some stress on the fact that everything should be quite clean, and that the fingers should not touch the camphor in any stage. The reason of this is obvious. If, whilst camphor is actively moving on water, the most minute particle of certain greasy substances touch the water, instantaneously, as if by some magic, the camphor is deprived of all motion. The scene of previous activity is changed into immobility. This curious property has been made use of to detect grease in quantities so extremely minute as would appear almost fabulous, for camphor cannot be made to rotate on water containing the most infinitesimal portion of grease.—*London Photographic News*.

The Dignity of Labor.

Very much has been said, at different periods of the world's history, about the dignity of labor; and orators and politicians have turned many pretty periods, and rounded sentences with sonorous allusions to the "bone and sinew of the land." The admiration and adulation of these gentry is partly true and partly false, and too often their sentiments are uttered for sinister purposes. In either event, whether the after-dinner speakers mean what they say or not, no lover of his race can withhold his hearty admiration for the sturdy, law-abiding, hard-working mechanic, who toils with the sun, and wrests from his trade a modest but certain support. The little picture of his home, beautified by the taste of his equally frugal wife; the children who share his hearth and cot; these have been held up to public view, and have been admired and dwelt upon with pleasure, as they should be. This is one aspect of the mechanic's social position; and another is that one in which, by the universal consent and vote of his fellow-citizens, the artisan aspires and is elected to an honorable office, in which political wire-pulling nor trickery are of any value. The dignity of labor is then realized in the reward of industry and honesty, and the preferment which naturally follows in the wake of integrity when manifested in any sphere of life.

But there is no dignity to be found in those laborers who fritter away their time, and reduce their family to want, by hanging around pot-

houses, or in loafing about places where idlers resort. There is no moral worth or value in those individuals who lounge about workshops, and condole with their fellows upon the small amount of wages they receive; who endeavor to incite strikes, thereby bringing beggary and ruin upon themselves; who deprecate and ridicule the efforts of apprentices to improve their spare hours with study; and who, in brief, embarrass every good and noble movement by sneering and declaiming against it, or by manifesting spite and opposition to moral and physical advancement of every kind. There is no dignity in the laborers who represent this class let them belong to whatever handicraft they may. They stand metaphorically in the position of Samson of old; with either arm around the columns of the social temple, they topple the whole fabric to its fall, careless that they also are involved in its destruction.—*Scientific American*.

Sleep.

Death from old age has been compared to falling asleep, never to awaken again in this world; and hence the transition is easy to a lucid consideration of the phenomena of sleep, "nature's soft nurse," so necessary to our existence. Death or madness must be the result of a long continued absence of this great restorer; so felt and said Byron in his last illness. Sir Benjamin Brodie mentions the case of a gentleman who, from intense anxiety, passed six entire days without sleep. At the end of this time he became affected with illusions of such a nature that it was necessary to place him in confinement. After some time he recovered perfectly. He had never shown any signs of mental derangement before, nor had any one of his family, and he has never been similarly affected since. Those who have been subjected to cruel tortures have declared that the most intolerable was the deprivation of sleep; and as this was one of the modes of treating the unhappy old women who fell into the hands of the witch-finders, it may account for some of their illusions, and the crazy confessions they made. The sick-nurse frequently has recourse to stimulants, which indeed remove for a time the uneasiness and languor occasioned by the want of sleep. But the temporary relief is dearly purchased, and those who have recourse to alcohol on such occasions, should know that it does not create nervous power, but only enables the recipients to use up that which is left, leaving them in more need of rest than ever, when the stimulus has ceased to act.

The Value of Newspapers.

Many persons regard the money expended upon newspapers as so much money thrown away; but this is not the case, for it is a well-known fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes and all ages who have had access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are—

- 1st. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation and emphasis, and consequently read more understandingly.
- 2d. They are better spellers, and define words with greater ease and accuracy.
- 3d. They acquire a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with all the important places, nations, their governments and doings, on the globe.
- 4th. They are better grammarians; for, having become familiar with every variety of style in the newspaper, from the common-place advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with greater accuracy.
- 5th. They write better composition, use better language, containing more thoughts, more clearly and connectedly expressed.
- 6th. Those young men who have for years been readers of the newspapers are always found taking the lead in debating societies, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge on a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness in the use of language.

Dangerous Coin in Circulation.

In consequence of the absence of gold, opportunity has been afforded experts to manufacture large quantities of "filled" coin, which is said to be pretty well circulated in this and other cities. The resumption of payment of custom duties in gold, in consequence of the scarcity of the demand notes, has brought out the false coin in company with the genuine; and the counterfeiters are so well made that none but experts can detect them. We are informed that many of the banks have received and paid this false issue; brokers take and sell it, and it is sent to the Custom-house to pay duties, without criminal knowledge or intent. The proportion of the filled coin now in use is not large, as compared with the genuine currency, but it is nevertheless true that few of the men handling it know whether the coin is genuine or not, and the uninitiated cannot possibly detect the work of the tamperers.

At the Custom-house, the filled pieces are sent in for payment of duties, while the rejection of a number of them in one day is not uncommon. The discovery of these pieces is followed immediately by cutting them in halves with a chisel, when they are returned to their owners, who, of course, replace them with good coin.

The system of filling, as now practiced, originated in California, and was detected in England in the process of melting the coin. The business is now, if possible, more carefully, and also more extensively conducted. The process is to split the coin, to take from the centre one-third to one-half, and in some cases, a larger proportion of the gold, which is carefully weighed, and an equal amount of platina, or alloy of platina, of an inferior quality, put in its place—in what manner is not precisely understood. The sides of the coin are then closed, the edge is remilled, and the whole of the work is so accurately done that not only the weight of the piece remains unchanged, but the size remains the same or so nearly the same that the difference is not perceptible; and what is most singular, the "ring" is perfectly clear. This test, therefore, which is generally employed to detect spurious coin is quite useless, although some experts think they can by this means observe and detect the filled pieces. The milling of the coin most frequently reveals its character.

At the present rate of premium, six to seven dollars' worth of gold can be taken from a ten-dollar piece, while the filling is estimated to be worth four dollars per ounce—one-fifth, perhaps, of the metal abstracted.

The skill with which the fraud is committed constitutes its chief danger; but it is by no means likely that any large proportion of our gold coin will be thus debased.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Bird-catching Spider.

The spider was nearly two inches in length of body, but the legs expanded seven inches, and the entire body and legs were covered with coarse grey and reddish hairs. I was attracted by a movement of the monster on a tree trunk; it was close beneath a deep crevice in the tree, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken, and two small birds, finches, were entangled in the pieces; they were about the size of English siskin, and I judged the two to be male and female. One of them was quite dead; the other lay under the body of the spider not quite dead, and was smeared with the filthy liquor or saliva exuded by the monster.

I drove away the spider and took the birds: but the second one soon died. The fact of species of *Mygale* sallying forth at night, mounting trees and sucking the eggs and young of humming birds, has been recorded long ago by Madame Merian and Palisot de Beauvois; but in the absence of any confirmation it has come to be discredited.

The *Mygales* are quite common insects; some species make their cells under stones, others form artistic tunnels in the earth, and some build their dens in the thatch of houses. The natives call them *Araphas caranguejeiras*, or crab-spiders. The hairs with which they are clothed come off when touched, and cause a pe-

culiar and almost maddening irritation. The first specimen that I killed and prepared was handled incautiously, and I suffered terribly for three days afterward. I think this is not owing to any poisonous quality residing in the hairs, but to their being short and hard, and thus getting into the fine creases of the skin. Some *Mygales* are of immense size. One day I saw the children, belonging to an Indian family who collected for me, with one of these monsters secured by a cord round its waist, by which they were leading it about the house as they would a dog.—*H. W. Bates*.

Looks of Edmund Burke.

The North British Review gives this sketch of him: When Burke came forward, as his custom was, to the middle of the House of Commons, to speak, the first peculiarity that caught the eye of the spectator was the glasses which he almost constantly wore in the days of his celebrity. He was tall and noble looking, with a decidedly prepossessing appearance; by no means smart in his dress, yet possessing a personal dignity which the tailor could not have given him. He seemed full of thought and care; and the firm lines about the mouth, the strong jaw, and severe glance of the dark eye, spoke of many an inward battle which was known to no human observer. The head was solid and intense rather than massive, high rather than broad, and tolerably prominent; fuller, one would say at first sight, of the reasoning than of the imaginary power. His nose, which was straight as if it had been cut after a bevel, opened out into two powerful nostrils, made apparently only to sneer. Altogether he looked like a great man with a great lesson to read to men, more than like a gentle one sent into the world to please. He spoke with a decided Hibernian accent, although he left the country early in life. But it is to be remarked that men of genius hardly ever lose the tongue of their youth. He had a voice of great compass, and he never required to hesitate for words. They came quick and vehement, frequently almost beyond the power of utterance. As he spoke, his head rose and fell; now it swung, and anon it oscillated from side to side of his body, moved by the intense nervous action of his frame. Young Gillray, the foremost of English caricaturists, sketches Burke in various postures and attitudes. One of the most characteristic of these represents him as rapt in the delivery of some splendid oration, with his hands clenched and his arms raised erectly over his head, his whole body a picture of living energy.

Adventure with Lions.

We were waked up suddenly, by hearing one of the oxen bellowing, and the dogs barking. It was moderately dark, and I seized Clifton's double rifle and rushed out, not knowing where, when I saw the driver perched on the top of a temporary hut made of grass, about six feet high, roaring lustily for a *doppe* (cap.) I scrambled up just as the poor ox ceased his cries, and heard the lions growling and roaring on the top of him, not more than fourteen yards from where we were, but it was too dark to see them. I fired, however, in the direction of the sound, and just above the body of the ox, which I could distinguish tolerably well, as it was a black one. Diza, the driver, followed my example, and as the lions did not take the least notice, I fired my second barrel, and was just proceeding to load my own gun, which Jack had brought, when I was aware, for a single instant only, that the lion was coming, and the same moment I was knocked half a dozen somersaults backward off the hut, the brute striking me in the chest with his head. I gathered myself up, in a second, and made a dash at a fence just behind me, and scrambled through it, gun in hand, but the muzzle was choked with dirt. I then made for the wagon and got on the box, where I found all the Kaffirs who could not get inside sticking like monkeys, and Diza perched on the top. How he got there seemed to be a miracle, as he was alongside me when the brute charged. A minute or two afterward, one of them marched off with a goat, one of the five that were tethered by the foot to the hut which we had so speedily evacuated.

Diza, thinking he had a chance, fired from the top of the wagon, and the recoil knocked him backward on the tent, which broke his fall. It was a most ludicrous sight altogether.

After that we were utterly defeated, the brutes were allowed to eat their meal unmolested, which they continued to do for some time, growling fiercely all the while. The Kaffirs said there were five in all. I fired once again, but without effect, and we all sat shivering with cold, without any clothes on, till near daybreak, when our enemies beat a retreat, and I was not sorry to turn in again between the blankets. I was just beginning to get warm again, when I was aroused by a double shot, and rushed out on hearing that the driver and after-rider had shot the lion. We went to the spot and found a fine lioness dead, with a bullet through the ribs from the after-rider; a good shot, as she was at least one hundred and fifty yards off. Another had entered the neck, just behind the head, and travelled all along the spine nearly to the root of the tail. I claimed that shot, and forthwith proceeded to skin her. I cut out the ball; it proved to be my shot out of Clifton's rifle; this accounted for her ferocious onslaught. The after-rider was rather chop-fallen at having to give her up to the rightful owner.

Diza got a claw in his thigh, and the gun which he had in his hand was frightfully scratched on the stock; rather sharp practice. A strong nerved old Kaffir woman lay in the hut the whole time, without a door or anything whatever between her and the lions, and kept as still as a mouse all the while.

I had the remains of the ox dragged to the best spot for getting a shot, if the lions should pay us another visit. They did not keep us waiting long. In less than an hour after dark they came, and immediately began their meal. The night was very dark, and we had nothing but their own growls to guide us in shooting. We three blazed away in succession for a long time. The ox was placed just in front of the wagon, about twenty-five yards off, but they dragged it away considerably further. Crafty must have had some narrow escapes, for she would not come in, but kept up an incessant row all the time; and, encouraged by the firing, came to very close quarters with them several times. They charged her frequently and savagely, but she showed great pluck. I saw one lion tolerably distinct once, and fired, when for the first time, he uttered a fierce roar and charged at the wagon. We had, however, a strong fence between the wagon and them, and when the lion lay down about seven yards off for a long time, I felt sure he was wounded. He made off soon afterward, and I turned in before they all took their departure.

October 1. Went up to see our last night's work. It was evident that one or more had been severely wounded, but we endeavored in vain to trace them. I turned out with my two dogs and one Kaffir, Jacob. I was obliged to offer him a reward of five shillings before he would consent to accompany me. We gave the dogs the wind, and hunted down the nearest kloof. I had not got four yards from the wagon when I saw that Hopeful winded something, but neither growled nor barked, in spite of all the encouragement I gave him. He was very near the kloof, and came away. At length I mustered courage to go down, and, proceeding a short distance, saw an old lion dead at the bottom. A large bullet had gone right through his middle, and I was in high spirits at my success.—*Baldwin.*

THE SAVIOUR AND HIS FRIENDS.—Our Lord, in the days of his flesh, encountered various classes of enemies, but none of these ever included a woman. On the contrary, the gentler sex always appear to have been his followers or friends. Not only were they, as has often been said, the last at his cross and the first at his sepulchre, but throughout they ministered to his wants. A woman anointed him for his burial; a heathen woman interceded for his life with her husband, Pilate; women bewailed and lamented him as he went to Calvary; to a woman he first appeared when he rose again. All this was most fitting, since of a woman he was

born, and to woman his Gospel was not only a means of salvation, but a source of domestic and social elevation for the present life.

Birds of the Bible.

BY PAUL HART SWEETSER, ESQ.

Every department of the Natural History used by sacred writers to illustrate and enforce the teachings of the Bible, must, of necessity, be deeply interesting to the devoted teacher of the Scriptures; and even to the negligent student, the birds of the Bible may sing an inspiring song.

"On the Bible's holy pages,
How each bird our heart engages!
Every instinct has its teachings,
Every habit has its preachings,
Every plume reflects some glory,
Every song-note tells some story."

The sacred writers make frequent reference to common and natural objects. We are sent to school to the ant that creeps; to the beasts of the forests and the fields; to the fowls of the air. And even the instincts of animals are often a safer guide than the teachings of human reason.

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib." "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgments of the Lord."

"Reasoning at every step he treads,
Man yet mistakes his way;
While meaner things, which instinct leads,
Are rarely known to stray."

Birds are divided, in the Scriptures, into clean and unclean. As a general rule, those were clean and fit for food that lived on grain and seeds; while those that live on carrion and flesh were rejected as unclean. The Jewish Rabbins believed, and we think reasonably, that the quality of food exerted an influence on the temperament and character of those who partook of it.

"When birds of prey are by the Lord forbid,
Methink there are in this wide lessons hid."

Of the twenty-seven sacred birds, the raven is the first named, "And he," Noah, "sent forth a raven, which went forth, to and fro, until the waters were dried up from the earth." The raven was probably sent forth first on account of its sagacity and hardiness, and consequent ability to provide for itself where other birds might perish. It very much resembles in character and appearance our common crow; except that the raven is a larger bird. It has been called the ebony bird, from its black and shining plumage. Solomon says, speaking of his beloved, "His locks are bushy and black as a raven." It derives its name, in Hebrew, from its color—"Oreb, the evening." In English, from its natural habit, it being a ravenous bird. When it preys upon the dead, it always begins with the eyes. Hence the words of Solomon:—

"The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out." It is still a common expression in the East, in reference to one who is pursuing a wicked course—"Ah, the crows shall one day pick out thy eyes!"

Elijah was fed by the ravens, and we are told to "consider the ravens," for "God feedeth them."

The raven is very sagacious, and may be taught to speak like a human being. We have heard a crow speak as plainly as a parrot. Poe's celebrated and beautiful poem of "The Raven," which represents the bird as speaking, may contain literal truth as well as admirable poetry.

The dove is perhaps the most interesting Bible bird. It has been called "the sacred symbol of peace and purity and love." It is first mentioned in the account of the flood. After the raven, when the waters were abated, Noah sent it forth from the ark; but the gentle bird, finding no rest, returned. It is sent again, and returns with an olive leaf in its mouth. It is a remarkably clean and beautiful bird. To the beauty of her plumage the Psalmist alludes—"Though ye have lien among pots, ye shall be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Dove's eyes are noticed in the Scriptures. To the church it is said, "Behold thou art fair—thou hast dove's eyes." Of the Savior we read:

"His eyes are the eyes of doves by the rivers of water."

Jeremiah speaks of the dove as a fierce and fighting bird—"The land is desolate because of the fierceness of the dove. Let us go to our own people to avoid the sword of the dove." This refers not the character of the dove, but to its likeness, painted on the army banners of the Jews. "Be ye harmless as doves," said the Savior to his disciples.

There are several species of the dove; the domestic or tame dove, the wild dove, called the wild pigeon, and the trutle-dove. The last two are migratory. They leave us at the approach of winter's storms and cold, and fly away to warmer climes, and return at the approach of spring.

Listen to the sacred poet's strain. "O, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest: I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest." Again: "Lo, the winter is past, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

The cooing of the dove is plaintive, and when it loses its mate, sits and mourns in solitude. Hezekiah says: "I did mourn as a dove." Isaiah represents sinners as saying, "We are in desolate places; we mourn sore like doves."

We read in the New Testament, that, at the Saviour's baptism, "The Holy Ghost descended in bodily shape like a dove upon him." If a breach takes place between two doves, they soon become reconciled.

"They let the present injury die,
And long forget the past."

Doves go in pairs; and when they have chosen mates they continue one through life. We read in Solomon—"My love, my unfiled, is but one."

The dove is warmly attached to its home, and if carried away, even many miles, when set free it will soon return. On this account it has long been used to carry messages, which are fastened by a string to the neck of the bird. By this means victories were announced, and communication was carried on with besieged cities. It is said that doves laden with false intelligence led to the destruction of the city of Tyre. There is doubtless an allusion to the carrier dove in the following passage—"Curse not the king, and curse not the rich in thy bed-chamber; for a bird of the air shall carry thy voice, and they which have wings shall tell the matter."

"The dove let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wings, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam."

So grant me, God, from every care
And every passion free,
Aloft through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee."

Keep your Teeth Clean.

The almost universal complaint of decayed and decaying teeth among almost all classes, is indeed most deplorable. To know that our very bones should rot in our mouths in youth, and middle age, is, at least, a lamentable fact. Nor is this calamity confined to Americans; though it is said that American women more than any others, are unfortunate in this respect. But look in the mouth of the beef and plum-pudding-eating Englishman, the sturdy oat-meal-eating Scotchman, the potato-eating Irishman, the sausage-eating, tobacco-smoking, and beer-drinking German, the frog-eating, coffee and wine-drinking Frenchman; all have occasion for the services of a dentist.

It is said that the teeth of our native American Indians, including the Esquimaux, who live beyond the reach of whiskey and tobacco peddlers, are far better than those of their more civilized brethren.

The native African is said to be blessed with sound teeth, but, so far as our studies and observations extend, most, if not all civilized nations are "rotting in the mouth."

The old "remedy" of chewing and smoking tobacco, only aggravates the evil, so say all dentists, while the almost universal practice of medicine taking, hot tea drinking, eating hot food, including the flesh of animals, probably has something to do with this early decay of human teeth. Then, again, most people neglect to cleanse their teeth. Living upon unnatural con-

diments, pastry, confectionary, and drinking vile stuff—doctoring with vile drugs instead of pure water; the teeth become corrupt, and covered with foul tartar, and filled with rotten filth; then comes a sickening foul breath, so foul indeed as to be almost past endurance, by another, whose breath, in turn, though of a different odor, may be no less impure. Now this nuisance may be lessened and abated, if not entirely removed. Let each and every person, old and young, make it an invariable rule, to wash and clean their teeth at least once a day, though better still, after every meal. Let mothers see to it, that their own and their children's teeth are properly washed. Begin now. If you have no toothbrush, get one the very first opportunity. You do not need either tooth powder, tooth paste, or powdered charcoal; a tumbler of clean soft water, in which to soak the brush a few moments before using, is all you need. To begin with, if your mouth should be very foul, use a little fine soap; but the frequent use of the brush with clean water, will render even soap unnecessary.

Good Advice about Reading.

Young people enter into society in America at an age when they are cooped up in schools in Europe. Do not waste your evenings in parties of pleasure; devote as much as possible to valuable reading. Read history regularly and attentively. As your time for reading will be limited, do not waste it on any reading but such as will go towards informing your mind and improving your taste. Do not read for mere amusement. Do not seek to feed the imagination; that will always extract food for itself out of the sternest studies. Do not read for the purpose of mere conversation, the popular work of the day, reviews, magazines, etc. Be content to appear ignorant of those topics, rather than read through fear of appearing ignorant. The literature of the day is always considered most piquant, the most immediately interesting, but is generally transient; it soon passes away, and leaves no general knowledge, no permanent topic in the mind. And then it is so copious; if one yield his attention to contemporary literature, he is overwhelmed with it. Make yourself, on the other hand, well acquainted with the valuable standard authors, which have stood the test of time: they will always be in fashion; and in becoming equally acquainted with them, you become intimately acquainted with the principles of knowledge and good taste. It is like studying the paintings and statues of old masters. Read such works as are connected with the moral and political history of England, for they are all full of application to our own national character and history, and they tend to awaken calm and deep thinking, and to produce that enlarged and independent mode of considering subjects that become a freeman.—*Washington Irving.*

A Singular Spectacle in Battle.

At the battle of Stone River, Tenn., while the men were lying behind a crest waiting, a brace of frantic wild turkeys, so paralyzed with fright that they were incapable of flying, ran between the lines and endeavored to hide among the men. But the frenzy among the turkeys was not so touching as the exquisite fright of the birds and rabbits. When the roar of battle rushed through the cedar thickets, flocks of little birds fluttered and circled above the field in a state of utter bewilderment, and scores of rabbits fled for protection to our men lying down in line on the left, nestling under their coats and creeping under their legs in a state of utter distraction. They hopped over the field like toads, and as perfectly tamed by fright as household pets. Many officers witnessed it, remarking it as one of the most curious spectacles ever seen upon a battlefield.

Quinine.

Alexander the Great died of the common remittent fever at Babylon, and Oliver Cromwell was carried off by ague. A few doses of quinine would doubtless have saved their lives, and might have materially influenced the course of history. But when the great Macedonian expired, the medicinal virtues of the Peruvian

bark, produced by the Chinchona trees, were unknown outside their native forests, and when the Lord Protector had breathed his last they were just beginning to be known in London. Since then the value of quinine has been generally appreciated, and who shall say how many valuable lives are daily saved by its administration? In low, marshy situations, where ague prevails, and in the tropics, it has become indispensable. All the pluck, enterprise, and devotion of modern explorers, would, in many instances, have been completely neutralized by deadly climates, if it had not been for abundant supplies of this medicine; and, aided by the same silent agent, Europeans have been able to plant happy homes in districts which, without this powerful aid, would have been simply their burial places.



ADVENT HERALD.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, SEPT. 8, 1863.

JOSIAH LITCH, EDITOR.

The readers of the *Herald* are most earnestly besought to give it room in their prayers; that by means of it God may be honored and his truth advanced; also, that it may be conducted in faith and love, with sobriety of judgment and discernment of the truth, in nothing carried away into error, or hasty speech, or sharp, unbrotherly dispute.

The Outgoing and Incoming Administrations.

We continue our review of R. N. on "The Destiny of our Earth and Race." He says:—

"The purpose of Christ's manifestation was, we are told, that 'he might destroy the works of the devil.' 1 John 3: 8. Now, the chief work of Satan was, corrupting and deteriorating our nature. He infused the virus of sin into the stock of our race; and, however many individuals may be saved from among the descendants of Adam, it never can be said that the work of Satan is destroyed while that virus remains working in the race. But let that virus be purged out, let that race be cleansed and made pure, and then in literal truth it may be said that thus far, at least, the work of Satan is destroyed. But if you say the Gospel does not contemplate the securing of this result,—if you admit that it only designs the salvation of a chosen number of individuals, taken out from successive generations,—and if when this result is secured the race is to be cut off and become extinct,—then it is clear that Satan will have accomplished a work that can never be destroyed. That extinct race will be an enduring monument of his triumph. He will have it to boast that he so far succeeded in his work as to bring Jehovah under the necessity of changing his purpose, of altering or modifying his original design. This is a thought not for a moment to be indulged. And, this being so, we are compelled to admit the idea of the restoration of the stock of the race to a condition of purity. When this result is secured, and the race, made holy, is in the possession of the restored earth, peopling it with successive generations of holy, happy beings, just as we must suppose would have been the case if sin had never entered the world, then we shall see that the remedy introduced by the Gospel is a full and sufficient remedy. It will fairly meet and repair the ruin wrought by sin. It will bring the world and the race back to a position analogous to that they would have occupied if sin had never darkened the world, and the curse had never made it 'groan, being burdened.' Thus, the history of our race while under the power of sin, instead of being all the history contemplated for it, it is but a parenthetical interruption of its history. When this parenthesis is completed, the stream which sin had disturbed and polluted, with the disturbing element removed, will be brought back to its original channel, and flow on, through unmeasured ages, in peace, in purity and blessedness unspeakable.

Thus far the destiny of our earth and race has been looked at from a single point of view,—viz. that which is afforded by the antecedent probability of the case. In subsequent articles it will be examined in the light of Scripture.

We do not know precisely how to understand these remarks and argument. It reads much like Universalism, the mode of argumentation of which, is, that if God fails to save the whole race, the devil triumphs over him. So also in a similar strain reasons R. N. He says, "If you admit that it (the Gospel) only designs the salvation of a chosen number of individuals taken out from successive generations:—and if when this result is secured the race is to be cut off and become extinct,—then it is clear that Satan will have accomplished a work that can never be destroyed."

Now we ask what is this but a plea for Universalism? If it has any force at all, it must extend to the salvation of all who have lived, as well as to those who shall live after Christ's second advent. For if there is one soul lost, there is just as certainly

a failure, in R. N.'s sense of the word, of destroying the works of the devil, as if the whole race were lost: although not to the same extent.

But we think that the writer will see that his statement of the case is unjust to those from whom he professes to differ. For they do not, we do not, believe the race will ever be extinct; but that it will be perpetuated eternally in the new earth or the everlasting fire. And he will also see that he has done equal injustice to the apostle who evidently had no such thought in his mind, as R. N. imputes to the text, 1 John 3: 8:—"He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil."

This text and context shows clearly that John's meaning is that the Son of God was manifested to take away the sins of those who under this dispensation believe in him. He admits that the devil has his children as well as God. And that there is a manifest difference between them. He does not intimate that he has the most distant reference to a future dispensation, when Christ will convert the whole race. We are persuaded that our author will see this clearly when once his attention is called to the passage in its connection. He will destroy sin, the works of the devil, and all who believe in and obey him here.

No; so far from believing that the race will become extinct, we believe that all the race who have ever lived and died shall live again and exist forever; and that all who live and believe in Christ at his glorious appearing, "shall never die." We believe that God will fulfill his ancient promises to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and their seed, that they shall have the land wherein they were strangers, all the land of Canaan, for an everlasting possession—not a land somewhere else, but where they sojourned.

If the resurrection saints are to dwell in an aerial city, while a mortal race, their servants, dwell on the earth, what sense is there in the 37th chapter of Ezekiel?—"I will open your graves, O my people, and bring you up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel."

And again: "They shall dwell in the land which I have given unto Jacob, my servant, wherein your fathers (so long dead) have dwelt. And they (your fathers, now dead, and who shall come out of their graves) shall dwell therein, they and their children, and their children's children forever. And my servant David shall be their prince forever." When Christ shall thus have swallowed up death, the work of the devil, in victory, then will come to pass the saying, "O death, where is thy sting? O hades, where is thy victory?" It is not, therefore, after the thousand years are ended, and the human race in flesh are restored to Adam in perfection, that Christ's triumph shall be celebrated; but at the resurrection of the just. But we will await R. N.'s Scriptural argument in his next.

Weekly Offerings.

We again call the attention of our ministers and churches to the article in a previous issue, on this subject. The very existence of the churches in many places depends on some change of their mode of conducting their finances. If it is not done they will become disheartened and give up all effort to sustain the Gospel. Many of our ministers who would, if relieved of the burden and anxiety of exhausted funds, that they might devote themselves wholly to study, prayer and pastoral visiting, be exceedingly useful, are now crushed with that burden. But who shall begin the reform? It is unquestionably the duty of the deacons to attend to this matter. And they should lose no time in setting about it. And if they do not, and bring the matter before the church, then some other efficient member who has the cause at heart, should agitate the question till something is done. If no one else does it, the minister himself should do it. But it is not my place? True, in one sense it is not; in another it is. Every thing which relates to the success of the cause of Christ is your business; and you should see that it is attended to. You are the adviser of the deacons and should freely counsel with them even on matters of finance. Engaged as most deacons are in their own business affairs, they are liable to let these matters drag; when if they were occasionally reminded of the state of things by a little friendly counsel, they would set about their duty with renewed zeal.

Every church needs to be indoctrinated in the duty of giving to support the Gospel. It is just as much the duty of those who profess to love the Gospel to contribute for its support, as it is to contribute by toil and money for the temporal support of themselves and dependants. Spiritual food, certainly is no less important than temporal. This plan of weekly offerings, is one of the easiest and most efficient of all forms of raising ministerial support; and when once introduced we think will in-

crease in favor with the people, and work wonders in our churches and congregations. Brethren, try it.

Tribute to the Brave.

A record of the death of Frederic Wm. Bosworth, Sergeant-Major of the 17th Maine Volunteers, son of Rev Dr. Bosworth, of Portland, has already been made in our columns, but a more extended notice of this young man may not be inappropriate. Early in the war he desired to enter the service of his country, but when reminded by his father that there were then enough mature men ready to go, and there would be other opportunities for him before the struggle was over, he cheerfully acquiesced. When the call came in July, 1862, for three hundred thousand men, he again communicated to his father his willingness to enlist whenever he might think it best. The father could no longer take the responsibility of keeping him back, and he enlisted, August 21, in Company A, 17th Regiment Maine Volunteers. His intelligence and ability, as well as proficiency in military science and drill, attracted the notice of his superiors, and he was soon appointed sergeant, and detailed to act on the regimental and then on the brigade staff. With the regiment, he was connected with the third corps of the army of the Potomac, and thrice marched over the desolate fields of Eastern Virginia, never being absent from the post of duty for a single day after entering the service. His letters ever breathed the spirit of true patriotism and unreserved devotion to the cause he had espoused. His duties were incessant, yet he never expressed the wish to be released, never a doubt of the final triumph of the gallant army to which he belonged. Before the last campaign he was appointed sergeant-major, and marched four hundred and thirty-five miles in forty days, before he fell. At the awful battle at Gettysburg he stood at the left of the column while the missiles of death flew thickly around him, indenting his tin cup hanging by his side. But he was, as he wrote, "too much engrossed in his duties to think of personal danger." He escaped then only to fall on a field less renowned. In the sharp and decisive action between the third corps and a portion of Lee's army, at Manassas Gap, July 23d, he was again under fire. His hour had now come, and a three-inch shell passed through the femur, shattering the bone, and leaving a frightful wound. A week elapsed before he was placed in hospital, where he lived till the morning of the seventeenth day after he was wounded. A kind Providence permitted his father to reach him at the headquarters of the army, and to remain ministering to his comfort till the end. Till the last day his strength and fortitude were such as to excite hope, that he might recover. But the shock was too great, and he sunk into the arms of death, another sacrifice upon our country's altar. Frederic William united with the Free Street church in Portland, July 4, 1858. During his connection with the army his letters indicated that his religious feelings and obligations were not forgotten. He met the prospect of death with composure, and many expressions of faith in Christ. Not one murmur, nor complaint, nor regret, nor expression of despondency, escaped his lips, though his physical suffering was great, and his earthly ambition was high. In the last hours of life he bravely endorsed the devotion of himself to his country, which was being consummated with his death. When asked by his father if he regretted having enlisted, he replied in a firm tone, "No, no, no! I knew I might be hit, and come to this; but I have no regrets." He met the approach of death without surprise or fear, sent messages to his friends, expressed hope of soon joining the shining ones, and saw the bank of the dark river. He fell asleep on Sabbath morning, the 9th of August, just as the bright dawn was breaking, aged twenty years, six months and twenty five days.

With thousands of others this noble youth has fallen, on the high places of the field, having willingly offered themselves sacrifices for their country in the day of peril. Their memories are redolent of precious virtues and heroic deeds. Their privations, weary marches, bloody battles and early fall, are the price which is demanded for the emancipation of the enslaved, for the purification of our national institutions and the permanency of our government. Because they die we shall live. Their memory is precious.—*Watchman and Reflector*.

Faith.

Devils are great sinners; but there is one sin with which they are not chargeable. They are not chargeable with infidelity; for James 2: 19, "They believe and tremble." Hence, those who deny the Divine authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, or the cardinal doctrines which it contains, have even less faith than devils, and in this particular are more guilty than they. Moreover, since devils are not saved by their belief, there evidently is a faith which is not saving. A faith of the head merely, is such

a faith. Saving faith has to do with the heart as well as with the head. It purifies the affections and reforms the life. "Rest not"—says an old writer, "in an historical knowledge of faith. If thou do, it will not save thee; for if it would, it would save the devils; for they have their literal knowledge and general idea of the word. Dost thou think it enough to know and believe that Christ lived and died for sinners? The devil and his angels know and believe as much. Labor then to outstrip them, and to get a better faith than is in them." And observes Luther, "the life of Christianity consists in possessive pronouns." A significant remark. It is one thing to say Christ is the Prince of Peace, and another thing to say "He is our Peace;" one thing to say He is a Savior, and another thing to say He is my Savior. A devil can say the first; a child of God alone can say the second.

Memorial Stones.

The practice of setting up a stone in memorial of mercies received, is still common in the East. Mr. Morier thus describes what he witnessed in ascending the rock of Istakhar, in Persia:

We ascended on the north-west side, winding round the foot of the rock, and making our way through narrow and intricate paths. I remarked that our old guide every here and there placed a stone in a conspicuous bit of rock, or two stones one upon another, at the same time uttering some words, which I learnt were a prayer for our safe return. This explained to me what I had frequently seen before in the East, and particularly on a high road leading to a great town, whence the town is first seen, and where the Eastern traveller sets up his stone accompanied by a devout exclamation, as if it were in token of his safe arrival. The action of our guide appears to illustrate the vow which Jacob made when he travelled to Padan aram, in token of which he placed a stone, and set it for a pillar. A stone on the road placed in this position, or one stone upon another, implies that some traveller has there made a vow or thanksgiving. Nothing is so natural in a journey over a dreary country as for a solitary traveller to sit himself down fatigued, and to make the vow that Jacob did. "If God will be with me, and keep me in this way that I go, so that I reach my father's house in peace, then will I give so much in charity;" or again, that on first seeing the place which he has toiled so long to reach, the traveller should sit down, and make a thanksgiving, in both cases setting up a stone as a memorial.

Abolition of Slavery.

There are abolitionists who are not Christians, who utterly disclaim the name, and who seem not to rely upon the aid of Christians in carrying their measures in behalf of freedom into effect. On the contrary, it would appear oftentimes from their uncharitable remarks, that they regard Christians as their determined opponents in this good work. We say to such, that, aside from the efforts of the church, the abolition of slavery will never occur. This "consummation devoutly to be wished," will be wrought if at all, not by deists, or sepietics, or by "men of the world, who have their portion in this life," but by Christians, whose endeavors are "armed by faith and winged by prayer." When negro slavery was abolished in the British colonies, August 1, 1834, a distinguished philanthropist and writer on the occasion said: "To God our thanks are especially due for this glorious event; for it is not attributable either to patriots, politicians, or to poets, but to Christians in their character as such, and especially to the exertions of the missionaries of religion." And here as in the past, we avow is our hope for the future. It is in God, and the professed friends of God. We have no faith in other agency.

CHARITY.—Though "charity begins at home," if it be true Christian charity it will not stay there, but will go abroad on errands of blessedness. The Apostle Paul says, that "if any man provideth not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he is worse than an infidel;" and some one has said—Dean Swift, we think—that "he who does no more than this is about equal to an infidel." There is not much choice between them. The one is as selfish as the other is unbelieving; and both come far short of their duty. We are to "do good unto all men as we have opportunity," and receive the saying as true and faithful, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. This is the duty of man, and the duty of every man.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.—The Woonsocket Patriot relates that Miss Ellen A. Jenckes, of that town, who has been an invalid for some months, left her room on Wednesday night, during a fit of delirium, and jumped into a well 36 feet deep and containing six feet of water. On taking her out it was found that she sustained no other external injuries than a slight scratch on the hand. Her clothing prevented her from sinking.

CORRESPONDENCE.



In this department, articles are solicited, on the general subject of the Advent, from friends of the Herald, over their own signatures, irrespective of the particular views which it defends. Views of correspondents not dissented from, are not necessarily to be considered as editorially endorsed. Correspondents are expected to avoid all personalities, and to study Christian courtesy in all references to views and persons. Any departure from this should be regarded as dissenting the writer to any reply. Christian and gentlemanly discussion will be in order; but not needless, unkind, or uncourteous controversy.

My Journal.

SECOND TOUR WEST.—NO. VI.

Camp Meeting in Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana, in Hamilton.

Tuesday, June 23d. We got up the tent, and all arrangements were made for the first meeting at 5, P. M. We had a goodly company of the faithful to begin with. The opening discourse was from Deut. 33: 26—29—"Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord!" A saved and happy people; like Israel, standing on the borders of the promised land. From Pisgah's heights, we almost see that "goodly mountain and Lebanon." All rejoiced in hope.

Wednesday, June 24th. Morning prayer-meeting fully attended, and full of deep and solemn interest. Preaching at 10, A. M., by Brother D. G. Clark, on the words of Jesus: "He that loveth me, will keep my commandments." We were all edified and interested. At 2, P. M., held another general prayer-meeting for one hour, in which many living and burning exhortations and prayers, with sweet songs of Zion were given. At 3, P. M., the congregation attended a funeral in the Methodist Episcopal church, a little distance from our camp, of a lady, whose family requested Sister Mansfield to preach on the occasion. She spoke from 1 Thess. 4: 14. It was an appropriate and edifying discourse. The parting scene of the family was very sad and agonizing. It made me feel the value of the promise, "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, for the former things are passed away." May the Lord hasten that day. Amen. In the evening, Elder Green, of South Bend, a "Disciple," preached. His subject was, the question of the lawyer to Christ: "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" There were many good things in the sermon, and the people were edified. Elder G. holds some views in common with Adventists, though he is not of them.

We are having beautiful weather for our meeting; and the place is almost a paradise. The tent is located in the large yard of the new Advent chapel, in Terre Coupee, Ind., about eight miles from Buchanan, Mich. It is often called Hamilton. There is a Methodist church here, which has been large and flourishing, but of late has been on the wane, in part from its opposition to the Advent faith. Elder Mansfield and his wife have preached here occasionally, by the request of Mr. Hubbard, a professed infidel, who opened his house for them. He is now dead, and his homestead has been turned into a union chapel, and has been fitted up by the citizens in the best manner for regular meetings. In the beautiful yard of this church our tent is pitched, and the chapel house is fitted up as a large boarding and lodging house, with all conveniences. To this is added a large number of beautiful shade trees, with the clean, dry earth, dressed in living green. With these conveniences, we now have the love and good will of the community, and have the power to do them good; and we are making the best use of it.

Thursday, June 25th. I spoke in the morning from Luke 11: 13, on prayer for the Spirit. Bro. Babcock, in the afternoon, on the faith of God's people, from the 11th of Hebrews. In the evening Sister Mansfield spoke on the inheritance of the saints. Her discourse was replete with interest. It was made clear and strong from the testimony of the Bible, that the earth renewed would be the inheritance and home of God's people.

Friday, June 26th. I spoke three times, to large audiences, and with good interest. Subjects: Gospel of the kingdom,—Matt. 24: 44; duty of the church to study prophecy,—Rev. 1: 3; the blessed hope,—Titus 2: 13. The prayer-meetings were of unusual interest. All seemed to be blessed who come under their influence. The dry weather has brought on the work of the farmers in the cutting of their hay, and some other duties, a week earlier than was expected, so that some are detained who otherwise would have attended; yet we have very good attendance.

Saturday, June 27th. Have spoken to-day, in the morning and afternoon, on the "two witnesses,"

Rev. 11: 2; and the four great kingdoms, and the eternal kingdom to succeed the earthly. I had unusual freedom to-day, and set the truth before many minds in a way to convince and bring some to Christ. In the evening Sister Mansfield gave an eloquent sermon on the time of reward. There was breathless attention for an hour, of those who thronged the tent, within and without. Two persons have offered themselves for baptism. And so the week closes up. But hundreds have been blessed. Our meetings for prayer have been unusually good. Scarcely one who has attended has left without a blessing. We retire to rest, and look for the Sabbath to dawn upon us in blessedness and rest, though it must be a day of care and labor to some of us, to preach and take care of the crowd.

Sabbath, June 28th. The day has dawned upon us in beauty, and all is pleasant except the dust. A shower would have been very acceptable. But we cannot complain. We have the good Spirit and presence of God, and this is best of all. At six o'clock in the morning we went to the lake, about three miles from camp, and baptized two persons. I almost imagined myself on the shore of "Tiberias" among the people that used to flock there, with Jesus and his disciples. But Jesus was with us here. We had his presence and blessing. O, it was a glorious time. We have prepared seats for between 1500 and 2000 persons, within and about the tent, under the shade trees in the church-yard, and were ready for the multitude. By ten o'clock they filled up every available part of the ground. We opened one end of the tent and spoke to those within and without, to the number of about three thousand souls. I spoke an hour and a half on the preparation for the day of God, which consisted in every day practical living in peace with God and with man. The most of the audience were able to hear, and gave good attention to the word. In the afternoon Sister Mansfield addressed the crowd on the day of the Lord. She held them for an hour, with the best attention, and with a deep impression, on the events just before us, which are to usher in the great day of God. At the close I assisted Bro. Mansfield in breaking the loaf. A large company sat down and communed, in view of that other communion when we shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of God. Remarks were made by Brother Mansfield, myself and others, on our prospects as to the coming kingdom being nigh, and the duties and trials awaiting us till Jesus comes. We are all resolved anew to be faithful to the end. The scene was blessed. At the close of this meeting many took the parting hand and started for their homes. A goodly number were left, however, with the citizens, who made up a good audience in the evening, to whom I spoke on the importance of the immediate conversion of men to God. I urged men with all my might to come now in this hour to Jesus and live. I trust the effort will not be lost. With this service we closed our most interesting meeting. All praise to the Lord for his mercy and loving-kindness to his people in this region.

The work of preparation and care of the meeting rested chiefly upon Elder Mansfield, as Chairman of the Committee; and faithfully he has performed his work. He was pressed with care on every side, with some things to annoy him; but God sustained him, and gave him both wisdom and grace to meet the exigencies of the occasion. God bless him and his faithful fellow-laborers in their work.

At this meeting I met many old friends from the East, whose hearty greetings were mutually cheering. An Advent Conference was organized, which will be reported by another hand. The cause, I trust, is coming up in these parts.

I enjoyed the hospitalities of Mr. Hubbard, an old citizen, but not a believer. I received from him and his family every kindness and attention. My prayer is, that the blessed God will bring them into his love, and prepare them for the kingdom.

JOSHUA V. HIMES.

From Bro. Chapman.

SPRINGWATER, N. Y., September 1, 1863.

Dear Brother Litch,—My last for your columns was dated McDonough, June 15th, where I remained some ten days longer, during which the diphtheria prevailed there to an alarming extent, and several sudden deaths occurred. Our meetings for worship, however, continued to increase in numbers and interest. One brother, who had for more than a year been in a backslidden state, and absented himself entirely from the meetings of the church, was thoroughly reclaimed, publicly confessed his wanderings, and with tenderness of heart renewed his covenant with the church, established the family altar, and once more sat down and participated with his brethren at the Lord's table. This occasioned great joy and rejoicing "in the camp."

Among the subjects of sudden death was Dr. But-ton, a young physician, who, as such, was rapidly

gaining the confidence of the people in that community. Being in perfect health, he came several miles one Sabbath to meet with us and listen to Advent preaching. To appearance he gave respectful attention to the word, and then hastened back to attend to the sick under his care. He was suddenly attacked with the same prevailing disease, and the very next Sunday was brought by our sanctuary a corpse. O, the uncertainty of life, and absolute necessity of having our peace made with God, for "we know not what a day may bring forth."

From McDonough I went to Homer, twenty-five miles west, where I spent three weeks very pleasantly, and I think to some profit. A small Advent church was established there in 1844, which continued to prosper until it numbered near eighty members; and being abundantly able to do it, they erected a commodious chapel, and everything was passing on in harmony and love, when one of the modern "age to come" teachers came among them, introducing and strenuously advocating that theory, with its kindred doctrines, to which some gave heed, and by means of which the church was distracted and finally divided, quite a number of its members leaving the chapel, and for a short time maintained a separate meeting near by; but now, with the exception of a few who returned to the church, are scattered to the four winds. This, and other distracting influences with which that church had been visited, served greatly to diminish the number then worshipping at the chapel. This being the state of things there, it was proposed that the church disband and organize anew under a more explicit declaration of faith, leaving out the dead or inactive members. The suggestion seemed to take with all who expressed an opinion on the subject, and at the close of our second Sunday service, the matter was talked over more definitely, when it was recommended that a constitution, articles of faith and church covenant, such as I had generally used in organizing churches, be drawn up and presented to the church the next Sabbath, when they would all be together, and carefully consider the matter. The article was accordingly prepared. Our congregation that day was uncommonly large. Had preaching in the morning as usual, and first-rate attention to the word; and at the close of the service it was announced that important church business would be attended to in the afternoon, when it was requested that all the members of the church be present; others who sympathize with us in faith were at liberty to come if they chose. Our number was larger than we anticipated. When the constitution was read and fully explained, I was happy to see it responded to and heartily adopted by every member of the original body that was present. Several others, also, who had recently embraced the faith, responded to the same, and had their names enrolled on the new church book. A brief space of time was then given for exhortation, and faithfully improved, after which we attended to the Lord's Supper. This was another truly interesting and refreshing service. The Homer church is now in a much more pleasant and promising state than it has been for years before. Brother Clapp is encouraged, and so far as his health will admit, he will continue to dispense unto them the pure word of life.

From Homer I went to Syracuse, and spent a few days very profitably with Sister Barrill and a few other isolated Adventists associated with her, who refuse to associate with that class who advocate the "age to come theory," deny the resurrection of the wicked, &c., and baptize, or rebaptize, if necessary, all that they can convert into such singular views, claiming that no others can be saved. Just like the unbelieving Jews, with respect to circumcision. O, what strange times we have fallen into. But the Apostle, with his prophetic eye, saw it clearly when penning 2 Tim. 4: 3, 4. But on this point I forbear.

While in Syracuse I received a letter from a Sister Smith, of South Marcellus, directed to the care of Sister Barrill, entreating me to visit that place and hold a few meetings there if possible. The call was so earnest and respectful, it reminded me of the Macedonian cry, and I dared not reject it. So I replied, promising, the Lord permitting, to be there on Thursday, July 23d, and would preach that evening at any place the friends might provide for me, even if it be some back kitchen, expecting at the time I wrote no better place, having been informed that not an Advent sermon had ever been preached there, nor was there an Adventist in town that they knew of. After mailing my letter, having got a week to spare, I clipped it on foot to Fayetteville, to visit my oldest brother and youngest sister, and their respective families. Finding them in perfect health and cheerful spirits, we spent a day or two together very pleasantly. On Saturday I went to Manlius, and spent the day with a few isolated Adventists, with whom I had been intimately acquainted, and by the word and grace of God was enabled to "strengthen the things which remained." Re-

turned to my brother's that evening, expecting to attend church with the family on the Sabbath; but soon after I was seated, my brother said to me: "Well, Samuel, I have matters all arranged for you to-morrow." "And what are the arrangements," I inquired. He replied: "I have seen a number of our neighbors and told them if they wished to know more on the subject of the soon coming of the Lord than I could tell them, to come to my house to-morrow, and I would venture to say that my brother will preach to you on that subject; and they said they would certainly come."

Of course the proposition was readily consented to. In the morning others were notified, and at the hour appointed we had a respectable number in, all waiting to hear; and as I proceeded, such respectful attention was paid to the word, that I occupied full two hours. I then gave liberty for remarks and questions if they chose, when another hour at least was faithfully improved; and thus that Lord's day was profitably spent.

My brother was much gratified with the turn the meeting took, and I was no less gratified with an opportunity of preaching the Advent doctrine at my brother's house. I knew that he was a decided anti-slavery man, and consequently had but little reputation to lose; but really, I did not expect him to open his door and request Advent preaching at his house on the Sabbath, right in the neighborhood of all the churches in the village. But so it pleased the Lord to have it, and to his excellent name be all the glory and the praise.

I returned to Syracuse in time for the stage, to meet my appointment at South Marcellus, where I was courteously received; and after a few moments conversation with my correspondent and others, I was gratified to learn that they had secured for me the Presbyterian church, and had my appointment announced from that desk the Sunday before. The novelty of the thing brought together a good congregation that evening. The next evening still more; and on the Sabbath the lower part of the church was full, and the people very solemn while listening to a lengthy discourse on Matt. 24th. After preaching, liberty, for the first time, was given for remarks, when several rose, one after another, and spoke with lively interest, four of whom, to my extreme joy, confessed unwavering faith in the doctrines I had preached. Sister Smith was among the number. This was so encouraging, and there being no objections raised to our still occupying the church, we continued our meetings there, with increasing interest, for four weeks. Had preaching at the church every Sunday and Sunday evening, also on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, and a prayer and conference-meeting Saturday evenings, at Brother Smith's, my boarding-place, one mile from the church. It was astonishing to all to witness such a general gathering those short evenings, right in the midst of the hay and grain harvest. It was not so remarkable to have a full house on the Sabbath; for after the first Sunday the people came in from the country, a distance of six, eight, and ten miles. Some came to join the choir in singing, and others, doubtless, to hear the singing, for it was indeed splendid. The second Sabbath our house was completely crowded above and below. It was estimated that the congregation would number over five hundred, and as still and solemn as the house of death. But there was a special cause for this; it was a funeral service.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith had quite a family of children, the eldest of whom were twin boys, named Horace and Harvey, aged 21. The latter was employed in a sawmill, in the village, six miles from home. Hearing of our meetings he came up and met with us the first Sunday, and was much interested. I had free conversation with him, and found him intelligent and thoughtful on religious subjects, and he seemed to regret that he could not remain with us, but was obliged to leave Monday morning and return to his work, intending, however, to be with us again the next Sabbath. Poor Harvey was, indeed, with us on that day, but he was brought there in a hearse, and, instead of preaching to him again as we had anticipated, I preached to the mourning friends from Job 14: 14.

Harvey was severely hurt in the mill on Thursday, died on Saturday, and of necessity buried the next day. This was indeed a sore affliction, and yet the friends "sorrow not even as others who have no hope." Sister S. was greatly comforted with the Scriptures we quoted on that occasion, and considered it altogether providential that Brother C. should be with them at that time. There were five other ministers present; and so far as my own feelings were concerned, I should have preferred a seat with the mourners, and had one of them occupied the desk. But perhaps in the providence of God it was all for the best as it was.

As the result of that four weeks labor, several backsliders were effectually reclaimed; more than a score acknowledged the truthfulness of the doctrines

we taught; a few precious souls were truly converted—three of them receiving baptism at my hands, and were signally blessed in the act—two prominent brethren subscribed for the Advent Herald, and sent on their two dollars each; and before I left some twenty-five to thirty rose in one of our prayer-meetings and pledged themselves to maintain a weekly prayer and conference-meeting, talk and listen to conversation on the Advent question, &c.

Came from Marcellus to Rochester, and spent two days with Dea. Smith Chapman, my youngest brother, and rested a little from pulpit labor. On Saturday, Aug. 22d, took the cars for Concord, where I stopped and spent the Sabbath with Father and Mother Jenne. Preached Saturday evening and Sunday morning at their house, and at a school-house near by in the afternoon. They and others were truly comforted by the word. They are near eighty years old, and are happy in the hope of soon seeing the Lord.

Came to this place on Tuesday of last week, held a few prayer-meetings, and had a good gathering on the Sabbath. Shall spend some time here. The friends will please write, and direct to the care of "S. H. Withington." S. CHAPMAN.

to "The Martyr's Deliverance." 24 Congress Street, Boston, September 3, 1863.

Mr. Editor—In your paper, of September 1st, under the title of "The Martyr's Deliverance," you relate an account of one Barber, who was saved from being burnt at the stake by the timely death of Queen Mary and the accession of Elizabeth to the throne. Permit me to relate the sequel to this. Barber, who was a man of position, had a jewel made in commemoration of this event, on which was inscribed, in brief, the particulars of his miraculous deliverance. This jewel, with a portrait, beautifully painted on ivory, he devised to his daughter Elizabeth, to be by her transmitted to her posterity through the Elizabeths only of the family. About ten years ago, at a village called Rayne, near Braintree, in Essex county, England, I saw this "Barber jewel," as it is now called, and portrait, also the part of the will relating to the matter, which was then in the hands of a maiden lady, named Elizabeth, the last direct descendant of the Barber of Queen Mary's reign.

Respectfully yours, E. L. MITCHELL.

Seeing we Look for such Things.

BY H. L. HASTINGS.

"We look for"—something. Who does not look ahead? Surely the men are few that can contentedly sit down without turning one glance to the future. Is it to them a scene of cloudless splendor? they look forward. Or is it but a scene of starless night? Still men will look forward. Men are prone to contemplation; and what can furnish material for contemplation like the dim, shadowy unknown and impenetrable future? Men look—but alas! how often when they reach the looked for, longed for object—"tis gone." It seemed a substance—"twas a shade."

It seemed a marble column, firm and high; 'Twas but a fleecy cloud that swept the sky.

Thus men are deceived. Still they run their ceaseless race, hurrying on to pluck the withered roses and the lasting thorns. Thus are men disappointed, while they "look" for "earthly wealth," careless about "treasures in heaven;"—for earthly glory, regardless of the eternal glory that awaits the saint; for worldly honor forgetful of that which cometh from God only. And as they weep over blighted hopes, and curse their helpless lot, well for them would it be could they uncover their blinded eyes and see, that "passing away is written on the world, and all the world contains."

We look; but not for things like these. O, no! we have chased earth's phantoms and flowers, till we can say: All, all is vanity: and to it we would no longer be subject, for it we would no longer seek. Still we look! How can we avoid it? It is an element of our being. We could not eradicate it. But while the principle of hope in the worldling's heart is twining around this world, with us it is not so; our anchor has been heaved up from the muddy bed where once it dragged, and cast on better anchorage ground, far within the veil. Our cable is not wet by the heaving billows; nor chafed by the sunken rock. It is far beyond their reach, twining around the pillars of Jehovah's throne.

We look for things that God hath spoken of—"things surpassing fable, and yet true,"—visions before whose brightness mortal eyes are blind—before whose glory all of earth is dimmed. "We look" beyond the blasing of every earthly hope, the ruin of every earthly treasure; beyond the howl of the rich and the wail of the mighty; beyond the passing heavens and the melting earth; and lo! what glories greet our joyful eyes! From that con-

flagrantly mass, nature's vast wreck, another, nobler, purer earth comes forth. Jehovah speaks, and heaven and earth are new!

O! how all things will be changed! how glorious that change will be! Where earth once groaned and sighed, glad hills shall sing and forests clap their hands! Where toils were endured, triumphs shall be enjoyed! Where sighs burst forth, songs shall forever swell! Where gloom once gathered, glory now shall gild!

Where thorns once grew, fir trees shall cast their shade; Where briars stood, the myrtle's boughs shall spread; Where pain now riots, pleasure shall bear sway—Darkness shall pass and yield to perfect day. Where curse doth wither and where sin doth stain, God shall restore, and righteousness shall reign.

"We look," and oh, what deep solemnity! what spotless purity—what perfect love—what holy joy, should prospects like ours inspire! God has ever had a faithful race of "pilgrims and strangers" of whom this blighted earth was never worthy; Heb. 11: 38; but when that brighter, holier, worthier world shall come, shall we be worthy of it? Shall we join the blood-washed band, who come through tribulation's depths to Zion's glory-gilded summit! "Seeing we look for such things," be diligent, that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless. Herald of Gospel Liberty.

Lines,

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF MISS LYDIA A. N. COLE. DEDICATED TO THE BEREAVED FRIENDS.

BY MRS. N. J. A. SIMONS.

'T is a shining mark death loveth;

'T is the dearest one he takes;

In earth's sweet, melodious harp notes,

'T is the sweetest chord he breaks.

By his ruthless hand a sister

From our hearts was quickly torn,

One we fondly loved and cherished,

And in sorrow now we mourn.

But we know 't was by God's mandate;

O, then, let us not repine;

Heaven has gained another seraph—

Heaven, dear sister, will be thine!

"Going home! Do not detain me!

Christ hath robbed death of its sting,

Of the grave its boasted victory:

I shall soon His praises sing!"

No one knew her but to love her;

Like a star, her radiant light

Beamed upon us, too soon setting

In the silent gloom of night.

Night? O, no! sweet the assurance,

It is only lost from view,

In the brightness of His image,

It will rise in Heaven anew.

Wipe your falling tears, dear sisters,

For yours is a blessed hope,

When your mission here is ended,

Christ bless'd hand to you shall open

Heaven's bright portals; with what rapture

Will you meet the dear ones there,

With them ever to adore Him—

With them endless joys to share.

Mother list! her spirit hovering,

O'er you whispers in your ear,

"Jesus has prepared a mansion,

I will wait to meet you there."

May His love sustain and cheer you,

'Tis His hand presents the cup,

With the gall He mingles sweetness,

O then cheerfully look up!

Long, dear sister, shall we miss you,

In the sacred place of prayer,

Where thy seat was never vacant,

Where we learned Christ's love to share;

In the Sabbath school, thy cheerful

Face we miss; the seed you've sown,

Christ himself shall water—jewels

He shall garner for his own.

"Sweet Home."

"Our first, best country ever is at home;" and when we are far therefrom, in a foreign land, surrounded with strange faces and strange scenes, any object which reminds us of home is tenderly cherished by us. Hence that pleasing incident in the life of Dr. Carey, missionary to India. A quantity of English earth having been sent him in a bag, which he shook over a patch of ground in a shady place, and from that earth, a field daisy having unexpectedly sprung, such as grew in the pastures of his native land, he was delighted with the humble flower, nursed it, and from year to year trained a succession of seedlings, that he might be reminded when he walked in his garden, of what he had loved and parted with in Old England. From this interesting incident originated that charming little poem of Montgomery, entitled "The Daisy in India," commencing

"Thrice welcome, little English flower,"

CALIFORNIA GOLD MINES.—It is estimated that the aggregate yield of the California gold mines, since the discovery of gold in 1846, is twelve hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

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WHITTEN'S GOLDEN SALVE is a step by way of progress in the healing art. It is adapted to all the purposes of a family Salve. It effectually cures piles, wounds, bruises, sprains, cuts, chilblains, corns, burns, fever-sores, scrofulous humors, erysipelas, salt-rheum, king's evil, rheumatism, spinal difficulties, chafings in warm weather, &c. &c., and is believed by many experienced and competent judges to be the best combination of medicinal ingredients for external inflammatory difficulties that has ever been produced. Many of the best physicians of the various schools use it and also recommend it. Every farmer should have it for horses; for the cure of scratches, sprains, chafings, &c., and also for treatment on cows. It cures felons. It cures warts.

THE GOLDEN SALVE—A GREAT HEALING REMEDY.—It is with much pleasure we announce the advent of this new article in our city, which has met with such signal success in Lowell, where it is made, that the papers have teemed with cases of truly marvelous cures. They chronicle one where the life of a lady was recently saved—a case of broken breast; another where the life of a child was saved—a case of chafing; another of a lady whose face was much disfigured by scrofulous humor, which was brought to a healthy action in a few days; also another of an old man, who had a sore on his foot for twenty years—cured in a few weeks. Our citizens will not be slow in getting at it merits, and will herald it over the land.—Boston Herald

From Mr. Morris Faller, of North Creek, N. Y.: "I have tried your Golden Salve to be good for everything that I have tried it for. Among other things for which I have used it, is a bad case of 'scald head,' of our little girl as effect in this case was also favorable.

We like your Golden Salve very much in this place. Among other things I knew a lady who was cured of a very bad case of sore eyes. Walter S. Plummer Lake Village, N. H.

Mrs. Glover, East Merrimack street, Lowell, was cured of a bad case of piles by the use of one box of the Salve. Mr. Farrington, a wealthy merchant and manufacturer in Lowell, was relieved of piles which had afflicted him for many years, and remarked to friend that it was worth \$100 a box for piles.

Miss Harriet Morrill, of East Kingston, N. H., says: "I have been afflicted with piles for over twenty years. The last seven years I have been a great sufferer. And though never expect to be well, yet to be relieved as I am from day to day by the use of your Golden Salve, fills my heart with gratitude.

From Mr. J. O. Merriam, Tewksbury, Mass. "I have a large milk farm. I have used a great deal of your Golden Salve for sore teats on my cows. I have used many other kinds of salve. Yours is the best I ever saw. I have also used it for sprains and scratches on my horses. It cures them in a short time. I recommend it to all who keep cows or horses.

From Dr. Geo. Pierce, Lowell: "Your Golden Salve is good. It will have a great sale.

"I received a wound in my foot by a rusty nail; by reason of which I could not set my foot to the floor for two weeks. The pain was excruciating. When your Golden Salve was applied, it relieved the pain in a short time, and two and a half boxes of it wrought a perfect cure. —Mrs. Lucinda A. Swain, Merideth Centre, N. H.

Mr. H. L. W. Roberts, Editor of Marion Intelligencer, Marion, Ill., says, "Every person that uses the Golden Salve testifies favorably." He has also published a list of names in his paper, of persons cured of wounds, sores, humors, rheumatism, &c., and gives the public reference to them; who, he says, are among the first citizens of the place.

Boston, July 12, 1859. Bro. Whitten: I have used your Golden Salve in my family, and I am acquainted with a large number of families also who have used it; and I have reason to believe that it is really what you recommend it to be.

From Dr. W. S. Campbell, New Britain, Conn.: "Your Golden Salve is a great thing for chilblains. I have also used it in afflicting cases of salt rheum, erysipelas, and sore nipples. Its effect was, speedy and permanent cure."

Dr. Bliss, of Brunswick, Me., says: "I have several friends who have been cured of scrofulous humors by the Golden Salve. You may recommend it from me as a valuable Salve."

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From Emery Edes, a well-known merchant of Oxford, Maine.

"I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community."

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers, Sores, and all Diseases of the Skin.

From J. B. Stratton, Bristol, England.

"I only do my duty to you and the public when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your SARSAPARILLA. My daughter, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in her ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to cure until we tried your SARSAPARILLA. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known and much-esteemed lady of Dennisville, Cape May Co., N. J.

"My daughter has suffered for a year past with a scrofulous eruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried your SARSAPARILLA, which soon completely cured her."

From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely-known firm of Gage, Murray, & Co., manufacturers of enameled papers in Nashua, N. H.

"I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became an intolerable affliction. I tried almost everything a man could do of both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever, until I took your SARSAPARILLA. It immediately made my face worse, as you told me it might for a time, but in a few weeks the new skin began to form under the blotches, and continued until my face is as smooth as anybody's, and I am without any symptoms of the disease that I know of. I enjoy perfect health, and without a doubt owe it to your SARSAPARILLA."

Erysipelas—General Debility—Purify the Blood.

From Dr. Robt. Savin, Houston St., N. Y.

DR. AYER: I seldom fail to remove Eruptions and Scrofulous Sores by the persevering use of your SARSAPARILLA, and I have just now cured an attack of Malignant Erysipelas with it. No alternative we possess equals the SARSAPARILLA you have supplied to the profession as well as to the people."

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Wakefield, Ohio.

"For twelve years I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds of dollars' worth of medicines. The ulcers were so bad that the cords became visible, and the doctors decided that my arm must be amputated. I began taking your SARSAPARILLA. Took two bottles, and some of your PILLS. Together they have cured me. I am now as well and sound as anybody. Being in a public place, my case is known to everybody in this community, and excites the wonder of all."

From Hon. Henry Monroe, M. P. P., of Newcastle, C. W., a leading member of the Canadian Parliament.

"I have used your SARSAPARILLA in my family, for general debility, and for purifying the blood, with very beneficial results, and feel confident in commending it to the afflicted."

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.

From Harvey Sickler, Esq., the able editor of the Tunkhamoc Democrat, Pennsylvania.

"Our only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead. They rapidly spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and actually blinded his eyes for some days. A skillful physician applied nitrate of silver and other remedies, without any apparent effect. For fifteen days we guarded his hands, lest with them he should tear open the festering and corrupt wound which covered his whole face. Having tried every thing else we had any hope from, we began giving your SARSAPARILLA, and applying the iodide of potash lotion, as you direct. The sore began to heal when we had given the first bottle, and was well when we had finished the second. The child's eyelashes, which had come out, grew again, and he is now as healthy and fair as any other. The whole neighborhood predicted that the child must die."

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

From Dr. Hiram Sloat, of St. Louis, Missouri.

"I find your SARSAPARILLA a more effectual remedy for the secondary symptoms of Syphilis, and for syphilitic disease than any other we possess. The profession are indebted to you for some of the best medicine we have."

From A. J. French, M. D., an eminent physician of Lawrence, Mass., who is a prominent member of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

"Dr. Ayer—My dear Sir: I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent remedy for Syphilis, both of the primary and secondary type, and effectual in some cases that were too obstinate to yield to other remedies. I do not know what we can employ with more certainty of success, where a powerful alternative is required."

Mr. Chas. S. Van Liew, of New Brunswick, N. J., had dreadful ulcers on his legs, caused by the abuse of mercury, or mercurial disease, which grew more and more aggravated for years, in spite of every remedy or treatment that could be applied, until the persevering use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA relieved him. Few cases can be found more inveterate and distressing than this, and it took several dozen bottles to cure him.

Leucorrhoea, Whites, Female Weakness, are generally produced by internal Scrofulous Ulceration, and are very often cured by the alternative effect of this SARSAPARILLA. Some cases require, however, in aid of the SARSAPARILLA, the skillful application of local remedies.

From the well-known and widely-celebrated Dr. Jacob Morrill, of Cincinnati.

"I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent alternative in diseases of females. Many cases of irregularity, Leucorrhoea, Internal Ulceration, and local debility, arising from the scrofulous diathesis, have yielded to it, and there are few that do not, when its effect is properly aided by local treatment."

A lady, unwilling to allow the publication of her name, writes: "My daughter and myself have been cured of a very debilitating Leucorrhoea of long standing, by two bottles of your SARSAPARILLA."

Rheumatism Gout, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia Heart Disease Neuralgia, when caused by Scrofula in the system, are rapidly cured by this EXT SARSAPARILLA.

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possess so many advantages over the other purgatives in the market, and their superior virtues are so universally known, that we need not do more than to assure the public their quality is maintained equal to the best it ever has been and that they may be depended on to do all that they have ever done.

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CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"FEED MY LAMBS."—John 21:15.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1863.

The Kitchen Clock.

The following little poem is from "Aunt Effie's Rhymes." We know our young friends will like to read it, and perhaps they will like to remember it; for it teaches them to be steady, patient and obliging:

Listen to the kitchen clock!

To itself it ever talks,

From its place it never walks;

"Tic-toc—tic-toc."

Tell me what it says.

"I'm a very patient clock,"

Never moved by hope or fear,

Though I've stood for many a year;

"Tic-toc—tic-toc."

That is what it says.

"I'm a very truthful clock,"

People say about the place,

Truth is written on my face;

"Tic-toc—tic-toc."

That is what it says.

"I'm a very active clock,"

For I go while you're asleep,

Though you never take a peep;

"Tic-toc—tic-toc."

That is what it says.

"I'm a most obliging clock,"

If you wish to hear me strike,

You may do it when you like;

"Tic-toc—tic-toc."

That is what it says.

What a talkative old clock!

Let us see what it will do

When the pointer reaches two?

"Ding, ding—tic-toc."

That is what it says.

How to Kill an Enemy.

"Children," said a kind father to his little family, as he took a seat by the fire-side, and gathered them round him for a pleasant talk, "which is the best way to kill an enemy?"

"Why, shoot him, to be sure," said one.

"No, stab him," said a second.

"No, starve him," said a third.

"But I think," said their father, "I can show you a better way than this. An enemy may be killed without taking from him his life, or shedding a single drop of his blood. Let me tell you a story, to show how it may be done."

There was a farmer once, who was a very cross, surly, disagreeable man. Everybody in the neighborhood knew him, and everybody disliked him. He was sure to make the most of whatever went wrong about him, and the poor offender always met with severe punishment. There was not a boy in all the neighborhood who did not feel uncomfortable as he passed his gate; and the poor dog that barked at his geese, or the neighbor's rooster that crowed on his wall, was speedily visited with the lash of his whip, or the shot from his gun. The very cat knew his foot-steps, and slunk away from him in terror. He was a complete pest, as much so to himself as to those about him. Every day brought him some fresh trouble, and found him in continual 'hot water'; indeed, his very life was made up of broils.

After a time, good Farmer Green came to live near him, and, as you may suppose, he was soon told the character of his not over pleasant neighbor.

"Well," says he, "if he shows off on me, I'll very soon kill him!"

This remark of Farmer Green's soon got afloat, and all sorts of things were said about it. He seemed the very last man to 'kill' any one, for his looks, and words, and actions, all told of a loving heart which throbbed in his bosom and directed his life. Nobody could think for a moment of his becoming a murderer. Mr.

Green's intentions at length came to the ears of the ill-natured farmer, and you may be sure he was not at all pleased about it. Everything he could do to tease, annoy, and even injure Mr. Green was done; but somehow or other, the man who was to 'kill' this ugly tempered farmer, took it all in good part, and spoke as calmly, and looked as kindly as ever.

One day Mrs. Green sent to the wife of our surly friend a basket of nice plums; but her husband wouldn't let her have them. He told the person who brought them, very gruffly, that it was only done to get some of his pears in return, and he wasn't going to give any of them away.

At another time Mr. Green's team of oxen stuck fast in a bog, and when he asked his neighbor for a little help, he told him in a very rough way, that he had enough to do to mind his own business, and refused to help him.

"Never mind," said Green, to some one standing by, "I'll kill him very soon, see if I don't."

Soon after this, the team of the ill-natured man was in the same plight that his neighbor's had been in. Mr. Green saw it. He ran for his oxen and chains, and set off for the bog. He spoke kindly, offered his help, and began to render it; but what did he receive in reply? Why, a fierce look, and an angry word: "I don't want your help! take your oxen away."

"No," said the other, "I must help you, for the night is coming on, and what is bad enough by day, is ten times worse in the dark."

Away pulled the oxen and the men, and soon all was set right again.

A strange feeling did that rough, cross man carry home with him that evening, something which he had never felt before. And a strange look did his wife give him as he said, "Peg, Farmer Green has killed me! he said he would, and he has done it."

Yes, the 'enemy' was 'killed' without the loss of a single life, or one drop of blood. He went in the morning to confess his ingratitude to his kind neighbor, and to ask his forgiveness; and the very man who had been noted for nothing but his wickedness, became the friend of all.

Anecdotes of Birds.

There is much more intellect in birds than people suppose. An instance of that occurred in a slate quarry belonging to a friend, from whom I have the narrative. A thrush, not aware of the expansive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to build her nest on a ridge of the quarry, in the very centre of which they were constantly blasting the rock. At first she was much discomposed by the fragments flying in all directions, but she would not quit her chosen locality. She soon observed that a bell rang whenever a train was about to be fired, and that, at the notice, the workmen retired to safe positions. In a few days, when she heard the bell, she quitted her exposed situation, and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves, dropping close to their feet. There she would remain until the explosion had taken place, and then she returned to her nest. The workmen observed this, and narrated it to their employers, and it was also told to visitors who came to view the quarry. The visitors naturally expressed a wish to witness so curious a specimen of intellect; but as the rock could not always be ready to be blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung instead, and for a few times answered the same purpose. The thrush flew down close to where they stood; but she perceived that she was trifled with, and it in-

terfered with her process of incubation: the consequence was, that afterwards, when the bell was rung, she would peep over the ledge to ascertain if the workmen did retreat, and if they did not, she would remain where she was, probably saying to herself, "No, no, gentlemen; I'm not to be roused off my eggs for your amusement." Some birds have a great deal of humor in them, particularly the raven. One that belonged to me was the most mischievous and amusing creature I ever met with. He would get into the flower-garden, go to the beds where the gardener had sowed a great variety of seeds, with sticks put in the ground with labels, and then he would amuse himself with pulling up every stick, and leaving them in heaps of ten or twelve on the path. This used to irritate the old gardener very much, who would drive him away. The raven knew that he ought not to do it, or he would not have done it. He would soon return to his mischief, and when the gardener again chased him, (the old man could not walk very fast,) the raven would just keep clear of the rake or hoe in his hand, dancing back before him, and singing as plain as a man could, "Tol de rol de rol! tol de rol de rol!" with all kinds of mimicking gestures. The bird is alive now, and continues the same meritorious practice whenever he can find an opportunity.—*Maryatt.*

Wild-Bee Hunting in Australia.

The following mode is employed by the aborigines in obtaining the wild honey of the stingless bees that are found in some parts of the interior of that continent. These bees, which are about the size of our common house flies, build their combs (composed of globular cells) in the hollows of trees. The black who is desirous of obtaining the honey, betakes himself to the side of some water-course, having provided himself with a slender stick. He has also a little piece of fine down, picked off the leaves of a common plant, which he has previously twisted into a point at one end, and dipped into the sticky juice obtained by breaking the stem of another weed.

Thus armed, the native fills his mouth with water, and when he sees a bee light on the margin of the pool to drink, he discharges the mouthful of water over him in a fine shower, and thus by wetting the wings of the bee, prevents its flight. He then allows it to crawl upon the stick, and when the wings are nearly dry, and the bee is preparing to fly away, he attaches the pointed end of the light tuft of down to the back of the insect, by means of the sticky point. This, by impeding the progress of its flight, and by rendering it more conspicuous, enables the savage to follow it to the hollow tree containing the comb. This honey is described as being of a peculiarly limpid character, and of a very good quality; it frequently is to be found on the tables of the settlers in the interior, and used as an article of luxury by them. This honey is found in the forests of the interior. Some has been seen which had been procured 500 miles inward from Sidney.

Thou, God, Seest Me.

A lady came home from shopping one day, and was not met as usual by the glad welcome of her little son. He seemed shy of her, went into the yard, hung about the garden, and wanted to be more with Bridget than usual. The mother could not account for his manner.

When she was undressing him for bed, "Mother," he asked, "can God see through the crack in the closet door?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"And can He see when it is all dark?"

"Yes," answered the mother, "God can see every where, and in every place."

"Then God saw me, and He will tell you, mother. When you were gone, I got into your closet, and I took and ate up the cake: and I am sorry, very sorry;" and bowing his head on his mother's lap, he burst out crying.

Poor little boy! all day he had been wanting to hide from his mother, just as Adam and Eve, after they had disobeyed God, tried to hide from his presence in the garden of Eden. Guilt made him afraid. It put a gulf between him and his mother.

How did George get rid of his feeling of guilt and shame? He took the best, the only true way, by repenting and confessing it. His mother forgave him! He was restored to her confidence and love.

Just so must we do towards God. We must confess and repent of our sins, and pray God, for Christ's sake, to forgive us. Then we may taste the sweets of forgiveness, and be no longer afraid and far off from Him.

Foolscap.

Doubtless all of our little readers know what "foolscap paper" is; but few probably know how it came to bear this singular cognomen. When Charles First found his revenues short, he granted certain privileges, with a view to recruit them, amounting to monopolies, and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew rich and enriched the government also, at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper. At this time all English paper bore in water marks the royal arms. The parliament under Cromwell made jests of this law in every conceivable manner; and, under indignities to the memory of King Charles, it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper, and the "fool's cap and bells" substituted. These, in their turn, were also removed when the Rump Parliament was prorogued; but paper of the size of the Parliament Journal, still bears the name of "foolscap."

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?—Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling draught to your parched lips? Who taught you how to pray and gently helped you to read? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient with your childish ways? Who loves you still, and who contrives and works for you every day you live? It is your mother—your own dear mother. Now let me ask you, Are you kind to your mother?

A POOR EXCUSE BETTER THAN NONE.—The Sheikh Abdallah once sent to his neighbor, Hassan Alla'd Deen, to borrow a rope.

"He cannot have it," replied Hassan.

"I have taken the rope to tie up a measure of sand."

"What! tie up sand with a rope?" replied Abdallah.

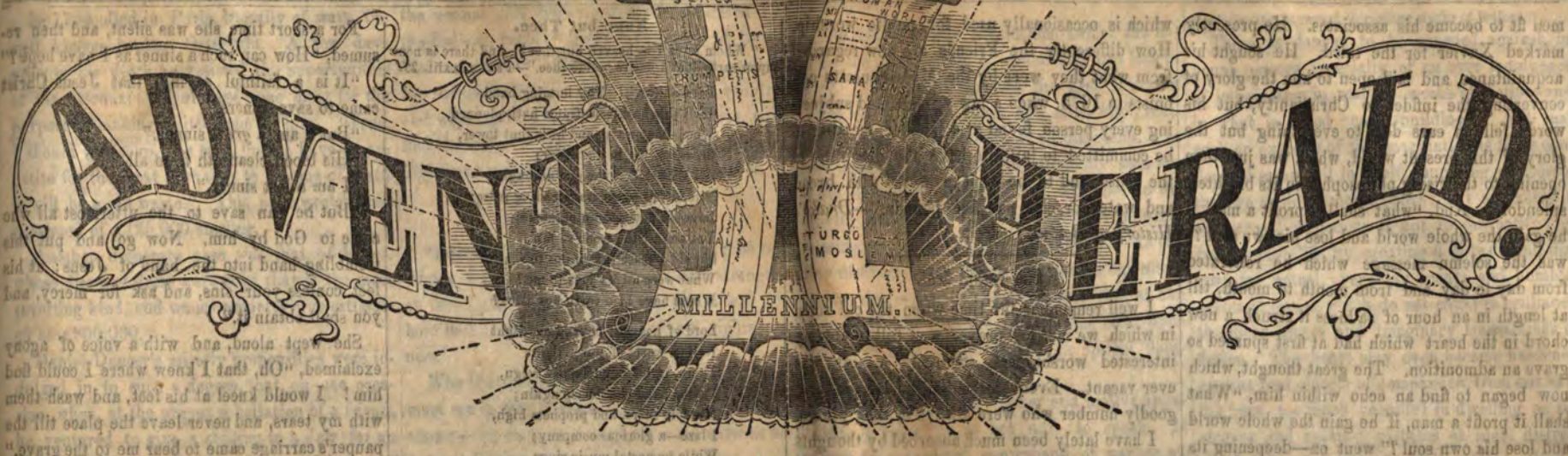
"Oh! friend," retorted Hassan, "it is easy to find a reason for using a rope when one does not wish to lend it."

A CHILD'S DEFINITION.—One afternoon, just after school had been closed, and I was locking my desk, preparatory to going home, little Willie stole softly to my side, climbed up the desk, and putting his arms around my neck, kissed me.

"I love oo, teacher," he said.

"Does Willie know what love is?" I asked, inquiringly.

"It's what makes us dood to folks," he replied at once.



WHOLE NO. 1163.

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JOSIAH LITCH,

J. M. ORRICK,

R. R. KNOWLES,

Committee on Publication.

[For Terms, &c., see 7th page.]

Written for the Advent Herald.

Foreign Correspondence.

WATERLOO, C. E., September 2, 1863.

Bro. Litch—My last was dated June 25th. I had just arrived at the homestead to make my parting visit. Sunday, June 28th, I preached in my brother's barn, which he had fitted up neatly for the purpose. The text was 2 Tim. 5: 18. As my mother could not be present, I spoke in the house in the evening, and I had a most precious season in presenting the blessed hope, from Thess. 4: 13-18. During the week I made several calls, in order to converse on the things of the kingdom. I called on an old couple who have lived together over sixty-four years. One evening in accompanying my brother through the dale, I passed a person belonging to one of the first families, who was in a state of intoxication. When he saw me he began to scoff about the end of the world. The same son of Belial, some years ago, was in the habit of adopting cruel methods of frightening a little niece of mine as she went to and from school. One night she was taken with a fit, and as it came on she mentioned this person's name, and seemed greatly frightened. The fits continue. I have no doubt as to their origin.

Sunday, July 5th, preached again in my brother's barn which was not only well seated, but well filled. The Primitive Methodist minister was present, also some local preachers. I employed an hour and twenty minutes in presenting the hope of the Gospel, showing that it is not a good time in this world, nor the mere rest of the spirit after death, but that it is the coming of the Son, the redemption of the body, the deliverance of the groaning creation, and the glorification of the saints in the kingdom of Christ. Some tears fell while I was speaking, and a local preacher who had been strongly in favor of a temporal millennium, was convinced that the good time promised, will not be realized in this dispensation. In the afternoon I attended the parish church, and heard a clergyman, who was brought up on the farm joining my father's, and who, like myself, was on a visit to his native place. In the evening I heard the Primitive Methodist minister preach his farewell sermon. He had boarded with my sister two years, and she and family greatly felt his going away.

Saturday 11th, attended the marriage of my brother's only daughter, and on Sunday morning, preached again in the barn, the subject being the general evidences of the end at hand; and in the evening I preached in the Primitive Methodist chapel, to a good congregation, from 2 Pet. 1: 5-12. My brother-in-law, L. Dodd, aided me in the services. He is so much an Adventist that he goes by the name of "old Noah."

Thursday 16th, I went to Morpeth, Northumberland, and saw some dear friends who became converts to the Advent faith during my visit to Scotland in 1846. It was truly agreeable to meet again, and to converse on the way God had led us. On the Sabbath I preached twice in the Baptist chapel. It was one of the most precious days I have spent in England. The word of the kingdom dropt like dew. The pastor and another preacher felt deeply interested. In the evening I spoke in a private house, and had a free time in presenting the hope of salvation. Early on Monday morning I started for Carlisle and some places adjacent, where I remained two days attending to a matter for some friends in Canada and the States; and then returned to the homestead to say farewell.

Sunday 26th, I preached on the kingdom of God. It was a tearful hour. In the evening we broke bread in my mother's room. The occasion was deeply affecting. We felt that we should no more eat and drink together till the great meeting in the kingdom of God. It was like a funeral; but we could look through our tears to the land of blessedness. In the morning at an early hour, I took leave of my dear mother. It was the most trying thing in my life of trial. She gave me up when a youth to go as a missionary, and it seemed that I ought to have been with her in her last hours. Two sisters accompanied me five miles. It was hard to part. It was done in silence. We could make no use of words. In the evening I got to Liverpool, where I was kindly met at the station by my brother-in-law and others. Sunday 2d I preached for Bro. Carry on the duty and blessedness of youth in grace—after which we broke bread. This proved to be, my last public effort in England, for during the following week I was prostrated, and sick, and getting ready to leave, and doubts whether I ought to leave made me extremely tired. I am much indebted to my friends and kindred in Liverpool. A few friends in Leeds sent me a substantial parting token of regard. God bless them, and all who have showed me kindness.

Tuesday evening, August 11th, and Wednesday 12th, brought me the last parting scenes—I left a sister, whom I love as my own soul; also her husband, who has treated me with great hospitality, also quite a circle of nieces, nephews, and friends; and at twenty minutes past 9 A. M., the Great Eastern started from her moorings in the river Mersey, and in passing King's Dock, its flag, I believe, dipped three times, not because the Great Eastern was passing, but because a humble servant of the coming One was on board. Some of my own kindred were doubtless giving a last long look; and I was feeling as I never felt before in leaving my country and friends. My heart and lips said,

"Yes, my native land I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well—
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I say a last farewell?"

It may not be a last farewell, for I partly engaged to go again in a few years, if time continues and I am spared. Next morning, at 6 o'clock we were in the beautiful bay of Queens-town, where we had a fine view of the surrounding scenery. Having taken on board six hundred additional passengers, with immense quantities of baggage in all shapes and conditions,

we took our leave of Ireland about three in the afternoon, having on board in all about one thousand seven hundred souls. Friday we had a heavy rain storm, and a strong head wind, which continued till Sabbath morning, causing the big ship to roll a good deal. Sabbath morning there was Episcopal service in the grand saloon, and in the afternoon, Presbyterian service in a large dining saloon. I distributed a few copies of the "Millennial News" and conversed on the Second Advent. Sunday night one of the paddle wheels was badly broken. The vessel was brought to a stand in order to repair; but nothing could be done, so we had to move along as we were, her speed being retarded at the rate of three or four miles an hour. Wednesday morning, the 19th, the sea was rough, the ship rolled fearfully. The cooking range was torn away and its contents, intended for dinner, scattered over the deck and into the ocean; the house for fresh meat and the paint shop were carried away, with all their contents, and the breaking of crockery was immense. But this was only a foretaste of what was still to come. Sabbath 2d, about four in the afternoon, a hurricane of unsurpassed severity came on very suddenly, and raged with awful fury and noise for about six hours. Though twenty-four men were placed at the wheel, yet for hours the great ship did not answer to her helm, and as her head could not be turned to the storm, she had to take it in her entire length, viz., the eighth of a mile. Officers and men seemed to be at their "wits end," and some of them received severe injuries. The third officer and one other man had their legs broken. The life boats were torn from their fastenings—some of them carried away, and others broken and saved with the utmost effort and peril; the paddle wheel received additional injury, and a large share of it was carried away; two fine horses were killed—passenger's trunks were smashed to pieces and their contents spoiled or lost, and the general breakage was very great. Towards morning the saloons were noticed to be full of steam, so that no person could pass through, and passengers had to rush out of their berths. The first thought was, that the vessel was on fire, but it was ascertained that a steam tube had burst. I remained in a house on the deck during the tornado, and employed myself in saving the property of the Company, and in viewing the scene of terrific grandeur which the ocean presented. I listened to the awful noise as the voice of God. There had been much sin on the way, gambling, drinking, swearing, lewdness, balls, polka dances on deck, unseemly sports, etc.; but all this was quashed by the storm. The stoutest heart trembled, and doubtless many prayed who are not in the habit of praying. It was a good time for the Christian to look to God, and to trust alone in him, for feeble seemed to be the help of man. The next morning was the Sabbath, and all were talking over the dangers through which we had passed, and were viewing the ruin which the tornado had produced. At 11 o'clock there was Episcopal service, and a clergyman from Canada East preached from 1 John 3: 2. His text gave him a grand chance of speaking on the Second Advent, but what he said was very vague and unsatisfactory. In the afternoon a few of us had a Bible class, and I endeavored

to supply what was lacking in the sermon. I had a very candid hearing, and I think four or five received light during our voyage, who will let it shine. I gave my last copies of the "Millennial News," and felt that my work connected with my visit to England was done. In the evening we had a concert of sacred music. I found some fine Christian people. We parted hoping to meet on the "shining shore."

"Where all the ships company meet
Who sail with their Savior beneath,
With shoutings each other they'll greet,
They'll triumph o'er sorrow and death."

After the storm it was not known for thirty-six hours where we were, but the men kept sounding, so that we might not be "lost in a calm." Monday evening we anchored to the eastward of Land Point lighthouse, on account of the fog, the pilot not deeming it prudent to proceed. Next morning we started at an early hour, and by breakfast time we were in Flushing Bay, 12 miles from New York. From this we were conveyed in a small steamer to the city, where we arrived at noon, but it took us till evening to get through the Custom House. As I wished, before I started North, to ascertain the whereabouts of my son, who had been drafted for the Federal army, I made some stay in New York—called upon some old friends, and made some new ones. Friday morning I started for Canada, saw my son at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; was glad to find that he had been relieved from the draft—stayed with dear friends in Odell Town, over the Sabbath, and arrived at home on Monday at noon, and was happy to find all my family there, excepting the one I had seen on the way.

I look back with pleasure on my visit to my native land. I have done what I could in the cause of the Savior. Some have been enlightened and blessed. My kindred, and Christian friends have treated me with much kindness, and I thank them, and the Lord, who is the giver of every mercy. "God is love."

Yours fraternally,
R. HUTCHINSON.

Francis Xavier.

Some three centuries and a half ago, the little kingdom of Navarre gave birth to an extraordinary man. His family on both sides was among the proudest of ancestral Spain. While his elder brothers were fired with the military ardor which had filled the escutcheon of their fathers with deeds of renown, Francis, called also, from his mother's family, Xavier, was smitten with a passion for letters. His education was completed at Paris, and there, where five centuries before Abelard had drawn upon himself the eyes of Europe, and attracted to his lectures admiring thousand, Francis was now expounding that same Aristotle, and was rapidly winning a similar popularity.

He had fallen upon an auspicious hour. It was the dawn of a new era. Faust had just revealed the magic of movable types. The Portuguese had opened the ocean pathway to the East Indies. Columbus had returned from his discovery with a story that electrified the nations. Luther and his coadjutors were agitating Europe with the profoundest religious sensation. At this opportune moment, Ignatius Loyola, one of the great founders, made his appearance in Paris. He had as yet found but two

men fit to become his associates. He presently marked Xavier for the third. He sought his acquaintance, and laid open to him the glory of converting the infidel to Christianity, but his words fell on ears deaf to everything but the glory of this present world, which was just then opening to the rising philosopher in its brightest splendors. And, "what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" was the solemn message which he reiterated from day to day and from month to month, till at length in an hour of sadness it struck a new chord in the heart which had at first spurned so grave an admonition. The great thought, which now began to find an echo within him, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" went on—deepening its impression till it transformed the world and him. The world which had been his god, he now despised and spit upon; its honors were faded rags; its majesty, mean; its riches, despicable dust. He literally forsook father and mother, and houses and lands, for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He seized the first opportunity to sail to India as a missionary, and passing on his way to the seaport almost within sight of the home of his childhood, he refused to look upon it with his eyes; refused to see the face of kindred; refused the final adieus of a fond mother, lest the tenderness of earthly affections should shake the steadfastness of his soul.

Arrived in India, he went up and down the valleys, and over the mountains, and through the islands, learning the languages of the natives by miracle, and preaching Christianity with a zeal which brought hundreds of thousands to seek baptism at his hands. With an art which none but a disciple of Loyola could imitate, he knew how to become all things to all men.

Repulsed by the Emperor of Japan for his garb, he forthwith arrayed himself in the gorgeous priestly robes of the Bonzes, and presenting himself again to the monarch, with a tone of authority, he commanded reverence and obedience, and thus, through the edict of the emperor, a nation was converted in a day. He now looked over to the broad valleys of China, and burned to add her hundreds of millions to the list of his converts; and midway in his voyage to this enterprise, which was to be the crowning glory of his life, his great soul was obliged to forsake the frail body that refused to sustain this additional labor.

It matters little that we say he was a Jesuit, and that his converts were no better in their baptized Christianity than in their unbaptized heathenism; who shall claim perfection of creed or act for any man? That which is worthy of our attention is the superhuman energy of a great soul under the inspiration of a great idea. Here was an earnest man penetrated with a conviction of the thing appointed him to do, and he did it with a might that will stand to all ages, the astonishment of the world. In this example of the single eye, the undaunted courage, the unrelenting aim, Francis Xavier exhibited all the human elements of moral power in the highest degree. And the minister of the Gospel, whether in heathen or in Christian lands, who shall imitate the apostle to the Indies in these things, and shall in addition have his soul filled with the light of truth and with the Holy Ghost, shall, even in the blaze and stir of this nineteenth century, give a new impulse to the moral world, and a higher tone to the Christian life.

Quakers in Boston.

The first Quakers who came to Boston arrived in May, 1656. From 1664 to 1808, the Friends held regular meetings in Boston. This sect built the first brick meeting-house in the town, somewhere in the neighborhood of Brattle Street church. In 1708 the society sold their house of worship and the town authorities refused permission to erect a new one of wood. A second brick edifice was erected in what was afterwards known as Quaker Lane, now Congress Street. This was destroyed in the great fire of 1760, but was immediately replaced. It stood till April, 1826, when it was sold and removed. It had hardly been occupied for twenty years. A neat stone edifice was erected in Milton Place,

which is occasionally used for public worship. How differently the Friends are now regarded from what they were by the Massachusetts colonists in 1675, when a law was enacted subjecting every person found at a Quaker meeting to be committed to jail, "to have the discipline of the house, and to be kept to work with bread and water, or else pay five pounds."—*Drake's History of Boston.*

The Vacant Seat.

I well remember the time when the old room in which we met for prayer was full of deeply interested worshippers. Scarcely a seat was ever vacant. Even storms had no terrors for a goodly number who were always in their places.

I have lately been much absorbed by thoughts of numerous seats now vacant in our place of prayer, and as I have recalled to mind their occupants in other days, I have again and again wonderingly asked, "Where are they?" Yonder, snugly seated in a corner, was always to be seen Brother A. Where is he now? In a better seat on high. Opposite to him sat our Sister B. Her vacant seat also now silently directs our thoughts upward. A little in front of her sat Brother and Sister C. Their seats are vacant now because they worship with a neighboring church. And then on the right of the pulpit, sat a dozen young men, eight of whom have vacated their seats to serve their country on the field of battle. Thus "dead," "moved away," and "in the army," answer the question, "Where are they?" with regard to many of the former occupants of those now sadly vacant seats. But there are many seats, still more sadly vacant, about which it is not so easy to speak. Brethren D. E. and F. used to sit right before the pulpit and close to it, and our Sisters G. and H. on the left. Where are they all now? Their empty seats echo "Where?" Who can tell where? Are they too dead? I fear they are; but they are not buried, for I see them every day moving about in the busy streets. Their houses are neither "For Sale" nor "To Let;" they still occupy them themselves. Nor have they joined the ranks of the army. Some are too old to enlist; some are not sufficiently sound in health or limb, and all have a reason for staying at home.

But what is the reason for these vacant seats in our place of prayer? I have often wished I could successfully clear up the sad mystery that hangs over this matter, by interrogating the silent, yet sometimes eloquent seats, themselves. I remember the time when their old occupants expressed their joy in view of the assurance that Christ could and would meet them in that hallowed place. I remember the day when they solemnly covenanted to meet Christ and his people there, and humbly and steadfastly craved the promised blessing. Can it be that they have so soon forgotten it all, and are willing to dispense with the meeting with Christ and the blessing Christ brings? Can it be that they are willing to leave "two or three" to sustain all the responsibility of meeting Christ in the way of his own appointment? What would become of the church if all, not excepting the "two or three," should imitate such an example? Where would be the meeting if all the seats were vacant? Dear reader, is your seat vacant?—*Tract. Journal.*

NATURAL BAROMETER.—Chick-weed is an excellent barometer. When the flower expands fully, we are not to expect rain for several hours; should it continue in that state, no rain will disturb the summer's day.

When it half conceals its miniature flower, the day is generally showery; but if it entirely shuts up, or veils the white flower with its green mantle, let the traveller put on his great-coat. The different species of trefoils always contract their leaves at the approach of a storm; so certainly does this take place, that these plants acquire the name of the husbandman's barometer. The tulip, and several of the compound yellow flowers, all close before rain. There is a species of wood-sorrel which doubles its leaves before storms. The baubinia, or mountain ebony, capital and sensitive plants, observe the same habits.

None but Thee.

"Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."—PSALM lxxiii. 25.

Lord of earth! Thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned,
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power;
All that strikes the eye unsought,
Friendship—gem transcending price;
Love—a flower from paradise;
Yet amidst the scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smiles to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but Thee?

Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light;
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hand shall clasp again;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze—a glorious company;
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph strings;
Oh! that world is passing fair;
Yet if Thou were absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?

Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in Thee its holy rest;
I was lost! Thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child;
I was blind! Thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away.
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe,
O, if once Thy smile divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but Thee?

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

A Touching Scene.

Rev. Horace Bushnell, who is blind, a city missionary for twenty years in Cincinnati, in his late report, relates the following:

Leaving the omnibus one day, and feeling for the sidewalk with my staff, a woman's voice inquired: "Are you blind, sir?"

"Quite blind."

"Well, here's the sidewalk; but can you guess where you are?"

"Yes, at the corner of ——— and ——— streets."

"Well, you are good at guessing; but can you tell why God has deprived you, a holy man, of sight, and left me, a drunken sinner, with my eyes?"

"Even so, Father, for it seemed good in thy sight."

"Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us all?"

"It may be so, yet through the blood of Jesus, they who were sometime alienated, and enemies by wicked works, become reconciled to God."

"It may be you would be offended if I offer to lead you over this rough place?"

Now Simon, the Pharisee, said silently in my heart, if this were of God, he would know what manner of woman this is that toucheth him, for she is a sinner; but the scene of Bethany was present, and I said, "I will not be offended; take my arm."

She did so, saying, "Thank God! Thank God!"

"For what?"

"That I may guide the feet of one of his servants, for I am not fit to touch the hem of his garment. I had a brother once, and he was a minister of God, like you."

She was weeping. The horse passed before us. She said, "You can't see that?"

"No, what is it?"

"That is the pauper's carriage. Even we drunken paupers ride home in that when life ends."

"To what home?"

"The grave."

"Is the grave the sinner's home?"

"Would to God it were; then I could have hope of rest at last."

"Have you no hope?"

"No hope! Their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched."

"But you should hope."

"Why should I hope?"

"God is good?"

"But I have abused his goodness."

"God is merciful!"

"I have despised his mercy."

"But God is love!"

For a short time she was silent, and then resumed, "How can such a sinner as I have hope?"

"It is a faithful saying, that Jesus Christ came to save sinners."

"But I am a great sinner."

"His blood cleanseth from all sin."

"I am a lost sinner."

"But he can save to the uttermost all who come to God by him. Now go and put this trembling hand into the hand of Jesus; at his feet confess your sins, and ask for mercy, and you shall obtain it."

She wept aloud, and with a voice of agony exclaimed, "Oh, that I knew where I could find him! I would kneel at his feet, and wash them with my tears, and never leave the place till the pauper's carriage came to bear me to the grave."

Here I parted with the despairing stranger, who I had never met before; but recently, when passing an unfrequented street, that same voice called, "God bless you, sir! God bless you! Let me help you over this broken way, for I have found him!"

"Found whom?"

"He that can save to the uttermost; and blessed be his holy name, for his blood cleanseth us from all sin."

What a Volcano can Do.

Cotopaxi, in 1738, threw its fiery rockets 8,000 feet above its crater; while in 1754, the blazing mass struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard at a distance of more than 600 miles. In 1797, the crater of Tunguragua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud, which dammed up rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys of 1,000 feet wide made deposits of 600 feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius which in 1837 passed through Torre del Greco, contained 33,600,000 cubic feet of solid matter; and in 1794, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1769, Etna poured forth a flood which covered 84 square miles of surface, and measured nearly 100,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the sand and scoria formed the Monte Rosni, near Nicholossa, a cone two miles in circumference, and 4,000 feet high. The stream thrown out by Etna, in 1810, was in motion at the rate of a yard a day, for nine months after the eruption; and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cool and consolidated ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the scoria and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain; while in 1680, Etna disgorged more than twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has sent its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt; it hurled stones, eight pounds in weight, to Pompeii, a distance of 6 miles, while similar masses were tossed up 2,000 feet above its summit. Cotopaxi has projected a block, of 109 cubic yards in volume, a distance of nine miles; and Sumbawa, in 1815, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of 300 miles of surface; and out of a population of 12,000 souls only twenty escaped.

A Hint.

There are some hearers who take special delight in telling their minister how much they are pleased with his sermons. And there are some hearers who take equal delight in showing their minister on what points in matter and manner they deem him defective. And both these classes of persons, though they may perhaps mean well, are to a sensitive minister annoyances. Few preachers are the better for being extravagantly commended, and few are profited by homiletical suggestions from those whom they know are incapable of writing or delivering a sermon themselves.

One of the best compliments that was ever paid to a clergyman, was what was once said to Massillon by Louis XVI. "When I hear other preachers, I usually go home praising them; but when I hear you, I go home condemning myself." To none but to a faithful preacher, could this in truth be said; and the highest and most valued compliment a parishioner can pay a pastor is, to obey the truths which his pastor delivers.

The Way Misers Live and Die.

In 1790, died in Paris, literally of want, the well known banker, Ostervald. A few days prior to his death he resisted the importunities of his attendant to purchase some meat for the purpose of making a little soup for him. "True, I should like soup," he said, "but I have no appetite for the meat; what is to become of that? it will be a sad waste." This poor wretch died possessed of £125,000 sterling.

Another desperate case was that of Elwes, whose diet and dress were alike that of the most revolting kind, and whose property was estimated at £800,000.

Daniel Dancer's miserly propensities were indulged in to such a degree, that, on one occasion, when, at the urgent solicitation of a friend, he ventured to give a shilling to a Jew for an old hat, "better as new," to the astonishment of his friend, the next day he actually retailed it for eight pence. He performed his ablutions at a neighboring pool, drying himself in the sun to save the extravagant indulgence of a towel; yet this poor mendicant had property to the extent of £3000 per annum.

The well known Nat Bently, (alias Dirty Dick, of London, was the victim not only of a craving for gold, but also for old iron.

Another deplorable case might be cited—that of Thomas Pitt, of Warwickshire. It is reported that some weeks prior to the sickness which terminated his despicable career, he went to several undertakers in quest of a cheap coffin. He left £2,475 in the public funds.

Sir William Smyth, of Bedfordshire, was immensely rich, but most parsimonious and miserly in his habits. At seventy years of age he was entirely deprived of his sight, unable to gloat over his heaps of gold. He was persuaded by Taylor, the celebrated oculist, to be couched, who was by agreement to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was enabled to write without the aid of spectacles during the rest of his life. But no sooner was his sight restored, than the baronet began to regret that his agreement had been for so large a sum. His thoughts were now to cheat the oculist. He pretended that he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing distinctly; for which reason the bandage on his eyes was continued a month longer than the usual time. Taylor was deceived by this misrepresentation, agreed to compound the bargain, and accepted twenty guineas instead of sixty. At the time Taylor attended him he had a large estate, an immense amount in stocks, and £6000 in the house.

A miser of the name of Foscue, who had amassed enormous wealth by the most sordid parsimony and discreditable extortion, applied his ingenuity to discover some effectual mode of hiding his gold. With great care and secrecy he dug a deep cave in his cellar. To this receptacle for his treasure he descended by a ladder, and to the trap-door he attached a spring lock, so that, on shutting, it would fasten itself. By-and-by the miser disappeared; inquiries were made, the house was searched, woods were explored, and ponds were dragged, but no Foscue could they find. Some time passed on; the house in which he had lived was sold, and the workmen were busily employed in its repair. In the progress of their work they met with the door of the secret cave, with the key in the lock outside. The first object upon which the lamp reflected was the ghastly body of old Foscue, the miser, and scattered around him were heavy bags of gold and ponderous chests of untold treasure; a candlestick lay beside him on the floor. This worshipper of Mammon had come into his cave to pay his devoirs to his golden god, and became a sacrifice to his devotion.

GROWTH OF TIMBER.—It is a singular fact that were vast treeless prairies in Illinois, twelve years ago, are now covered with a dense growth of thirty young forest trees, comprising various species of oak, hickory, cotton wood, ash, &c. So rapid has been the change in many localities, that where some of the early settlers located, 20 to 25 years ago, without a tree around them, they can now cut and hew good building timber

a foot square. Prairie land, when kept from the annual fall burning formerly practiced by the Indians, rapidly produces a growth of trees. Some of the old citizens, who greedily located the timber land when they came to this country and were careless about acquiring prairie, now find the latter of more value than the former. The timber has grown faster than they use it.

A Crumb from the Bible.

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

Who that reads with attention the Bible, but must see it was written for man—for man as a sinner—for man as a sufferer—for man as an immortal being.

What words it utters!—words inspiring the Christian's mind with peace, faith, fortitude, hope and joy—words assuaging his sorrows, binding up his wounded heart, wiping his tears, and imparting to him "joy in believing."

It presents God to his mind in the love of his heart, the faithfulness of his word, the power of his arm, and the smiles of his grace; lets down on his soul a ray of the sunlight of heaven; is as "green pastures" and "still waters;" yea, as "a feast of fat things full of marrow," on which he feeds and drinks, and rests in perfect security. It affords him light in darkest seasons, and "songs in the night" of severest trials.

Read the above promise, and say if what we have said of the Bible is not so.

If the other promises of God are "great and precious," surely this one "is exceedingly so;" or rather, it is in its own self a cluster of "exceeding great and precious promises," bound together by the golden band of "I am thy God."

This one cluster might suffice the Christian, were there not another promise in the Scriptures of truth; for what can he want that it does not contain? In all the variety of trying circumstances in which he can be placed, it adapts itself to them all, saying, "Fear thou not; be thou not dismayed; for I am thy God." Enough, Lord, enough. Amen. Hallelujah.—*American Messenger*.

Navigation of the Air.—An Extraordinary Invention.

The N. Y. Herald states that Dr. Solomon Andrews, of Perth Amboy, N. J., has constructed a "war aerostat," or balloon for navigating the air, to be used for reconnoitering purposes, in which he has made a successful ascension and established his ability to sail in any direction beyond the possibility of a doubt. The Herald gives the following description of this extraordinary invention and account of its trial trip: The machine made by Mr. Andrews would carry up three men in addition to all the fixtures and paraphernalia for its forward movement. It contained twenty-six thousand feet of hydrogen gas. It carried him, weighing one hundred and seventy-two pounds, and two hundred and fifty-six pounds of ballast.

Its form was that of three cigars pointed at both ends, secured together at their longitudinal equators, covered by a net, and supporting by one hundred and twenty cords a car sixteen feet below under the centre.

The car was twelve feet long, made of basket work, and was sixteen inches wide at the bottom. The aerostat, or cylindroids, was made of varnished linen, like ordinary balloons.

On Friday, the 4th inst., he made his last experiment, and demonstrated to an admiring crowd the possibility of going against the wind, and of guiding her in any and every direction with a small rudder having only seventeen square feet of surface. He made no long flight in one straight line, lest his *modus operandi* should be divulged; but by a most ingenious plan demonstrated her capabilities beyond all possibility of doubt, whilst he prevented a public knowledge of his method of propelling.

After a few short flights, to satisfy himself and a few friends that all was right, and that she would do all he had contemplated, he set her off in a spiral course upward, she going at a rate of not less than one hundred and twenty miles per hour, and describing circles in the air of

more than one and a half miles in circumference.

She made twenty revolutions before she entered the upper strata of clouds and was lost to view. She passed through the first strata of dense white clouds, about two miles high, scattering them as she entered in all directions. In her upward flight could be distinctly seen her rapid movement in a contrary direction to the moving clouds, and as she came before the wind, passing by them with great celerity. As she was distinctly seen thus to move, both below and above the clouds on the clear blue sky, at five o'clock, P. M., with the sun shining clear upon her, there could be no mistake or optical delusion to the beholder.

As to her propelling power and motive apparatus, it behooves us not now to speak. It might be considered contraband of war, or affording aid and comfort to the enemy; for with such a machine in the hands of Jeff Davis, the armies around Washington would be powerless to preserve the capital.

We think Dr. Andrews deserves more praise for the patriotic ingenuity with which he has preserved his secret, and yet tried his grand experiment in the open air before the public, than even that manifested in the conception and construction of his machine. Of that and its beautiful simplicity we may speak hereafter. We have the documents.

Comforting Thought.

Why should not a man, that would die at all, be as willing at thirty or forty, if God sees fit as at seventy or eighty? Length of time doth not conquer corruption; it never withers nor decays through age. Except we receive an addition of grace, as well as time, we naturally grow worse. "O my soul, depart in peace!" As thou wouldst not desire an unlimited state in wealth or honor, so desire it not in point of time. How many of the precious servants of God, of all ages and places, have gone before thee! Thou art not to enter an untrodden path, nor appointed first to break the ice. Except Enoch and Elijah, which of the saints have escaped death? And art thou better than they? There are many millions of saints dead, more than now remain on the earth. What a number of thine own bosom friends and companions in duty are now gone, and why shouldst thou be so loth to follow? Nay, hath not Jesus Christ himself gone away? Hath he not sanctified the grave to us, and perfumed the dust with his own body, and art thou loth to follow him too? Rather say, as Thomas "Let us also go, that we may die with him."—*Baxter*.

St. Patrick's Prayer.

As he was going to preach at Tara, expecting prosecution:

At Tara to-day, the strength of God pilot me, the power of God preserve me; may the wisdom of God instruct me, the eye of God watch over me, the ear of God hear me, the word of God give me sweet talk, the hand of God defend me, the way of God guide me. Christ be with me, Christ before me, Christ after me, Christ in me, Christ under me, Christ over me, Christ on my right hand, Christ on my left hand, Christ on this side, Christ on that side, Christ at my back, Christ in the heart of every person to whom I speak, Christ in the mouth of every person who speaks to me, Christ in the eye of every person who looks upon me, Christ in the ear of every person who hears me at Tara to-day.

So prayed the reputed patron saint of the Romish church in Ireland. All to Christ.

NOT IN VAIN.—God's faithful ones do not fall by the wayside in vain. Harriet Newell, sleeping her last sleep on the sunny Isle of France, speaks in louder tones for the cause of missions than she could by a long life amid the jungles of India. So, too, many another one has early fallen, but none of them have died in vain. God's providences are often mysterious, but He doeth all things well. Many more may be called to fall by the wayside, before the world is converted to God, but not one will die for Jesus in vain. The great work of missions will go on till the ends of the earth are filled with the knowledge of God.

Reading Works of Fiction.

Archbishop Whately, in his "Lesson on the Mind," has the following in regard to reading works of fiction:

There is danger to be guarded against, in young persons especially, of an over indulgence of imagination in reading works of fiction, and in what is called "castle-building." Not that such an exercise of the imagination is to be condemned as an evil in itself, supposing, of course, that we avoid immoral books; but an excess in the perusal of fictions is apt to disqualify any one for real life, by creating a distaste and disgust for actual, every-day scenes and humble, practical duties, which do not equal in brilliancy the ideal scenes and imaginary transactions of fiction. The heart may even become hardened against real objects of compassion, from our having been too much occupied in dwelling on the elegant and poetical pictures of ideal distress which tales and poems exhibit. For in these a flaming excitement being all that is aimed at, there is, of course, a studied exclusion of all those homely and sometimes disgusting circumstances which often accompany real distress, such as we are called upon to sympathize with and to relieve.

And there is also danger of our becoming dissatisfied with estimable friends, because they do not come up to the standard of the heroes and heroines of romances. And what are usually reckoned as moral tales, and are written with a good design, are sometimes the most hurtful in this way; for they commonly represent the good characters as perfect, and bad ones as fiends, both being quite unlike what we meet with in real life, and therefore serving to engender false notions. It is allowable, indeed, and right, to bestow cultivation on the flower gardens of your mind, only they must not be allowed to take the place of the plain but necessary corn-fields, or lead you to neglect their cultivation.

"There's Light Beyond."

"When in Maderia," writes a traveller, "I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain to gaze upon the distant scene, and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had with difficulty ascended some two thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us, quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens. I thought I had no hope left, but at once to retrace my steps, or be lost; but as the cloud came nearer and darkness overshadowed me, my guide ran on before me, penetrating the mist, and calling to me ever and anon, saying, 'Press on, master—press on—there's light beyond!' I did press on. In a few minutes the mist was passed, and I gazed upon a scene of transcendent beauty. All was bright and cloudless above, and beneath us was the almost level mist, concealing the world below me, and glistening in the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens."

Oh ye, over whom the clouds are gathering, or who have sat beneath the shadow, be not dismayed if they rise before you. Press on—THERE IS LIGHT BEYOND.

THE QUEEN'S COOKS.—Queen Victoria has an expensive household. Her head confectioner costs three hundred pounds per annum; second, two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, with apartments and travelling expenses; three female assistants and an errand man eighty pounds per annum each; chief pastry cook, two hundred and fifty pounds per year, with rooms and tending expenses, with one male and ten female assistants, seventy-nine pounds per annum; a butler and his assistant, at fifty pounds and sixty five pounds each. The total royal expense for making sugar-plums, cakes, and tarts, independent of the cost of materials, is one thousand two hundred pounds per annum.

THE MINISTER.—Some would make the minister a student; some a visiting pastor; some a public speaker. Undoubtedly the same rule can not be applied to all. Different modes of labor are appropriate to different men, and different conditions of society. Still the great idea of the Christian minister is plain. He is to be a teacher; and in order that he may teach he must learn. His peculiar work is to quicken the community by the promulgation of exalting

truth. The acquisition of this truth, and the clear, powerful expression of it, are, then, his chief labors. He is to be a thinker. To this severe toil his life is to be mainly given.—*Channing*.



ADVENT HERALD.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, SEPT. 15, 1863.

JOSIAH LITCH, EDITOR.

The readers of the *Herald* are most earnestly besought to give it room in their prayers; that by means of it God may be honored and his truth advanced; also, that it may be conducted in faith and love, with sobriety of judgment and discernment of the truth, in nothing carried away into error, or hasty speech, or sharp, unbrotherly dispute.

The Antichrist—Is He Past or Future?

This is a question, which as we have said before, is now to a wide extent agitating the minds of the students of prophecy, both in Europe and America; and it is wise in us to know what can be said on all sides, and then keep our eyes open to passing events. We should not pass over a subject presented for consideration because it is not in accordance with our present views; nor embrace an opinion because of its novelty, without a thorough investigation. The prevailing sentiment of the Protestant world, but not by any means the universal sentiment at any time, is, that it is the Roman hierarchy, as argued by Elder Robinson in his late article on this subject. It should be kept in mind that John in his epistles, is the only one of the sacred writers who has introduced Antichrist by that name; and of course it is from him alone we can with certainty know his character. As we showed in a former article, according to John, he is, 1. To deny the Father. 2. He is to deny the Son. 3. He is to deny that Jesus is the Christ. 4. He is to deny that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh. 5. He is to deny that Jesus Christ is coming in the flesh. 2 John 7, where the particeps *erchomenon*, coming, is rendered by our translators *is come*, in the past.

Do any of these characteristics pertain to the Roman hierarchy? Has not Rome through all her history till now steadfastly affirmed in her councils, in her churches, in her baptismal confession, her faith in God the Father, as set forth in the apostles' creed? "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth." 2. In the Son—"And in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord." That He is the Christ this clause also affirms; as does the next, that he is come in the flesh. "That he was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried, descended into hades and rose again from the dead the third day; ascended into heaven, where he sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty, from thence he shall come again to judge the quick and the dead." This confession made at every point, and running through her whole history, is proof that Rome in the past has not borne the marks of Antichrist as given by the apostle John. To say that she has "virtually" done so, is not to the point. Our Government has wisely determined in its bill of rights, that no one shall be tried for "constructive treason." It seems to us that the "constructive crime" of being Antichrist is all that can be made out against Rome in her past history. If we have a positive revelation on the character of Antichrist let us adhere to it. If history affords evidence that the Roman hierarchy has denied the points above named, let the evidence be produced and she must stand convicted. That Rome is guilty of seas of blood—as the mystic Babylon—is true. That she has added to the faith and practice of the Apostolic church is true. But that she has either denied or failed to confess those great doctrines which Antichrist is not to confess, it seems to us has not been made out.

But why force a case when there is rising before us in spiritism, a system which openly denies all those points, and is assuming proportions so vast as to astound the world?

That Antichrist is to develop himself from Rome appears to us conclusive; but it is to be by a departure from the faith, such as has not yet appeared in that quarter.

"The mystery of iniquity" is first for a period to work, and then in the final issue a great departure from the faith to take place. "Then shall that wicked be revealed," who before lay concealed.

The beast of Rev. 13, the man of sin of Paul, the Antichrist of John, and wilful king of the 11th of

Daniel, are all evidently one and the same character; and he is to figure largely in the last days and be the leader of the hosts who shall war against Christ at his second advent.

The apostle's description of this character, 2 John 7, is most expressive. "Many deceivers are entered into the world who confess not Jesus Christ (*erkomenon*) coming in flesh, He is the deceiver and the Antichrist." Look to yourselves that we lose not those things which we have wrought, but that we receive a full reward."

Beebe Plain Camp-Meeting.

We give on another page a communication from another pen, in reference to this meeting, so that we do not need to say much in reference to it. It was an era in the history of Stanstead which will be long remembered as "the great meeting." And great it was in more senses than one.

1. It was great in numbers. We have rarely seen a larger audience at a religious meeting, than on the last Sabbath of this meeting. It was the opinion of Mr. Beebe, the owner of the ground, that there were at least fifteen hundred carriages, bringing from two to six persons each, besides persons on horseback and an immense multitude of others on foot. The whole country was stirred.

2. It was a great meeting in respect to its order. There was no attempt at enforcing order, by either police or committee of order. But every man seemed to regard himself as an officer of the peace, to keep in order himself. So that aside from a few youngsters behind the stand on the first Sabbath morning of the meeting, we had no occasion to reprove any persons throughout the meeting.

3. It was a great meeting in view of the earnest interest given to the word and attention to the devotional meetings in the tents. The people, in short, seemed to regard the place as the house of God, and acted accordingly.

4. It was a great meeting in view of the manifestations of the Spirit of God. It was not a boisterous meeting; but sometimes it seemed like

"That speechless awe which dares not move,
With all that silent heaven of love."

Deep conviction fastened on many minds, of their lost condition and need of a Saviour; and the penitential tears sometimes fell fast. The hearts of believers were made glad in the Lord, and the language of most was, It is good to be here. It was, indeed, a sitting together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. We doubt not that the influence of the meeting will be felt in all that region for many months. It has done a vast amount of good in removing prejudice from the minds of the community in relation to our faith and general religious character, so that the way will be more open to get a hearing throughout that community.

The ministering brethren present were Elders Orrock, two brothers Blake, Thurber, Sornberger, Canfield, Dudley, and brother Wheeler, of Cabot, Vt. Also our pedestrian missionary brother, whose letter we publish—by profession a Presbyterian minister—with whom we for six days "took sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company," and with whom we hope to walk the streets of the New Jerusalem.

The Sabbath morning love feast was a season of extraordinary interest, and for an hour and a half there was a continuous succession of short and pointed testimonies for Christ from warm and gushing hearts. We trust the Lord was greatly honored by the meeting and many souls awakened and blest.

We trust the plan of building a house of worship at Beebe Plain will be executed at once, while the people are interested in the work, and that thus stability will be given to the cause in that region.

Fare to the Lake Village Conference.

We have made arrangements with the Boston and Montreal Railroad, to take persons wishing to attend the Conference, at half-fare, which will be \$3 10, for the round trip from Boston and back. We have not yet got the particulars where the tickets can be obtained, nor the connections to be made. We shall endeavor to do so in time for our next issue. In the meantime let our friends rally and make their arrangements for going. It bids fair to be one of our very best Conferences. Come and participate in it.

Annual Meeting of the A. M. Association.

On consultation with Elder Pearson, President of the Conference, it has been thought best to hold the annual meeting of the A. M. Association on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 13th. The Standing Committee will meet at 10, A. M., of the same day, at Lake Village. J. Litch, President.

The opening discourse of the Conference will be delivered by Elder J. M. Orrock, on Tuesday evening, at seven o'clock.

George Robinson, of Sandisfield, had a tooth drawn recently, which was badly ulcerated, and efforts to stop the bleeding from his gum proving unavailing, he died in consequence.

Complication in Italy.

The Italian question has entered a new stage, which not only affects deeply the entire complication of European politics, but is, indirectly, also, of considerable interest to America. The arrogant language which France has used towards Italy, the circular of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, declaring that France will never consent to the incorporation of Rome with the Kingdom of Italy, and the insolent declarations of M. de la Guernoniere, the editor of the semi-official *La France*, that the unity of Italy is against the interests of France, have sown throughout Italy a seed of distrust and hatred against France. No hostile movement, that might bring on a collision with France, is likely to be soon made. The majority of the representation of the people are too well aware that the young kingdom must first become more consolidated before it can think of attempting to force or to drive the French out of Italy. But so far as the will of the representatives of the people can be made to prevail, Italy will cease to be—what she has been during the entire administration of Rattazzi—the satellite of France, and in the ever-shifting combinations of European politics the influence of Italy will be cast against her. If it is borne in mind that the kingdom of Italy is, in point of population, the fifth Power of Europe, being exceeded only by Russia, France, Austria, and England, and that especially as a naval power she is likely to become a formidable rival of France; it will be seen that a close alliance between England and Italy would be a terrible blow to the French ascendancy in European politics. Those who understand this bearing of the Italian question will, therefore, watch with great interest the issue of the present ministerial crisis, and of the diplomatic controversy still pending between the governments of France and Italy.

Diphtheria and its Cure.

The distinguished mark of this malady from other diseases of the throat, is the formation of a membrane which increases gradually until the patient is strangled to death. It is sometimes accompanied with ulceration and great bodily prostration. To prevent the formation of this membrane is to arrest and cure the disease. The Cincinnati Press gives the following simple remedy:—"In the early stages of the complaint which is always accompanied by a soreness and swelling of the throat, let the patient use a simple solution of salt and water, as a gurgle, every fifteen minutes. At the same time moisten a piece of flannel with a solution of the same kind, as warm as the patient can bear it, and bind it around his throat, renewing it as often as the gurgle is administered, and in the meanwhile sprinkle fine salt between the flannel and the neck. Use inwardly some tonic or stimulant, either separately, or, if the prostration is great, use both together. The treatment as may be seen, is extremely simple, and if used in the earlier stages of the disease, will effect a complete cure."

Profile Mountain.

Unnumbered travellers have stood awe-struck before this gigantic outline of the human face among the White hills of New Hampshire. How few have thought of the greater display of God's power and wisdom and glory in the face of the humblest heir of immortality.

The profile in rock is a mere "freak of nature," a rough sketch made by the conflicting elements in granite. With what interest should we gaze upon the living face of the meaneast outcast whom "God made a living soul." The divinity of the Creator, the future heaven or hell of that soul, are visible in the light and shadow that play upon those features, whose decay anticipates only a brief time the mountain itself; for "all these things must be dissolved."

F. C. H.

AN OLD PATRIOT.—There is living in Syracuse, N. Y., a veteran named William Oahle, 103 years of age. He is a French Canadian by birth, and removed to Boston, Mass., before the Revolutionary War. He is a gun maker, and has worked at his trade until within three or four years. He now declares his ability to repair a broken gun "as well as the next man." He served in the Revolutionary War, and is a pensioner of the government. He says that if he didn't have the rheumatism in his legs he would go to fight the rebels. Mr. Oahle is still able to read without the aid of glasses, and takes a hearty pride in showing how well he can write his name and otherwise use the pen. He states that for many years his hair, which still covers his head, was white, but that since he passed his hundredth year it is turning black again!

TROUBLES IN JAPAN.—The Japanese seem determined to drive all nations from their coast, and have fired, among others, on American vessels. In return the Americans have fired on and sunk two Japanese vessels.

God's Heroes.

Here are "God's heroes," the heroes of the sick chamber and the vigil by the cradle side; the heroes of poverty and of the workshop; of silent, patient endurance, having learned, through much tribulation, that waiting and suffering is their destined work; the heroes of long suffering, forbearance and charity, or of victory over pain, of the unostentatious self-denial of the household; the lowly, toiling, sad woman, climbing mounts of sacrifice under heavy crosses, without a human hand held out in sympathy; the noble army of martyrs who have found and followed the Master's footprints in the daily round of human duties, transfiguring that despised, circumscribed, care-encumbered life of theirs into a living testimony to the truth of Christ's evangel; the lonely sufferers, priests by a heavenly consecration, offering the sacrifices of praise in garret and cellar; men and women, far from stimulating delights of successful activities, co-workers with Christ, sowing in hope the seed whose increase they shall never reap; "the sacramental host of God's elect," ever ascending with songs most jubilant from the faithful performance of earth's lower ministries to the perfect service of the upper sanctuary with its perennial and unhindered praise. They are passing up through the gates of the morning into the city without a temple, and it is for other fingers than ours to weave the amaranth round their lowly brow.—*North British Review*.

Answer to Prayer.

We have more than once within a few months, referred the readers of the *Mirror* to the critical position of the missions at Abbeokuta, in consequence of threats from that barbarian, king of Dahomey. To an English officer, sent to pacify this blood-thirsty monarch, Dahomey declared that he had bound himself by an oath to avenge the defeat of his father in 1851, before Abbeokuta, and that for twelve years preparations had been made for this expedition. Foreign aid was vain. The Governor of Lagos charged all the missionaries and Europeans to leave Abbeokuta, as it appeared doomed. The people of Abbeokuta, nevertheless, determined to defend themselves, and the missionaries nobly cast in their lot with their native converts, who mustered seven hundred strong, all well armed at their own cost.

The Dahomians appeared within sight of Abbeokuta, on rising ground, at the distance of six or seven miles—the camp occupied two miles by its front. The King was at their head, and for sixteen days an attack was hourly expected. The missionaries exerted themselves to dissuade the troops of Abbeokuta from going out to attack the Dahomians; a few parties who could not be restrained sallied out, and were captured.

In the meantime the Christian natives gave themselves up to prayer. It was the only hope for deliverance. After a few days, without any known cause, the Dahomians were seized with a panic, and made a precipitate retreat. The people made great rejoicing, and said, "The arm of the Lord hath done it."—*Christian Mirror*.

Habits of the Greeks.

The pure Greek race is dry, sinewy and sharp, like the country which maintains it. The draining of a few marshes would suffice to suppress all epidemic fevers, and to make the Greeks the healthiest people in Europe, as they are the most temperate. The consumption of one English laborer would supply, in Greece, a family of six persons. The rich are perfectly satisfied with a dish of vegetables for their repast; the poor, with a handful of olives or a morsel of salt fish. The whole nation eats meat once a year, at Easter. Drunkenness, so common in cold countries, is an extremely rare vice among the Greeks. They are great drinkers, but water drinkers. It would make their conscience uneasy to pass a fountain without drinking at it; but if they do go to the public house, it is to gossip. The cafes of Athens are full of customers, and at all hours; but they consume no strong liquors. They call for a halfpenny cup of coffee, a glass of water, fire to light their cigarettes, a newspaper, and a set of dominoes; with that they will amuse themselves the whole day long.—*At the Year Round*.

Farmers' Daughters.

There is no farm-house where the daughter of a wise, pains-taking mother may not grow up lady-like and pleasing to the eye of the most refined. One, the daughter of very humble, hard-working parents, rises before me while I write—a fair, sweet vision. With her round, rosy face, her smoothly-brushed folds of dark hair, her sunny smile, her gentle tones of voice, her elastic movements, graceful, because unconscious and perfectly natural, her trim little figure arranged in deep calico of modest colors, neatly but simply made—she is an object on which the fastidious dweller in the city avenue could not help looking with delight, so fresh, so natu-

10

CORRESPONDENCE.



In this department, articles are solicited, on the general subject of the Advent, from friends of the Herald, over their own signatures, irrespective of the particular views which it defends. Views of correspondents not dissented from, are not necessarily to be considered as editorially endorsed. Correspondents are expected to avoid all personalities, and to study Christian courtesy in all references to views and persons. Any departure from this should be regarded as dissenting the writer to any reply. Christian and gentlemanly discussion will be in order; but not needless, unkind, or uncourteous controversy.

Beebe Plain Camp-Meeting.

BY A PEDESTRIAN MISSIONARY.

EASTERN TOWNSHIP, C. E., Sept. 8, 1863.

Jaded with much visiting and wearied with the sound of my own voice, I resolved to pay a visit to the camp-meeting appointed to be held at Beebe Plain, in order to obtain a little relaxation and in the hopes of having my spirit refreshed by listening to the faithful exposition of Divine truth.

By the aid of the "Mountain Maid," who kindly conveyed me along Lake Memphramagog, in consideration of the payment of fifty cents current money with the merchants, and by the help of a man who carried me in his buggy the remainder of the way for love, I reached the camp ground on Tuesday forenoon, and was introduced to Brother Litch and Canfield; by a sister with whom I had some previous acquaintance. Brother Orrock made his appearance in the afternoon, and afterward Brother Thurber.

I have already stated that I came in search of relaxation and refreshment of spirit, but there was also another reason even more potent than either of these two. Circumstances, to which I may possibly allude hereafter, had directed my attention to the subject of the Second Advent, which had accordingly occupied a large portion of my thoughts for some months; and the more I thought upon the subject the more I desired information upon it, come from what quarter it might. Accordingly, I had discussed the subject with several ministers, and others of different denominations who were opposed to the doctrine of Adventism, and now I desired an opportunity of hearing what its friends could say on its behalf. I came at a good time; for there were those present who had made the subject of unfulfilled prophecy their study for years. Need I, Mr. Editor, particularize Brother Orrock and your respected self? I am sadly afraid that I sorely taxed the patience of these two brethren by the stream of questions I kept pouring in upon them during the six days I enjoyed the privilege of their society. But if so, I must be allowed in self-defence to say, that they never, by look, or sign, or word, signified as much. On the contrary they rather seemed pleased than otherwise when I went on starting subject after subject with remorseless assiduity. Paul seemed to think he had learned a thing or two while sitting at the feet of Gamaliel. It would be passing strange, and say very little for my powers of acquirement, if I could not pick up something from the talk of Gamaliel's twin. I certainly have got some additional food for thought, which, if only digested aright, may prove useful.

But I am verging on egotism. It was not of myself I wanted to speak, and yet it is of myself I am speaking. Let me change the theme and discourse of the camp-meeting. Camp-meetings are good or evil, according as they are managed. If they are made seasons of calm devotion they may be highly beneficial; if they are converted into scenes of wild excitement they must needs be hurtful. The God of revelation is also the God of reason, and nothing that is said or done contrary to his will in either capacity can be for good. I have been present at a protracted meeting where every one might have said, It is good for me to be here, for every one felt that the Spirit of the Lord was present; and I have been at another where it seemed to me that good men were doing their utmost to convince the laughing youths who sat around me that they had divorced reason from faith and were bent upon exposing Christianity to mockery and contempt.

No one, unless deeply prejudiced and bent upon taking the exception for the rule, could say that the camp-meeting at Beebe Plain was a sample of the latter class. To be sure there were some who, in the prayer-meeting, spoke needlessly loud, and shouted with more than sufficient energy, but the number of such was few. Generally speaking the meetings were quiet and decorous, many of those who addressed them speaking the words of truth and soberness, while many who took part in the devotional exercises, prayed, like Mrs. Stowe's negro, "right up."

I am the more anxious to point this out because

I had heard it said that Advent camp-meetings were frequently seasons of wild, irrational excitement, and had been warned in consequence not to attend, on the ground that preachers of the Gospel should not countenance scenes of extravagance and folly. I cannot help saying that especial care should be taken to wipe away this reproach, and show that it is a thing of the past. There is enough of reproach connected with the belief in the speedy coming of the Lord, without adding to it by a needless exertion of the lungs.

But whatever may be said of the prayer-meetings, no exception could be taken to the more public exercises. They were conducted throughout with the most perfect decorum, and were characterized by a feeling of deep solemnity and attentiveness. It sometimes happens that means are required to be used at camp-meetings to preserve order on the outskirts, where ungodly men, bent on mischief, endeavor to make a disturbance. But nothing of the kind was required at Beebe Plain. The crowd on the Sabbath was very great, a large proportion being compelled to stand outside the tent for want of seats, but there was no noise, so that the farthest off were enabled to hear the voice of the speaker as well as those that were near.

There was a general impression, openly expressed, that there was "good preaching." Both the cross and the crown were held up to the attention of the hearers and pressed upon their acceptance. Doctrine and practice were faithfully preached, and the most inveterate foes of Adventism must needs admit that nothing was said which ought to have given offence to any one. The peculiarities of Adventism formed, of course, a prominent feature in many of the discourses, and were ably stated, but not in such a way as to shock the prejudices of any reflecting person. To sum up the whole I feel assured that good was done in the way of bringing sinners to a knowledge of the Saviour, and of removing prejudices against the doctrine of his speedy advent. H. M.

How to Have a Good Conference.

Probably some have been saying, since they saw the notice of the Conference in the Herald, "Well if I thought they would have a good, harmonious, spiritual meeting there I would endeavor to attend." Well, I will tell you how we may have just such a meeting:

1. Let all having an interest in the cause of our coming Redeemer, who possibly can, be present at the contemplated meeting. These annual conferences should have representatives from all parts of our country and the Canadas; and if necessary, sacrifices should be made in order to be present. God has crowned these meetings with his blessing, and will continue thus to do, because they originated in a sincere desire to promote his cause, and he pledges his presence to all such endeavors.

2. Let all who do go to the Conference, go for good. Go expecting the Divine presence and blessing. Let there be no indifference, fear, nor doubt, with regard to the interests or results of the meeting. God honors faith, and blesses the believer.

3. Go to the Conference, purposing by God's grace, to contribute your share to the interest and profit of the meeting. You are a steward of your Lord's goods; see that that committed to you is wisely used.

While you may enjoy the presence and labors of others, in turn, permit others to receive good from the use of the gifts God has given you. As the meeting continues a week, all will have an opportunity to participate in the services to be enjoyed.

4. Make the Conference a special subject of prayer, in your private family and public devotions. Invoke the Divine blessing upon the cause represented by the Conference; the individuals who may compose it, and the interests which may claim attention there. The subjects announced for consideration, are thrillingly interesting, and vitally important, and should be heard and understood by our people generally, so that they in turn may enlighten others. The claims and wants of this cause will be considered at the Conference, and representatives from abroad should be present to assist in the deliberations.

And then, the times in which we live call loudly for increased Christian activity on the part of all who have eyes to see, souls to feel, and dispositions to strike for ages and for God. Brethren in the ministry, call the attention of your congregations to this Conference, and have as many of your people, as possibly can, attend.

Adventists throughout the land are getting rich and worldly, and now is an opportune time for them to employ some of their means in advancing the cause of God.

Come to the feast, with your hearts full of love to God and his truth, and out of their abundance let this precious and needy cause receive a new and mighty impetus.

Brethren of the churches, not only attend yourselves, but do not let your ministers remain away

from the Conference. Tell them you have an interest there, and must be represented; and if they have not the means to go, supply them, and realize the blessedness of giving to the Lord. Brethren all; our cause is just and will prevail. Our cause is of God and must prosper. What is needed is, that we all arouse ourselves to the importance of the great work in which we are engaged, and the duty of serving our generation by the will of God. Let us then,—Lord willing—in the name and strength of our Emanuel, meet at Lake Village, the 12th of October, and devoting a week to God's service, have a Conference that shall be remembered with grateful satisfaction as long as we live.

I recently spent two pleasant and profitable weeks with Bro. Bundy and his dear flock; and I am satisfied that the church and community there are ripe for a glorious work of grace; and if we go there as clouds full of rain, burdened with the blessing of the Gospel of peace, the Lord will give us a rain of righteousness which shall cheer and refresh us; so that we may return from the Conference, better fitted for the work connected with the promulgation of this closing dispensation of the glorious Gospel. L. O.

From D. Elwell.

SHIPPEN, Sept. 1st, 1863.

Dear Bro. Litch—I have been spending the month of August in Pennsylvania, visiting the churches and endeavoring to cheer the waiting ones and warn sinners. I realize every day that we are drawing nearer and nearer to the end of time. My heart is in this good cause, and when I contemplate the great mass of Scripture testimony which we have, I feel bold in proclaiming, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" When I am despised, because I believe and preach the nearness of Jesus' coming, I remember "Things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things which are."

"Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art faithful, thou art true."

The nearer we approach the end, the greater will be Satan's efforts to draw off the attention of the people from the truths of God's word. "The wicked shall do wickedly, and none of the wicked shall understand, but the wise shall understand." The wise virgins will have their vessels filled with oil. There have been many foolish ones, classed with the wise; many of the wicked have a name to live, yet are dead. But the line will be drawn, and God is not deceived. His people—the wise ones—will understand. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." Do we not all realize more and more every day the increased tendency of worldly affairs to draw off the mind from God? It seems as though we were living in a perfect whirlpool, drawing nearer and nearer to the vortex. Now do we realize the fullness of the meaning of the admonition of Jesus, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, watch!"

After four day's travel, we arrived here from our Canadian home, and in connection with Bros. Hollen and Laning, commenced a meeting August 17th, continuing over the Sabbath. A goodly company gathered round "the board" and commemorated the sufferings and death of Jesus. It was good thus to meet with old friends again, and as we realized that some here were still "pursuing," though "faint," we "thanked God, and took courage."

The next week, a meeting was held at Pine street. Good attention was given to the Word; some were interested, and some "cared for none of these things." At Centerville, Elk Co., our next meeting was held. A grove was seated, and there, in God's first temple, we proclaimed the Gospel of the kingdom. Much interest was manifested there, and we hope the seed sown may bring forth an abundant harvest. I praise God that I have such a precious message to deliver to God's little flock, that,

"Jesus' coming is now nigh at hand."

We proceeded from Centerville to Caledonia. There we found disease ravaging the neighborhood. The fatal diphtheria was hurrying its victims to the grave. How precious the resurrection hope, in these days of "pestilences." While the meeting there was in progress, the returns from the draft were received, which considerably disturbed the minds of the people. But if ever men needed the consolation of the word of God, it is now. We have enjoyed this visit with friends very much. May God preserve them with us, and grant that we may meet in that glorious kingdom for which we pray, "Thy kingdom come."

We return to Canada next week.

Yours in hope, D. ELWELL.

In New South Wales there is a population of 348,000, and 800 public schools, in which 35,000 children are receiving instruction.

OBITUARY.

Elnora M. Streeter.

At Low Hampton, N. Y., Saturday evening, August 22d, 1863, after a short but painful illness of cancer rash, Elnora M., only daughter of William H. and Stella J. Streeter, two years, ten months.

She has faded from our midst as gently as the pure snow wreaths that melt upon the rivers brink—as calmly as the unrippled waves of some fairy lake lie basking in ethereal blue, when softly kissed by the sparkling rays of the sun. Her youthful days are passed; life's fitful dreams are over, and she has gone to reap the rich reward of the early blest.

"None knew her but to love her!" has long been a gem of thought; but how little did we realize the full import of that beautiful sentence until our darling one was called to enter the dark valley, and leave an irreparable void in the family circle. Then, as we gazed upon her lifeless form so tranquil and beautiful in its last repose, those affectionate words came to our memory, and we could truly say of our withered flower, "To know her was to love her."

How little did we anticipate the dark messenger's approach! How sadly the reality dawned upon us! How painful the thought that we must give her up! But skill proved impotent; the leeches art was vain, and friendship's ceaseless vigils failed to prolong the vital spark. The ravages of the terrible disease could not be stayed; and with a violent hand he carried from our midst the form of one whom we dearly loved. We saw her fading beneath its poisoned breath, as the beautiful flower when parched by summer's sun; and there was no refreshing dew to reanimate her drooping form. But she was transplanted to the bowers of paradise, and is now a blooming flower amid the happy band who await the coming morn when they will be called to dwell upon the earth renewed.

Her sufferings were intense, and most of the time she was laboring under delirium. The cancer became seated in her throat, swellings accumulated, and then we knew that her stay with us would be short. But she had been our companion a sufficient length of time to win our deepest love, and her final absence from the fireside group we sincerely deplore. But we know that Nora is happy. Our loss is her gain; for while on earth her affectionate disposition won the esteem of all whom she chanced to meet, and many a mourning friend will testify to her goodness.

Her funeral services were conducted by Elder J. P. Farrar, on the 24th inst., the text being found in 2 Kings, 10th chapter, and last clause of the 26th verse: "It is well." And then all that remained on earth of little Nora was consigned to the silent tomb. But her soul liveth.

'Tis well with thee, departed dove,
Thy soul from earth is risen,
To dwell with seraphims above,
And taste the bliss of heaven;
To wander through those mansions fair,
And cult an fading flower—
Redeemed from sorrow, pain and care,
In Christ's elysian bowers.

'Tis well with thee, no anguish now
Can grieve thy tender heart;
A crown of glory wreaths thy brow—
Hope's star will ne'er depart;
And faith and love, the brightest gem
To weary pilgrims given,
Will staid thy immortal diadem,
And turn thy earth to heaven.

'Tis well with thee, fair, withered flower—
The sad farewell is spoken;
But thou hast gained a brighter dower,
Though friendship's chain is broken;
While we shall sadly miss thee now,
Sweet, sportive little Nora,
Life's myrtle wreath entwines thy brow,
Thy soul doth taste of glory.

'Tis well with thee, since pain and care
From out thy path is driven,
By angel hands, immortal fair,
A harp to thee is given;
And with the holy minstrel choir
Thy notes of love are blending,
With praise to God each golden lyre
Will breathe sweet strains unending.

'Tis well with thee, for soon this earth,
Redeemed from sin and sorrow,
Will gain a fairer, nobler birth,
A sweeter, brighter morrow;
And then beside the pearly stream,
Thou'lt dwell in bliss supernal—
And view thee, ravishingly gleam,
Jerusalem eternal!

'Tis well with thee, O withered one,
To taste the cup of glory;
Still thou hast left us here alone,
We mourn thee, darling Nora;
Yet know that with the holy bands
In Paradise now dwelling,
Our dear, departed cherub stands,
Her notes of gladness swelling.

THEO. D. C. MILLER.

every day.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"FEED MY LAMBS."—John 21:15.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1863.

Do not Censure without Knowing.

Do not censure without knowing;
Oft is hid a noble mind,
Worthy of our love bestowing,
Where we least expect to find;
Many a heart in kindness beating,
Making solitude its own,
With no kindred spirit meeting,
Lives unloved, because unknown.

Should you feel inclined to censure

Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own heart, ere you venture,
If that has not failings too.
Let not friendly rows be broken,
Rather strive a friend to gain;
For each word that's kindly spoken,
Finds its passage home again.

Do not, then, in idle pleasure,

Trifle with a brother's fame;
Guard it as a gilded treasure—
Sacred as your own good name,
Do not form opinions blindly,
Hastiness to trouble tends;
Those of whom we've thought unkindly,
Oft become our warmest friends.

Receipts for the "Do Society."

CLEARFIELD, August 27, 1863.

Dear Treasurer—As I desire to be one among your many Doers, and my two sisters, America and L. V., and little brother Elmer, unite with me, please accept the enclosed. \$1.00 each. \$4.00.

Yours truly, A. L. F.

Ella, 25 cents; Burnell, 12 cents; Bertie, 13 cents; Luthera and Aubery, 25 cents; George, 5 cents. \$1.30.

Children's Paper!

What say our friends to having a paper for the little folks? Will they give us a hundred dollars as an outfit for the paper, and 1500 subscribers, at the rate of five papers for a dollar, or 25 cents for a single copy? If so, let us know. We will give them a monthly; and when they raise the list to 2000, we will give them two a month.

Annie's Savings Box.

"There's one of my glove buttons gone," said sister Kate, as she was preparing to go out. "How provoking it is! A glove looks so untidy unfastened."

"Just wait a minute, sister," said Annie, "I believe I have some glove buttons in my box," and opening the lid, she took out a little tin mustard box, and pouring the contents in her apron, soon found the required article. Her handy little needle and silk quickly sewed it on, and she was well repaid by a kiss from her sister, and a hearty "Thank you, Annie dear; and your little cabinet of curiosities is a perfect gold mine. You can always find the right thing there," and she tripped down the steps quite satisfied that all was right.

"How long have you had that box, cousin Annie?" asked Ned, who was spending a week at the house.

"Ever since she can remember, I guess," said her mother, laughing. "She always was a careful little thing, from the time she could toddle about the floor. She used to make little collections of buttons and tamarind stones, and I do not know what all, when she was four and five years old. It is a good habit, though, and I am sure we are all indebted to her every day of our lives. It would be a curiosity to keep an account, some day, of the calls she has."

"I think I will do it," said Ned. "Where can I find paper and pencil?"

Annie opened her little box again, and took out the half of an old envelope she had saved, cutting off the torn side, and a

little piece of pencil some one swept out of doors.

"You can set down three things, to begin with," she said, laughing; "a glove-button, a piece of paper, and pencil."

Just then little Martha came running in, the string off her bonnet, and she in "such a hurry."

"Run to Annie," said her mother, who was busy making mince pies.

Up went the box lid, and this time a little bag, containing all sorts of odds and ends of old strings and ribbons, was overhauled. The right thing was sure to be there, and taking a threaded needle from a cushion, the string was sewed on in a minute's time, and Mattie was dancing off in her play.

"Number four," said Ned, just as the father came in and asked Annie if she could "find a good tow string." He wanted to mend his harness enough to drive to the harness-maker's and have it repaired.

Another little bag was produced, which contained just what was wanted, and with a "Thank you, daughter; you a treasure, and so is your box," he went his way.

"Just take your work, and don't stir from that corner to-day," said Ned, "you'll be wanted. You might set up a store. If they all had so many customers these hard times, they would thrive. Well, Tommy, what can we do for you?"

Tommy did not deign to glance at his cousin, but went straight to Annie.

"I have lost my mitten, sister, and can't make a snow-man without it. Can I have another?"

"Now I guess you are at a stand, Annie," said Ned; "your resources will fail for once."

Annie smiled, and said to Tommy, "If sister will give you another mitten, will you go out and look hard for the lost one?"

The little fellow promised, and was bid to go and warm his feet by the fire a little while. Annie took out a paper pattern and a bit of thick cloth, which was quickly cut into a mitten shape and sewed up; all in fifteen minutes' time. Ned looked on, dumb with admiration, and secretly resolved to learn a lesson.

The Song in the Boat.

"I wish I could grow up quick," said a little girl; "then I could go with the missionary to those islands in the ocean where the wicked people are, and do good."

"That is just how I feel," answered her little companion; "but how long before then! O, it will take too long before we can do anything for God."

Ah, you were in the wrong about that, my children. You can honor God by your Christian behavior, and that is doing something for him; cherishing a sweet spirit of obedience to your parents and teachers; swallowing angry feelings and cross words; speaking kindly, and shunning every naughty way; striving to be faithful in little things, and so laying the foundation for faithfulness in "much" when you grow up. This every child can do.

Nor is this all. Do you not pity the poor, wicked boys and girls who almost live in the street; and can you not think of some way to do them good? Ask the Lord Jesus to show you how. Is there no poor old man you can carry a loaf to eat, or a paper to read; or a sick old lady, who has no little grandchild to sing to her, as you can.

I will tell you about two young girls on board a steamer, and what they did. As they sat together on deck, watching the boat out through the waters, and the stars as they began to twinkle overhead, they sang a sweet song to God. It drew the at-

tention of some of the crew, who gathered round the "hymn singers." One gruff old sailor told them to stop their noise. He hated music because it was sacred.

They stopped singing; but one of the girls spoke to the old sailor; and she spoke so sweetly and tenderly that he could not stop her; nor did he turn away. It was about his soul and the Savior she talked. As he listened, his eyes filled with tears. They ran down his weather-beaten cheeks. He remembered the days of his boyhood, when he used to hear about such things; but they had been long forgotten. She repeated to him many precious passages of the word of God; and the old sailor hearing there was pardon for such as he, for "the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin," drew a bottle from his rough pocket, and threw it overboard, exclaiming, "What a vile sinner I have been. Never more will I take that cursed thing, strong drink. The Lord enable me to live to him henceforward and forever."

When the boat reached the wharf, the little girls left it. No one surely would have thought of Christian children doing good on the deck of a crowded steamer; but when the heart is full of love, it always finds a way to get out.

A Noble Boy.

The spirit that is steadfast amid trial, in devotion to principle, always commands the esteem of good men.

The person who is willing to be made the butt of ridicule, rather than yield to that which he believes to be wrong, is worthy of all praise.

A little drummer boy in one of our regiments, who had become a great favorite with many of the officers by his unremitting good nature, happened on one occasion to be in the officers' tent when the bane of the soldier's life was passed around. A captain handed a glass to the little fellow, but he refused it, saying, "I am a cadet of temperance, and do not taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now. I insist on it. You belong to our mess to-day, and cannot refuse."

Still the boy stood firm on the rock of total abstinence, and held fast to his integrity.

The captain, turning to the major, said, "H—is afraid to drink; he will never make a soldier."

"How is this?" said the major, playfully; and then assuming another tone, added, "I command you to take a drink, and you know it is death to disobey orders."

The little hero, raising his young form to its full height, and fixing his clear blue eye, lit up with unusual brilliancy, on the face of the officer, said:

"Sir, my father died a drunkard; and when I entered the army, I promised my dear mother on my bended knees that, by the help of God, I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey your orders, sir; but I would rather suffer than disgrace my mother, and break my temperance pledge."

That major and his associates are still in the army, but the little drummer boy is a wounded sufferer in the hospital at West Philadelphia.—*Sunday School Times.*

EARNESTNESS.—That man was deeply, nay, terribly in earnest, whose coat of arms was a pick axe, and under it the motto: "Either I will find a way, or I will make one." Such a resolute, indomitable will characterized Napoleon I, who at the commencement of a battle when informed that circumstances were opposed to him, answered: "I make or control circumstances, not yield to them."

About Postage Stamps.

The homeliest postage stamps are those of the Pope's dominions, the so-called Confederate States, Mexico, and the Sandwich Islands; the simplest are those of Brazil. In color and embossed work, the German and Anglo-Cingalese (Ceylon) are particularly beautiful; but in steel engraving, the American, Canadian, New Brunswick and Nova Scotian are far ahead of all others.

The greatest number are to be found under the head of Great Britain, and her colonies and dependencies. Most of these stamps have the head of Queen Victoria, though some of the colonies have adopted other figures—as, for instance, West Australia has the black wild swan of that country. The Cape of Good Hope stamp is triangular in shape, with a female figure reclining upon an anchor; British Guinea is represented by a ship; Trinidad, Barbadoes and Mauritius have a stout Minerva-like figure seated on a bale of cotton. Liberia has commerce in the form of a woman.

Many countries have the heads of their monarchs—others the national coat of arms. Sweden has the armorial bearings of the country, while her dependency, Norway, has the medallion head of the Swedish king.

Russia puts on the double-headed eagle for herself and Poland, but allows Finland her crowned lion rampant.

A few years ago there were no postage stamps, while now all civilized countries, and some not entitled to that name, have adopted them. Turkey is the last government that has entered the lists, but as the Koran forbids making the image of any living thing, the Turkish postage stamp is merely a fac-simile of the sultan's signature.

In England a magazine is regularly devoted to postage stamps, and there are several manuals published in Europe and America.

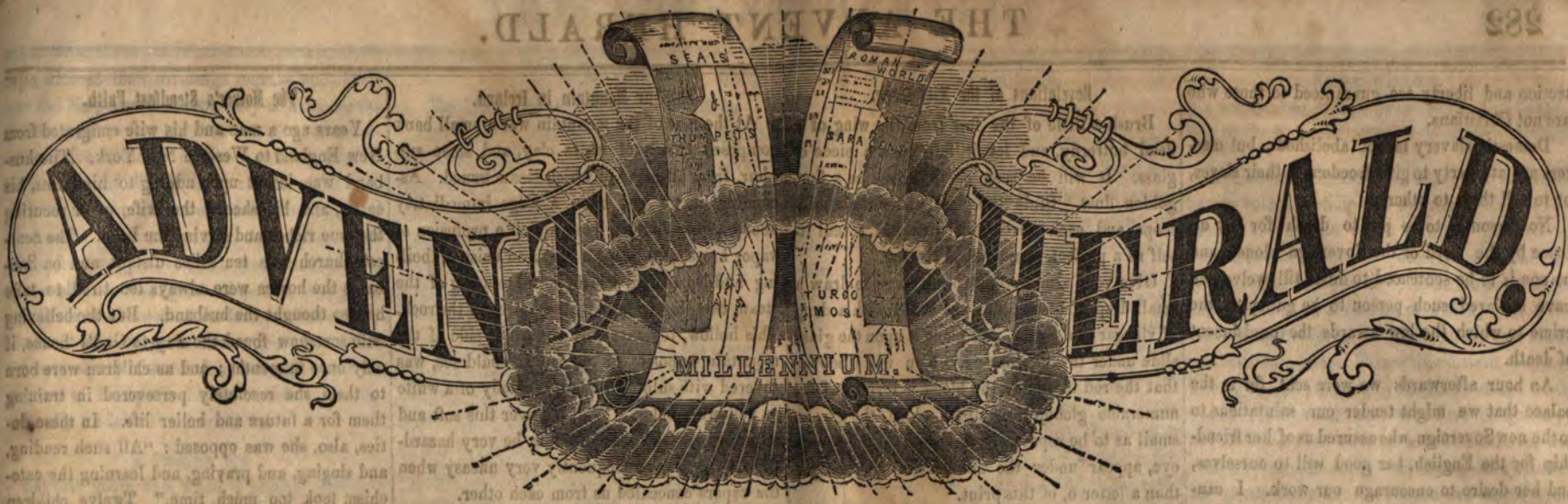
Curious Calculations.

The simple interest of one cent, at 6 per cent per annum, from the commencement of the Christian era to the close of the present year 1863, would be but the trifling sum of 11 dollars, 17 cents, and 8 mills; but if the same principal, at the same rate and time, had been allowed to accumulate at compound interest, it would require the enormous number of 84840 billions of globes of solid gold, each equal to the earth in magnitude, to pay the interest! And if the sum were equally divided among the inhabitants of the earth, now estimated to be one thousand millions, every man, woman and child would receive 84840 golden worlds for an inheritance. Were all these globes placed side by side in a direct line, it would take lighting itself, that can girdle the earth in the wink of an eye, 73,000 years to travel from end to end.

TURKISH POPPY FIELD.—In Turkey, if a man fall asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, and the wind blow towards him, he becomes narcotized, and would die, if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstances, did not bring him to the next well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body.

Little Things.

Hearts good and true have wishes few,
In narrow circles bounded.
And hope that lives on what Christ gives,
Is Christian hope well founded.
Small things are best; grief and unrest
To rank and wealth are given;
But little things, on little wings,
Bear human souls to heaven.



WHOLE NO. 1164.

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Letters on business, simply, marked on envelope "For Office," will receive prompt attention.

JOSIAH LITCH,

J. M. ORRICK,

R. R. KNOWLES,

Committee on Publication.

[For Terms, &c., see 7th page.]

The Revised Gospels.

"Whatever things ye desire when ye pray," &c.

In the last number of the Bible Union Quarterly, which has just come to hand, we find the following critical remarks from the pen of Dr. Conant, one of the revisors, on Mark xii. 24. It presents that exceeding great and precious promise in so interesting a light, that we take great pleasure in giving it to our readers, hoping that it may lead us to more earnest confidence in Christ every time we pray:

In Mark 11: 24, the revised version (following the true reading of the Greek text *elabete*) reads thus: "All things whatever ye ask, when ye pray, believe that ye received, and ye shall have them." This beautiful thought is just and striking in itself, and harmonizes both with scriptural teaching and religious experience. By the words, "Believe that ye received," the Saviour means, *believe that your prayer was granted*. The suppliant is to believe that his prayer was heard, and that he received the blessing in the very act of prayer. Every Christian, who lives a life of faith, knows what this means. His faith makes the blessing asked a present reality. He believes that what he asked was granted; and he patiently waits the appointed time.

We have an illustration of this in Dan. 9: 23, "At the beginning of thy supplications, the commandment came forth;" namely, "the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem" (as we learn from verse 25th), the blessing for which Daniel prayed. Many years were required for its accomplishment, and Daniel was already sleeping in the dust. But while he was in the act of prayer, "the commandment came forth;" and in this the prayer was granted, and the blessing sought was received. So the Christian parent, interceding for the life of his sick child, may have the full assurance of faith that his prayer is answered. The struggle may still go on between life and death, but the struggle in his own bosom is at an end; for he believes that he *received* the blessing, in the answer to his trusting heart, and calmly waits God's time.

In Luke 1: 13, the common version is: "Fear not Zacharias; for thy prayer is heard." But the Greek tense is here the *Indefinite past* (*Aorist*;) and the true translation is, "Thy prayer was heard," referring to a time, in the past, when he prayed for a son. The propriety of the expression is clear, from the circumstances narrated in the connection. It would seem, from these circumstances, that he must have long ceased to pray for this blessing; for he certainly would not continue to ask for what he believed to be impossible, on account of the great age both of himself and his wife. See verse 18th and 20th, last clause. But he is here told that his "prayer was heard" when it was offered, and that he should now realize the blessing sought,

The great lesson is here taught, that prayer is not to be regarded as unavailing, because, in the Divine wisdom, the blessing may be long delayed. But, to the English reader, this lesson is blotted from the Divine record, by the false rendering of the Greek tense in the common version.

Written for the Advent Herald.

Songs and Response.

On the shores of the Adriatic Sea, 'tis said,

The good dames of the fishermen,

Whose lords have gone far off on the deep,

From habit, at eventide, sing to them.

Going down to the seashore, and

Singing as only women can,

With that holy faith of true women,

The first stanza of a beautiful hymn.

They sing it, then list, till

By the wind across the desert sea,

The second stanza is borne to them

From the lips of the loved on the sea.

In those well remembered tones,

How sweet those strains must be!

Sung by those gallant fishermen

To those waiting ones on the lea.

Tossed to and fro, 'twixt hopes and fears,

As they toil upon the land and wave,

What happiness unto each to hear

The others' voice echoing o'er the wave!

Perhaps if we could listen, we, too, on

This desert world of ours, might catch some tone,

Some sound, some whisper, borne from afar,

To remind us that there is a heaven and a home.

When we sing upon these shores of earth,

In music upon the sands of time,

Perhaps we shall hear its echo breaking

From those heavenly shores where the angels shine.

And O, how cheering to the hearts of those

Pilgrims and strangers, homeward bound,

To feel that all heaven is enlisted for them,

As they gather unto them that soul-stirring sound!

And that beautiful city that hath foundations,

Is to them dressed in garments exceedingly fair,

And they hasten forward in the race set before them,

With longing eyes, to join Eden's choir. MARY.

Assassination of the King of Madagascar.

The following account of the immediate causes and earlier results of the death of King Radama, is from a letter of Rev. Mr. Ellis, dated four days after the assassination:

Within the last two or three months extraordinary efforts have been made to bring the King's mind under the influence of the old superstitions of the country, and these have succeeded to an extent which has resulted in his ruin. Within this period a sort of mental epidemic has appeared in the adjacent provinces and in the capital; the subjects of this disease pretended to be unconscious of their actions, and to be unable to refrain from leaping, running, dancing, &c. These persons also saw visions, and heard voices from the invisible world. One of these visions, seen by many, was the ancestors of the King, and the voices they heard announced the coming of these ancestors to tell the King what he was to do for the good of the country. Subsequently a message was brought to him as from his ancestors to the effect that, if he did not stop "the praying" some great calamity would soon befall him. To the surprise of his best friends, the King was exceedingly interested in this strange movement, seemed to believe the pretended message from the world of spirits, and encouraged the frantic dancers, who daily thronged his house, and declared that the disease would continue to increase till "the

praying" was stopped. It is generally reported that these movements were prompted by the guardians of the idols, and promoted by his own *Mena maso*,* who bribed parties to come as sick persons in large numbers from the country, in order to continue the delusion.

It was then proposed to assassinate a number of Christians, as a means of stopping the progress of Christianity, and also to kill the chief nobles who opposed the King's proceedings. With a view of increasing the influence of this fanatical party, the King issued an order that all persons meeting any of the so-called sick should take off their hats, and thus show them the same mark of respect as was formerly given to the national idols when they were carried through the city. With the view also of shielding the perpetrators of the intended murders, the King announced his intention to issue an order, or law, that any person or persons wishing to fight with firearms, swords, or spears should not be prevented, and that if any one were killed the murderer should not be punished. This alarmed the whole community. On the 7th inst. Radama repeated before his ministers and others in the palace his determination to issue that order; and among all the *Mena maso* present, only three opposed the issuing of the order; many were silent, the rest expressed their approval. The nobles and the heads of the people spent the day in deliberation on the course they should pursue, and next morning the Prime Minister, with about one hundred of the nobles and heads of the people, including the Commander-in-Chief, the king's treasurer, and the first officer of the palace, went to the King, and remonstrated against his legalizing murder, and besought him most earnestly not to issue such an order. It is said that the Prime Minister went on his knees before him, and begged him not to issue such an obnoxious law; but he remained unmoved. The Minister then rose and said to the King, "Do you say before all these witnesses that if any man is going to fight another with fire-arms, sword, or spear, that you will not prevent him, and that if he kills any one he shall not be punished?" The King replied, "I agree to that." Then said the Minister, "It is enough; we must arm;" and, turning to his followers, said, "Let us return." I saw the long procession as they passed my house, grave and silent, on their way to the Minister's dwelling. The day was spent in deliberation, and they determined to oppose the King.

Mr. Ellis then gives an account of his own providential escape from intended assassination, and proceeds:

At daybreak on the 9th some 2,000 or more troops occupied Andohalo. The ground around the Prime Minister's house, on the summit of the northern crest of the mountain close by, was filled with soldiers, while every avenue to the city was securely kept by the Minister's troops. The first object of the nobles was to secure upwards of thirty of the more obnoxious of the *Mena maso*, whom they accused of being

* *Mena Maso*, literally, "red eyes." These are not the acknowledged ministers of the King, but a sort of inquisitors, supposed to investigate and search out everything tending to the injury of the government, and to give private and confidential information to the King of all occurrences, as well as advice on all affairs; and their eyes are supposed to be red with the strain or continuance of difficult investigations.

the advisers and abettors of the King in his unjust and injurious measures. A number of these were taken and killed, a number fled, but twelve or thirteen remained with the King. These, the nobles required should be surrendered to them. The King refused, but they threatened to take them by force from the palace, to which he had removed. Troops continued to pour in from adjacent and distant posts; and, as the few soldiers with the King refused to fire on those surrounding the palace, the people, though pitying the King, did not take up arms in his defence. He consented at length to surrender the *Mena maso*, on condition that their lives should be spared, and that they should be confined for life in fatters. On Monday, the 11th, they were marched by Andohalo, on their way to the spot where the irons were to be fixed on their limbs.

In the course of the discussion with the nobles, the King had said he alone was sovereign, his word alone was law, his person was sacred, he was supernaturally protected, and would punish severely the opposers of his will. This led the nobles to determine, that it was not safe for him to live, and he died by their hands the next morning within the palace. The Queen, who alone was with him, used every effort, to the last moment of his life, to save him, but in vain. His advisers, the *Mena maso*, were afterwards put to death.

In the course of the forenoon four of the chief nobles went to the Queen, with a written paper, which they handed to her, as expressing the terms or conditions on which, for the future, the country should be governed. They requested her to read it, stating that if she consented to govern according to these conditions, they were willing that she should be the sovereign of the country, but that if she objected or declined, they must seek another ruler. The Queen, after reading the document, and listening to it, and receiving explanations on one or two points, expressed her full and entire consent to govern according to the plan therein set forth. The nobles then said, "We also bind ourselves by this agreement. If we break it, we shall be guilty of treason, and if you break it, we shall do as we have now done." The Prime Minister then signed the document, on behalf of the nobles and heads of the people, and the Queen signed it also. The chiefs of the nobles remained in the palace, and between one and two o'clock, the firing of cannon announced the commencement of the new reign.

Between three and four o'clock a party of officers came with a copy of this document, which they read to us. I can only state two or three of its chief items.

The word of the Sovereign alone is not to be law, but the nobles and heads of the people, with the Sovereign, are to make the laws.

Perfect liberty and protection are guaranteed to all foreigners who are obedient to the laws of the country.

Friendly relations are to be maintained with all other nations.

Duties are to be levied, but commerce and civilization are to be encouraged.

Protection and liberty to worship, teach, and promote the extension of Christianity are secured to the native Christians, and the same pro

tection and liberty are guaranteed to those who are not Christians.

Domestic slavery is not abolished; but masters are at liberty to give freedom to their slaves, or to sell them to others.

No person is to be put to death for any offence by the word of the Sovereign alone; and no one is to be sentenced to death till twelve men have declared such person to be guilty of the crime to which the law awards the punishment of death.

An hour afterwards we were sent for to the palace that we might tender our salutations to the new Sovereign, who assured us of her friendship for the English, her good will to ourselves, and her desire to encourage our work. I cannot add more now. We are all well.

Yours truly, W. ELLIS.

P. S. June 17.—Everything is going on well. The new Queen has written to Queen Victoria and to the Emperor of the French, announcing her accession to the throne, her wish to maintain unimpaired the relations of amity and friendship established between the five nations and Madagascar, and assuring both sovereigns that she will protect the persons and property of their subjects who may come to this country. The officer who gave me this statement informed me also, with evident pleasure, that all the members of the Government had carefully examined the treaty with England, and agreed to accept it, and fulfill its conditions.

Facts and Freaks of Currency.

Many things have been used at different times as money; cowrie shells in Africa; wampum by the American Indians; cattle in ancient Greece. The Carthaginians used leather as money, probably bearing some mark or stamp. Frederic II., at the siege of Milan, issued stamp leather as money. In 1860, John the Good, King of France, who was taken prisoner by the celebrated Black Prince, and sent to England until ransomed, also issued leather money, having a small silver nail in the centre. Salt is the common money in Abyssinia; codfish in Iceland and Newfoundland. "Living money," slaves and oxen, passed current with the Anglo-Saxons, in payment of debts. Adam Smith says that in his day there was a village in Scotland where it was not uncommon for workmen to carry nails, instead of money, to the baker's shop and the ale-house. Marco Polo found in China, money made of the bark of the mulberry tree, bearing the stamp of the sovereign, which it was death to counterfeit. Tobacco was generally used as money in Virginia up to 1630, fifty-seven years after the foundation of that colony. In 1641, the legislature of Massachusetts enacted that wheat should be received in payment of all debts; and the convention in France, during the revolution, on a proposition of Jean-Bon-Saint Andre, long discussed the propriety of adopting wheat as money, as the measure of value of all things. Platina was coined in Russia from 1828 to 1845. But the metals best adapted and most generally used as coin are copper, nickel, silver, and gold; the first two being now used for coins of small value, to make change; the two latter, commonly designated "the precious metals," as measures of value and as legal tenders. On the continent of Europe, a composition of silver and copper, called billon, has long been used for small coins, which are made current at a much higher value than that of the metals they contain. In China, Sycee silver is the principal currency, and is merely ingot silver of a uniform fineness, paid and received by weight. Spanish dollars also circulate there, but only after they have been assayed and stamped as proof that they are of the standard fineness. As Asia Minor produced gold, its earliest coinage was of that metal. Italy and Sicily possessing copper, bronze was first coined there. Herodotus says the Lydians were the first people known to have coined gold and silver. They had gold coin at the close of the ninth century, B. C.; Greece Proper only at the close of the eighth century B. C. Servius Tullius, King of Rome, made the pound weight of copper current money. The Romans first coined silver 281 B. C., and gold 207 B. C.—*Moran on Money.*

Revelations of the Microscope.

Brush a little of the fuzz from the wing of a dead butterfly, and let it fall upon a piece of glass. It will be seen on the glass as a fine, golden dust. Slide the glass under the microscope, and each particle of dust will reveal itself as a perfect, symmetrical feather.

Give your arm a slight prick so as to draw a small drop of blood; mix the blood with a drop of vinegar and water, and place it upon the glass slide under the microscope. You will discover that the red matter of the blood is formed of innumerable globules or disks, which, though so small as to be separately invisible to the naked eye, appear under the microscope each larger than a letter o, of this print.

Take a drop of water from a stagnant pool, or ditch, or sluggish brook; dipping it from among the green vegetable matter on the surface. On holding the water to the light it will look a little milky; but on placing the smallest drop under the microscope, you will find it swarming with hundreds of strange animals that are swimming about in it with the greatest vivacity. The animalcules exist in such multitudes that any effort to conceive of their numbers bewilders the imagination.

This invisible universe of created beings is the most wonderful of all the revelations of the microscope. During the whole of man's existence on the earth, while he has been fighting, taming and studying the lower animals which were visible to his sight, he has been surrounded by these other multitudes of the earth's inhabitants without any suspicion of their existence. In endless variety of form and structure, they are bustling through their active lives—pursuing their prey, defending their persons, waging their wars, prosecuting their amours, multiplying their species, and ending their careers; countless hosts at each tick of the clock passing out of existence, and making way for new hosts that are following in endless succession. What other fields of creation may yet, by some inconceivable methods, be revealed to our knowledge?

How They Vote in France.

A correspondent of the London Examiner, in Paris, gives the following interesting description of the manner in which the details of a French election are conducted:

A police officer is stationed at the entrance of the hall of voting, who merely inquires if you are an elector. As a stranger, I was invited by the mayor, with my companion, to witness what was going on. The mayor presided over the table on which was placed the ballot-box. Every elector had at the door separate tickets given him, on which were printed the names of the candidates. Each ticket resembled the others, so that when folded it was utterly impossible to distinguish the name of the person voted for. The elector presented a document printed on green paper, containing his name, quality, place of abode, and certificate of registration. The name having been called out, the scrutineers, of whom there were four, examined the electoral lists; and on ascertaining that the name was found there, the elector delivered his folded ticket to the president, by whom it was dropped into the box. Voting always takes place on a Sunday, for the convenience of the laboring classes, and on the following Monday. If any question of identity arise, two known inhabitants of the district are allowed to identify the individual who comes forward to vote. At four o'clock the ballot box is sealed; that of yesterday was courteously put into our hands. We found that the great proportion of electors vote on the second day, as an additional security against any tampering with the ballot-box. There were at no time more than four or five electors in the room, and no one was detained a minute after his certificate of registration was found to agree with the electoral lists.

HALLELUJAH.—This is a precious word, meaning, praise ye Jehovah, or praise ye the Lord. It is frequently misused even by some clergymen, who exclaim, Hallelujah to God, or hallelujah to the Lamb. Such expressions are objectionable. Let us say, glory to God, when glory burns in the soul, and remember that hallelujah is perfect in itself.

Sulphur Mountain in Iceland.

At the foot of the mountain was a small bank composed chiefly of white clay, and some sulphur, from all parts of which steam issued. Ascending it, we got upon a ridge immediately above a deep hollow, from which a profusion of vapor arose, and heard a confused noise of boiling and splashing, joined to the roaring of the steam escaping from narrow crevices in the rock. This hollow, together with the whole side of the mountain opposite, as far as we could see, was covered with sulphur and clay, chiefly of a white or yellowish color. Walking over this soft and steaming surface, we found to be very hazardous; and we were frequently very uneasy when the vapors concealed us from each other.

The day, however, being dry and warm, the surface was not so slippery as to occasion much risk of our falling. The chance of the crust of the sulphur breaking, or the clay sinking with us was great; and we were several times in danger of being much scalded. Mr. Bright ran at one time great hazard, and suffered considerable pain from accidentally plunging one of his legs into the hot clay. From whatever spot the sulphur is removed, steam instantly escapes; and in many places the sulphur was so hot that we could scarcely handle it. From the smell we perceived that the steam was mixed with a small quantity of sulphureted hydrogen gas. When the thermometer was sunk a few inches into the clay, it rose generally to within a few degrees of boiling point. By stepping cautiously, and avoiding every little hole from which steam issued, we soon discovered how far we might venture. Our good fortune, however, ought not to tempt any person to examine this wonderful place, without being provided with two boards, with which every part of the bank may be traversed with perfect safety. At the bottom of this hollow we found a caldron of boiling mud, about fifteen feet in diameter, similar to that on the top of the mountain, which we had seen the evening previous; but this boiled with much more vehemence. We went within a few yards of it, the wind happening to be remarkably favorable for viewing every part of this singular scene. The mud was in constant agitation, and often thrown up to the height of six or eight feet. Near this spot was an irregular space filled with water boiling briskly. At the foot of the hill, in a hollow formed by a bank of clay and sulphur, steam rushed with great force and noise from among the loose fragments of rock. It is quite beyond our power to offer such a description of this extraordinary place as to convey adequate ideas of its wonders or its terrors. The sensation of a person, even of firm nerves, standing on a support which feebly sustains him, over an abyss where literally fire and brimstone are in dreadful and incessant action, having before his eyes tremendous proofs of what is going on beneath him, enveloped in thick vapors, and his ears stunned with thundering noises, must be experienced before they can be understood. The heavens declare his glory, and the earth testifies of the greatness of his power.—*McKenzie.*

Moral Courage.

That was a noble reply when the Sultan of Turkey offered Kossuth wealth and power if he would embrace the Moslem faith; "Welcome, if need be, the axe or gibbet; but curses on the tongue that dares to make me so infamous a proposal!" He was a refugee in the domains of the Sultan, and to refuse compliance with his wishes might be death; but the great Hungarian had resolved, that come what might, his conscience should be free. The words of Zwingle, when emolument was offered him if he would adhere to the Romish tenets, were as noble: "Do not think that for any money I will suppress a single syllable of the truth!"

No one can fail to admire the moral courage that prompted these replies, or the strong language of the replies themselves. Moral courage never uses weak words. The Savior enunciated the principle of true moral courage when he said, "Let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." A man's strength of character may be correctly measured by the manner in which he answers an opponent.

The Mother's Steadfast Faith.

Years ago a man and his wife emigrated from New England to Western New York. The husband was intent upon adding to his farms, his cattle, and his sheep; the wife, upon securing the true riches and serving the Lord. The nearest church was ten miles distant, and on Sabbath the horses were always too tired to take her, so thought the husband. But the believing wife somehow found the way to God's house, if only once in months; and as children were born to them, she resolutely persevered in training them for a future and holier life. In these duties, also, she was opposed: "All such reading, and singing, and praying, and learning the catechism took too much time." Twelve children were the fruit of this union; seven were sons, and as they grew older they delighted to gratify their mother by assisting her to enjoy religious privileges, and the father ceased in a measure his opposition.

In her fiftieth year the Master called her. Some of her children had embraced the truth, the rest were still in unbelief. To die and never meet again, it could not be. She called her family around her, and bade them "take heed to the word of life," and "follow her as far as she had followed Christ."

"I am going home, and I am happy. Here in my heart God has given me an assurance that you, my husband and children, will all join me in the company of the redeemed. Not one of you will be left out; sooner or later you will lay down your unbelief and rebellion, and serve him who died for you. Do not put off that blessed day, but hasten to prove that God hears and answers prayer. Thirty years I have taught you and prayed for you. Some of you, my sons, will stand before men and preach the Gospel of Christ, and souls will be converted through your means." Firmly, as in days of health, the dying woman spoke to her family; but when the message was given, with a smile on her face she sank to rest.

The mother's assured trust was fulfilled. Her children all professed their faith in Christ, and five out of the seven sons became preachers of the Gospel. The father married again, and lived as he had done until his eighty-second year, when in a powerful revival in the place which had grown from a forest to a town under his own eyes, he became convicted of sin. Humbly lamenting a long, a wasted life, at the eleventh hour he entered into the vineyard. As he received baptism, his white locks shone with a silvery light; and the sight of one so aged submitting at last to the Lord he had so long denied, was tenderly impressive. Four years only were added to his days, and for two of these he was scarcely able to walk. But his was a true regeneration; every word and act revealed that he was born of God. He lived lamenting the past, and holding up his long life of rebellion as a beacon to others. God is merciful, and graciously received the servant who came at the eleventh hour.—*American Messenger.*

The Money King.

A late French writer thus speaks of the Baron James Rothschild:

Monsieur de Rothschild is an indefatigable worker. He rises early, looks after his own affairs himself. He receives visitors after he has prepared the day's work for his myrmidons. On certain points he is unbending, but he is a good man, though not easily moved. He has the perspicacity of a man who has made the largest fortune in Europe. His views on financial matters are always sound. He has a genius for foreseeing events. His judgment of men is unerring, and consequently he knows with whom and how to deal. Nothing turns him aside from a purpose he has once formed. His views are always clear, and forcibly expressed. The hours devoted by him to work are occupied until the last minute. He then withdraws himself entirely from business, and resorts to the pleasures of life.

The house of Rothschild, consisting of the Baron James, Charles, Lionel, and other brothers and cousins, is undoubtedly the most royal and powerful of the reigning European families. They have absorbed most of the gold and silver of the world, and no nation can go to war in Eu-

rope without their sovereign permission. They lent the Emperor of Russia forty millions for the Crimean war; they lent the British government seventy-five millions. Turkey, Austria, Sardinia, Prussia and Egypt, have all looked to their pockets for the sinews of war. The Emperor of Austria, at last accounts, was trying to obtain a fresh supply from this inexhaustible fountain, and even the great Napoleon is eager to propitiate the branch of the house in his empire. It is said that the great banker has been offered the sovereignty of Jerusalem, but having all the sceptres of Europe in his coat pocket, he magnificently disdains the proposition.

A Fruitless Vow.

Several years ago, when I became pastor of the church in Mc—, I found in my congregation an aged man, the husband of a pious sister in the church, who was yet himself without hope. On the occasion of one of my visits in the family, he gave me this history of himself:

"When I was a young man," said he, "one winter's day I went into the woods with a sled and a yoke of oxen to obtain some wood. In cutting off a log, by some means it rolled, and I fell and was caught under it and held fast in the snow some two feet in depth. After remaining there until all hope of deliverance had failed me, I began to call upon God, and promised if he would deliver me and preserve me twenty years longer, I would devote myself to his service. Soon after two young men chanced to come that way and rescued me. Just twenty years afterwards God jogged my memory, but I was no more willing to consecrate myself to God than before. And now twenty years more have passed, and still another twenty years, and here I am yet in my sins."

At the age of eighty-four years he died, and I was called to attend his funeral; but he left behind him no evidence that he had yielded his heart to God. Surely *procrastination* is not only the "thief of time," but will defraud the soul of heaven.—*American Messenger*.

Scientific Paradoxes.

The water which drowns us, as fluid, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet which fired from a musket, carries death, will be harmless, if ground to dust before fired. The crystalized part of the oil of roses—so grateful in its fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures, though readily volatile—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets. The tea which we daily drink, with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent, called theine, to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself (as theine, not as tea) without any appreciable effect. The water which will allay our burning thirst, augments it, when congealed into snow. So that Capt. Ross declares the natives of the Arctic regions "prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst, rather than to attempt to remove it by eating snow." Yet if the snow be melted, it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although, if melted before entering the mouth it assuages thirst like other water, when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying the thirst.

IRON GUN CARRIAGES.—Iron having been for some time past successfully substituted for wood in carriages for sea-coast guns and mortars, a board of officers has been ordered by the War Department to consider and report upon the still greater innovation of substituting iron for wood in the carriages for field and siege guns. It is believed that a very decided improvement in this description of iron carriage will result from the report of this board, the members of which are understood to have had the subject under investigation individually for some time past, and that the field and siege guns of the Army of the United States will hereafter be mounted upon carriages which, for compactness, strength and lightness, will have no superior in any army of the world.

Written for the Advent Herald.

The Third Woe—The World's Conversion.

"The second woe is past; and behold, the third woe cometh quickly. And the seventh angel sounded; and there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever"—Rev. 11: 14, 15.

The argument by which the doctrine of Christ's spiritual reign is supported is, that his kingdom was established at his first advent, and is to progress till the church shall triumph and the whole world come under its influence and be converted. If this is a correct view, then that consummation will be reached under the seventh trumpet; it cannot be reached before that period, for up to that time the beast reigns, makes war on the witnesses, overcomes and kills them. Again, the fifth and sixth trumpets are woes on the inhabitants of the earth; not the great blessing of conversion. Neither can it be under the seventh trumpet, for that also is a woe on the inhabitants of earth, as well as the fifth and sixth trumpets. But this trumpet, the third woe, does introduce the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. "He shall reign forever and ever."

Then we inquire, What is to be the state of the nations of the earth when this everlasting reign is introduced? Is it one of universal peace and righteousness? Does it appear that they are all the subjects of Christ? So far from it we read, that under this trumpet, "The nations were angry, and thy wrath is come."

This certainly does not savor much of show-ers of blessings in the conversion of the world at that time; nor yet that it is already converted. For if converted, the nations would not be angry; nor if then to be converted would it be said, "Thy wrath is come." For it is not God's wrath which converts men, but his mercy and grace.

But while the nations are thus unconverted and angry, and the wrath of God is come, there is another announcement made, and that is, that the day of judgment has come at last. "Thy wrath is come and the time of the dead that they should be judged." If, then, the world is ever to be converted, it is to be after the day of judgment is introduced, and of course after the second advent of Christ. The point is established from this single Scripture that there can be no such thing take place before that event. Whether it is to be converted after the second advent, will be considered in another article. If this is so, we have need to be very earnest in purifying ourselves and being perfected in the love of God while mercy lingers and the Bridegroom tarries, "that we may have boldness in the day of judgment."

The Eldest Daughter at Home.

To be able to get dinner, to sweep the room, to make a garment, to tend a babe, would add greatly to the list of a young lady's accomplishments. Where can we behold a more lovely sight than the eldest daughter of a family, standing in the sweet simplicity of her new womanhood, by the side of her toiling, careworn mother, to relieve and aid her? Now she presides at the table, now directs in the kitchen, now amuses the fretting babe, now diverts half a score of little folks in the library. She can assist her younger brothers in their sports, or the elder ones in their studies; read the newspaper to her weary father, or smooth the aching brow of her fevered mother. Always ready with a helping hand, and a cheerful smile for every emergency, she is an angel of love, and a blessing to the home-circle. Should she be called out of it to originate a home of her own, would she be any the less lovely or self-sacrificing?—*Mother and Her Work*.

Coal-oil is a most effectual remedy for bed-bugs. Apply plentifully with a small brush or feather to the places where they most do congregate.

Two petrified men have been found near Castlemaine, Australia. They were in a sitting posture—veins, muscles, finger-nails, &c., all perfect. One had a stone axe by his side.

Christians and Angels.

BY REV. A. R. HAMMOND.

The angels take the liveliest interest in matters pertaining to man's salvation. They are anxious spectators of the race which he is running; the guardian and ministering spirits of the heirs of salvation, and rejoice over every "sinner that repenteth," with a universal and a great rejoicing. What a rebuke is this to the dullness, and apathy, and neglect of too many Christians! The angels in heaven and Christians on earth have one and the same great interest and grand theme to enlist and call forth their love and service. Hence they should have a fellow-feeling. The desire, the anxiety, the joy of angels, ought to be the desire, the anxiety, the joy of every good man. Christians ought to look upon sinners with the pity of angels, yearn over them with the tenderness and solicitude of angels, and joy over their salvation with the joy of angels. Redemption should so awake our sensibilities, and sway such a power over our minds and hearts, that the sight of a fellow-sinner plucked from endless ruin, and recovered to God and life, should give us the highest joy—thrill our being as nothing else can do. Earthly joys, earthly gain, earthly triumphs, what are they all worth in the scales with an innocent soul, made in the image of God—made for happiness, glory and endless life—converted from the error of his ways, and made an heir of glory? When all beneath the sun has been reduced to dust, the soul will rise to God, resplendent in moral worth and beauty, and shine forever in glory as a star of the Redeemer's crown. The salvation of the meanest sinner on earth is worth all the treasures of tears, and toil, and blood that the Church has ever poured out at the feet of Jesus.

Is this the feeling of Christians? Is concern for the sinner made the great concern of their hearts? Do their souls melt and rejoice over a repentant sinner with a celestial feeling? Have we as Christians adequate views of the worth of the soul—of the extent of the ruin which sin has brought upon it—and the need and preciousness of its redemption? Is salvation the theme of themes with us? Does it set the heart on fire, inspire the tongue, nerve the soul, and command life's best and noblest services? Alas! must we not confess to an apathy here that is the grief and sorrow of angels? We don't fully enter into the spirit of the thrilling scenes which are transpiring in this apostate and rebellious world. We do not half feel for sinners who are perishing eternally on every hand—in our streets, in our sanctuaries, in our own dwellings. We do not wait and watch for the repentance of sinners, and pour out the full tide of the heart's gratitude and joy when any are found returning to give glory to God. We do not put our hearts in loving contact with the Cross of Christ, and fully fellowship its sympathy, and travail, and agony, and joy, and glory in the blessed work of saving sinners. Oh! that we had the spirit of Christ!—the spirit of angels! Then would one great thought—the rescuing of souls from sin and death—engross our minds, enlist every faculty and energy, and constrain a willing, undivided, untiring service for God and salvation.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate*.

VITALITY OF SEEDS.—In addition to the old story of the vegetation of wheat found in an Egyptian mummy, the New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture, in reply to the inquiry of a correspondent as to the length of time that seeds retain their vitality, quotes the following statement from an English paper.

James Binks, in the North British Agriculturist, stated that he had recently cleared off some old Roman encampments on his farm near Alnwick, a farm which he had lived upon for 64 years, and forthwith among the barley there sown, arose some 74 varieties of oats, never seen in that section before. As no oats had been sown, he supposed the place to have been an old cavalry camp, and that the oats which were ripened under other skies, had lain covered with debris for 1500 years, and now being exposed to the action of sun and air, they germinated as readily as though but recently sown.

Mammoth Concert.

A correspondent of Zion's Herald, writing from London, thus speaks of a great concert at the Crystal Palace in that city:

A mammoth concert in which six thousand human voices participated was the special attraction for the day on which I visited the Palace. Such a concert is beyond description. The immense organ was played by Miss Jane Stirling, and poured forth a volume of melody which resounded and reverberated through the vast aisles and corridors of the Palace like distant thunder. Among the pieces sung by the six thousand were, "Strike the Cymbal" and "God save the Queen;" and as wave after wave of sound rolled over the vast audience, swelling and dying away under the great dome of the Palace like waves upon the shore, I was almost literally entranced. The leader occupied a prominent position, keeping time with head, feet, hands, and whole body; and those motions which in an ordinary music teacher seem almost ridiculous, became grand when obeyed by six thousand voices in the presence of twelve thousand spectators. A day spent at Sydenham is never to be forgotten, and the fact that its pleasures are within the reach of the common people, must contribute greatly to the happiness and to the morality of the population of London.

REV. H. D. FISHER IN THE LAWRENCE MASSACRE.—Rev. H. D. Fisher, of the Kansas Conference, and chaplain of the 5th Kansas, had a most marvelous escape from the guerrillas in their late attack upon Lawrence. He was sick in his house, when the fiends came after him. He escaped into a hole in the cellar and was passed by when the assassins went down to find him. After they went up stairs and set fire to the house his wife got permission to take the carpet out. Mr. Fisher was informed of it, and while his wife and another lady were dragging the carpet out, he got through a trap door in the floor and went out under the carpet, the rebels in the meantime continuing the search. The carpet was so thrown in the yard as to conceal him, and he remained under it while the house burned down. There are many similar instances in which the women of Lawrence exhibited a courage and devotion as great as history ever recorded. Stout men relate these deeds with tears of joy and pride filling their eyes.

SMALL STONES NEEDED.—The living stones of which the Church of Christ is constructed are not necessarily of the same size, nor are they employed to edify the same parts of the building. Did you never see a country house built of stones of all sizes and shape, from the rock to the pebble, round, square, long, short, all chinked and plastered in together, and forming a warm, substantial building? Just so it is with the members of a community; the big stones make a great show, and go a great deal further toward making up the great structure. But they would look very woe-begone if the little ones should rebel, and conclude they were of no use, and drop out. The stones in the heavenly temple are all living stones, but not all great ones.

THE STORY OF TWO BULLETS.—At the headquarters of Col. Slack's brigade I lately saw two Minie bullets, one of which was a rebel bullet of English manufacture, smuggled over by our dear brethren in Britain to shoot their dear brethren in America. The other was a national ball, of the Springfield rifle type. The former was fired from a rifle pit at Jackson, at our skirmishers; the latter was fired from our line of skirmishers at the rifle pit. They met midway in the air, were welded by the compact, and fell harmlessly to the ground. They are now firm friends, sticking each to the other, closer than a brother or a lover.—*Missouri Republican*.

A NEW TREE.—A peculiar tree, called the "lace bark tree," has been discovered by Mr. Rochfort on the west coast, and a specimen of which, and some cord manufactured from its fibres, sent to the superintendent at Nelson. He describes this tree as being about six inches in thickness, and having bark about a quarter of

an inch thick, composed of a clean fibrous material suitable for many purposes for which flax is used, and luted together with a very sweet substance, something resembling sago in taste, and often used by the natives of former days for food.—*Panama Star and Herald.*



ADVENT HERALD.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, SEPT. 22, 1863.

JOSIAH LITCH, EDITOR.

The readers of the *Herald* are most earnestly besought to give it room in their prayers; that by means of it God may be honored and his truth advanced; also, that it may be conducted in faith and love, with sobriety of judgment and discernment of the truth, in nothing carried away into error, or hasty speech, or sharp, unbrotherly dispute.

The New Earth.

"An oasis in the desert." To the traveller over arid wastes, parched with thirst and weary, how much of blissful enjoyment is found in the sight of one green spot, the sign of water springs and refreshment. So to the weary pilgrim, over life's rough and toilsome way, will appear the sight of that glorious abode of peace and righteousness, "The New Earth Paradise." Object of our brightest hopes and aspirations, how the soul will leap for joy when once its glory-clad radiance shall salute our wondering eyes. "We, according to his promise, look for a New Heaven and a New Earth wherein dwellleth righteousness." Seeing we look for such things, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness.

Question. But where has he promised it?

Answer. The rapt prophet, in evangelical strains, has spoken of it as though the Spirit of Christ, which was in him, had moved his lips. "Behold, I create New Heavens and a New Earth." Isa. 65: 17.

Question. Is not the description given in that chapter, rather of the millennial state than of the final and perfectly renovated state?

Answer. If so, then the millennial earth and the final New Heavens and Earth are one. For of this the Spirit says, "Be ye glad and rejoice forever in that which I create." It is evidently to be an eternal abode of the righteous. And Peter, moved by the same Spirit, quotes from it, when he says, "We, according to his promise, look for a New Heaven and a New Earth." And this spoken of by Peter is final and permanent. "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for New Heavens," &c. And when John in the Isle of Patmos saw that glorious spectacle, he speaks of it as of the thing promised and expected. Isaiah had said, "The former shall not be remembered nor come into mind." So the beloved disciple speaks: "The first heaven and the first earth were passed away." As if he had said, Isaiah's prediction was fulfilled. All these inspired men are in agreement on this subject, and evidently refer to one and the same thing and time.

Question. Does not John evidently refer to a post millennial earth, while Isaiah has reference to a millennial earth where mortality reigns? "There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man who has not filled his days. For the child shall die a hundred years old; but the sinner being a hundred years old shall be accursed."

Answer. We will analyze the expressions. 1. It is "a New Heavens and a New Earth." 2. "The former shall not be remembered nor come into mind." 3. "Be ye glad and rejoice forever in that which I create." 4. "I create Jerusalem a rejoicing and her people a joy. I will rejoice in Jerusalem and joy in my people." 5. "The voice of weeping shall no more be heard in her, nor the voice of crying." 6. "There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man who has not filled his days."

All these six particulars are consistent with, and require to be understood of a state of permanence and immortality, and perfectly correspond with the New Jerusalem state described by St. John. For where decay and death are, there will be weeping. And where infancy is, there will be crying. Where mortality is, the inhabitants cannot rejoice forever in what they possess.

Hence, we must interpret what follows in accordance with the preceding points. If there shall be no

infant of days thence, then there will be no births.

If there shall be no more an old man who has not filled his days, the days of all must be complete; which can only be affirmed of the immortal state.

Question. But will there be no infants there?

Answer. Yes. All who ever lived and died in infancy will be there; but not in the helplessness of infancy. For the child who dies here, now, shall die an hundred years old; that is, shall in that state be as mature as if it had lived on earth a hundred years. But the sinner being a hundred years old at his death, here, will in that state be accursed. In no other way can we understand that there shall be no infant of days. For as long as infants are born, there will be infants of days. While men grow old, there will be those whose days are not full. But in an immortal state there will be neither one or the other. The days of all will be full.

Question. But does not the expression, "As the days of a tree shall be the days of my people," imply that although their days will be long, yet like the trees they will close their days?

Answer. If we examine the context we shall find the meaning. "They shall build houses and inhabit them; they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them." Here men build and die, or become bankrupt, or sell, and do not dwell in what they build. Here they plant orchards, vineyards and fields, and die, without eating the fruit of their labor. Their works continue long after the workmen are dead. But it will not be so there. Whatever a man by his industry produces for his enjoyment, will abide with him. His days will continue as long as his work. "As the days of a tree, or the tree which he planted, shall be the days of my people; and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands." That is, they shall never die and go hence, and cease to enjoy what their hands have wrought; for they shall live forever.

Question. Does not the next verse clearly teach that there will be births there? "They shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth for trouble. For they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord and their offspring with them."

Answer. The first clause of the verse is a conclusion deduced from the preceding fact, that those who produce shall always enjoy. Therefore they shall not labor in vain. In this state those who bring forth children, bring them forth for trouble. Take the world at large, and there is more trouble from children, either by sickness, casualties, death, disobedience, and various immoralities, than from all other sources together. But in the New Earth there shall be nothing of this. For, first, they shall not bring forth in that world. They bring forth here; and there shall enjoy the society of their pious and saved offspring. "For they," the parents, "are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them."

Question. Who is the blessed of the Lord?

Answer. The Lord Jesus Christ. And they, the parents who inherit the New Earth, with their saved offspring, are all his seed. They are the ones who shall be presented by Christ to the Father, in the day of his espousals, thus: "Behold I and the children which God hath given me." Heb. 2: 13. Being his seed by the new birth, they are heirs with him to a glorious inheritance in that New Earth wherein dwellleth righteousness. There, it shall come to pass, before they call God will answer them, and while they are yet speaking he will hear their requests and grant them their petitions. Seeing we look for such things, what manner of persons should we be in all holy conversation and godliness.

Paper for Children.

Bro. Litch.—Your suggestion of starting "a paper for our little folks," pleases me much. Why may we not have 1500 subscribers pledged at the Conference? Will not the ministers and brethren consult with churches and friends before coming to Conference, and when there, be prepared to say what can be done? I think there are more than 1500 children among us, whose little hearts would dance with joy at the prospect of having a monthly visitor from the *Herald* office, bringing them assurances of regard and affection, and good news about the coming kingdom. Such a work must not fail, for our lambs must be fed. It will not fail, because the hearts and hands of mothers and sisters will be enlisted in it. Children, don't give father and mother any rest until that paper comes; and write Bro. Robinson to Trenton, to plead your cause at the Lake Village Conference.

A lover of those whom Jesus blest. L. O.

MICHIGAN TAR.—The manufacture of tar from the pines of Michigan was begun last fall by a party of Norwegians, who have settled at Grand Traverse, and propose to enter extensively into the business. Another party have since then entered into the same business at Sauble River.

Reply to T. M. Preble—N. 7.

"Forcing an unlimited construction upon the word *aion*." There is, according to our correspondent's own showing, no forcing in the matter. For he has admitted the frequent use of the word in that sense. And the connection in which it stands in relation to the wicked requires that sense.

"I believe forever and ever in Rev. 14: 11, &c., are limited in duration." And we believe not. For the reason that there is nothing in the context to intimate it. And that is our correspondent's rule, quoted and endorsed from Prof. Stuart. As we have said, and given the references to each text, forever and ever are not used in the New Testament in the sense of limited duration, and we add that in no instance does the context require that sense. The claim that he has proved *aion* and its derivations to mean age, is saying, I have proved what was not in dispute; nay, what from the beginning was freely granted. The point which requires proof is, 1. That it never means unlimited duration. But this he does not pretend. He says "Their life will end when they have become dead the second time." True; but when will that which shall be tormented day and night forever and ever, die the second time in the sense of extinction of being? The beast and false prophet who are cast alive into the lake of fire at the commencement of the thousand years are still there at the end, when the devil receives his doom there, and they with him shall still onward be tormented day and night forever and ever. The Lake of fire does not consume them.

What will stand that fire a thousand years and still be the subject of torment "forever and ever," must fairly be regarded as the subject of eternal torment. We presume our correspondent to know and understand the 37th psalm refers to the destruction of the wicked, or cutting off of the wicked at Christ's coming, and that it has reference to the same time and event as Mal. 4: 1, &c. "All the proud, and all that do wickedly shall be stubble, and the day that cometh shall burn them up, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." "They shall be ashes under the soles of your feet in the day that I do this, saith the Lord of hosts." This also is the time of burning up the chaff. And why he should quote it to prove the second death is rather strange, unless he finds Scripture testimony rather scarce. We have already shown that *Apollyon* is used to express *lost*, as a piece of money. *Wandered away*, as a sheep from the fold. *Wandered from home* in want and wretchedness, as the prodigal son: it is used in the sense of *physical death*, as "Herod will seek the young child to destroy it." It is used for a sinful and exposed condition; as "The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which is lost." Not one of these implies or can be made to imply extinction of being. When this same word is used Matt. 10: 58, "Destroy both soul and body in Gehenna," what is its import? Luke 12: 5, renders it thus, "Fear him who after he hath killed has power to cast into Gehenna." But what shall be the condition of those who are cast into Gehenna? or who are cast away? or who lose themselves. The most terrible figures of suffering are used by Christ to express their condition, Mark 9: "Where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." "Be cast into gehenna, into the fire that never shall be quenched." "For every one shall be salted with fire, even as every sacrifice shall be salted with salt."

Our correspondent has conceded that gehenna of the Gospels, and the lake of fire of Revelation are identical. If so, those who are cast there are to suffer torment. Shall be tormented day and night, forever and ever. Then the killing, Luke 12: 5, which is before casting them into gehenna, does not extinguish them, so but what gehenna fire will torment them when they reach it. The destruction, therefore, awaiting them in gehenna is not extinction, but suffering. When therefore, the wicked have been consumed into smoke, and have been ashes under the feet of the righteous a thousand years, and when they have been raised again from the dead and are cast into the Lake of fire and shall be tormented there day and night forever and ever, who shall say what that age shall be that is beyond all ages and in the eternal and fixed state of things; "where he that is unjust let him be unjust still, he that is filthy let him be filthy still, and he that is righteous let him be righteous still, and he that is holy let him be holy still. Following both these classes into this fixed and eternal state, we enquire, where does inspiration leave them? Of the one it is said: "Blessed are they that do his commandments that they may have right to the tree of life and enter in through the gates into the city." And of the other: "For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

Thus we see that the wicked are not left by the Bible in final nonentity, but outside the holy city, where the righteous find admission; abiding, unjust and unholy still, while the righteous remain holy still; characteristics, not of nonentities but of sentient beings. The *aion*, therefore, of the wicked is as unending as that of the righteous; and hence, their forever and ever, is without end, in accordance with the uniform New Testament usage of the phrase, No sinner has *aion*, or ever will have, while he remains impenitent. But every sinner has a soul, natural life, and ever will have while eternal ages continue.

Our correspondent in his quotation of Dr. Clarke, endeavored to force his words, "body and soul are destroyed through eternity," to mean are extinguished through eternity, when he had no such idea, and did not believe the doctrine, as we showed in our quotation from his notes on Matthew 25: 46, where he expressly declares it means "eternal misery." Now our correspondent charges us with changing the point at issue. It was clearly himself who did it. We understand the word destroyed, in reference to the wicked, precisely as Dr. Clarke did. And his present emphasis of his words *destroyed*, &c., shows that he did introduce the change, and even now with Dr. Clarke's denial that such is his meaning, he would fain impress his readers that such is his meaning.

"How can you say that the words 'destroy and destruction' is subject to an almost infinite variety of shades of meaning, and is, therefore, an ambiguous word when applied to the doom of the wicked?" We marvel at the bold perversion of our words contained in this last clause, by emphasizing an addition to what we said. We said the words are ambiguous. We say so still. He has not disproved it. To assume, therefore, that they mean extinction, when applied to the doom of the wicked is begging the question. He has himself "proved," as he says, that the words expressive of the duration of the punishment of the wicked are ambiguous, and that their meaning must be determined by the context.

The subject in connection with which these ambiguous words are used in reference to the doom of the wicked proves "destroy," "destruction," "eternal punishment," "tormented forever and ever," to be used in the sense of eternal suffering. We would assure our correspondent that it does not make any difference to what an ambiguous word is applied;—it does not cease to have a variety of meaning because applied to one instead of another subject; in connection with all subjects, the subject and connection must determine its particular meaning.

And we reply again, that God's definition of the second death, "the lake of fire; this is the second death," is as distinct as his definition of the first death. "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was and the spirit shall return to God who gave it"; and we believe them both.

Sandwich Island Missions.

Rev Dr. Anderson, secretary of the A. B. F. M., has just returned from an eight months tour to the Sandwich Island missions. He gives a most interesting account of the progress of the Gospel in those Islands, and the result on the state of society as the fruit of missions. He addressed more than twelve thousand natives in over one hundred different churches. The Hilo church has a membership of 4500; that of Honolulu, over 2000. Since the missionaries commenced their labors in those Islands over 50,000 have been received into membership. Twenty thousand have died, and 20,000 remain in the fellowship of the church, in good standing. In the great revivals of 1838 and 1842, about 25,000 were added to the churches. In his report given at Dr. Thompson's church, in Roxbury, Dr. Anderson said:—While at Honolulu he was awoke at what seemed to him an early morning hour, by the ringing of the bell in the great stone church, and on enquiring, was told that it was the call to the prayer-meeting which he was assured had been maintained at this dawning hour of day, for the last twenty-five years, ever since the great revival before adverted to. Of what other community can as much be claimed? All over the islands are numerous "little praying houses." Of prayer, there is the most simple, childlike conception, consisting somehow in the expectation of its being immediately answered, as at once heard. One church, that at Kolot, flourishes well, though their pastor has been absent a year, owing to the failure of his health; the services are still well attended. He doubted if any church here whose pastor was away a year would flourish more persistently.

Dr Anderson spoke in high terms of the character of the missionaries, foreign and native. Those first sent out, as Bingham and others, are now passing into the ranks of old men, but God has greatly honored their labors in the conversion of these once savage tribes of the sea. Dr. Anderson then proceeded to state that two remarkable social changes have occurred at the islands since the missions were established. The first was the change of government from a despotism to a limited monarchy. Before the people were slaves; now they are citizens, and in no country is life or property more safe. When we traveled we felt no fear for our luggage.

Elder J. V. Himes says: "I have just read your pamphlet. You take the ground I have for many years. Your book will do good. May God give you success in your work."

CORRESPONDENCE.



In this department, articles are solicited, on the general subject of the Advent, from friends of the Herald, over their own signatures, irrespective of the particular views which it defends. Views of correspondents not dissented from, are not necessarily to be considered as editorially endorsed. Correspondents are expected to avoid all personalities, and to study Christian courtesy in all references to views and persons. Any departure from this should be regarded as discrediting the writer to any reply. Christian and gentlemanly discussion will be in order; but not needless, unkind, or uncourteous controversy.

The Second Death—No. 7.

I now proceed to the bearing of the argument upon those texts which are supposed to teach endless misery. All the texts which are supposed to teach that the wicked will have an *endless life in misery* are only made so by forcing an unlimited construction upon some form of the word *aion*, and upon the supposition that every man has an "immortal, never-dying soul" in him.

I believe the *forever and ever* found in Rev. 14: 11; 19: 3; 20: 10, are limited in their duration, from the following considerations: First, the phrase "*forever and ever*" in the passages above referred to, are all from the noun *aionas aionon*, and not from the adjective *aionios*. I admit that these words are sometimes used to denote eternal duration, as when they are applied to God, to the reign of Christ, or to the immortality of the saints; but not, however, because they express an eternal duration of themselves, but because they are sometimes used in connection with those things which are known to be eternal in their nature, by other phraseology than from any word derived from *aion*.

I have already proved in article No. 6, that *aion* and its derivatives have the sense of "*age*"—"the whole duration of a being"—"*time, a space of time*"—"lifetime"—"*the age of man*"—"man's estate," &c., as well as to express an eternity of being. Now, I would ask, what is the *age* (*aion*), or "the whole duration of" the righteous? What is their "lifetime," or their "estate?" All will say, it is eternal. What, then, is the *age* (*aion*), or "the whole duration of" the wicked? What is their "lifetime," or their "estate?" Why, their life will end when they shall have become dead for the second time—when they are "consumed" "into smoke," like "as the fat of lambs," or destroyed both soul and body in gehenna fire—or when they shall have been "hurt of the second death." Hence, the "smoke of their torment" will ascend "up forever and ever"—without any intermission—until God shall "burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." Then their "*age*" (*aion*), their "lifetime," or their "estate," will have come to an end in "the second death." By what rules of philosophy, or logic, can any one tell how fire can "consume" a thing unless the thing is combustible? And if combustible, will it not waste away? Will it not "consume away"—"consume into smoke?" Say, brother Editor, will you explain this point?

We can see, therefore, in the case of the wicked, that their *aion*, or *age*, is entirely different from the *aion*, or *age*, of the righteous. The *aion*, or *age*, of the saints will never have an end; but the *aion*, or *age*, of the sinner will have an end. Hence, we see how perfectly the rule laid down by Prof. Stuart agrees in this case of *aion*. He says, that the length of time indicated by this word *aion* and its derivatives is "always to be determined by the nature of the case, that is, by the context."

What, then, is "the nature of the case?" Why, plainly this: The righteous will live eternally—they will have life without end; but the wicked will die "the second death"—their "end is destruction." Now, suppose we take that part of Webster's definition of "*age*," or (*aion*), where he says: "The usual *age* of a man is seventy years; the *age* of a horse may be twenty or thirty years; the *age* of a tree may be four hundred years," &c.; and just state it thus: The *age* of a horse may be four hundred years; the *age* of a tree may be seventy years; and the *age* of a man twenty or thirty years! Should we not call this a perversion of the truth? And so when God says of the righteous, "His saints, they are preserved forever," "neither can they die any more," but says of the wicked that "they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away"—that he is "able to destroy both soul and body in hell"—in gehenna fire; or that they shall be hurt of the second death, do we not also pervert the truth when we say that the *age* (*aion*), of the wicked will be eternal, or that God will preserve them in an *endless life in misery*? Don't let us forget that the duration of *aion* and its derivatives "is always to be determined by the nature of the case, that is, by the

context," as Prof. Stuart says, and the best of authorities sanction; and then we have no more difficulty in seeing that there is just as plain a difference between the *aion*, or *age*, of the righteous and that of the wicked, as there is between the *age* (*aion*), of a man and that of a horse. I do not say the difference is the same, but I do say that the difference is as plain to be seen.

I will now proceed to notice some things in your "Reply" to my "No. 3," as found in the Herald of Aug. 11th. Your quotation from Dr. Adam Clarke, in regard to Matt. 25: 46, &c., is all very well, and the point involved will not be unnoticed at the proper time. But you seem to have overlooked the real point in my quotation from Adam Clarke, and thus turned the point at issue between us from the definition of the phrase, "the second death," to that of the use of the word "destroy," as your argument shows. But I am not inclined to let you off quite so easy as this. You say:

"If Dr. Adam Clarke is good authority for the meaning of second death, we suppose he is equally good on Matt. 25: 46," &c. Now, brother Editor, I will just change this so as to have it read, If Dr. Adam Clarke is good authority for the meaning on Matt. 25: 46, we suppose he is equally good on his definition of "the second death." But Adam Clarke flatly contradicts you; for you say, "The lake of fire is the second death;" but Adam Clarke says, "The second death" "consists" "in the separation of body and soul from God forever;" "from which there can be no recovery." And as by the first death "the body is destroyed during time," so "by the second body and soul are destroyed through eternity." Hence, it will be seen, that there is a wide difference between your definition of the "second death," and that of Adam Clarke. And of course Clarke's definition of "the second death" must be right, because it is in harmony with the Bible.

Now, once more I ask you, brother Editor, just to tell us how you can make your definition of "the second death" agree with the fact that "if the first THANATOS refers to man, how can the second THANATOS refer to a place—the lake of fire? and thus contradict "Dr. Adam Clarke" and the Bible! Please don't pass over this question again! In reference to my quotation from Dr. Adam Clarke, you say:

"Our correspondent has seized on his use of the word destroy, and made him, or tried to make him, sanction the doctrine of annihilation of the wicked. But has he not done the same thing with Christ and the apostles?" Now let us look for a moment and see how I "seized" on the word "destroy," and thus "tried to make" Clarke, "Christ and the apostles" "sanction the doctrine of the annihilation of the wicked." This is what I said: "I like the whole verse just as it is! I am not willing to give it such a construction as 'to teach the sinner' that he will be eternally preserved, 'soul and body in hell!' neither that his 'body' will be destroyed, and that his 'soul' will be preserved eternally in hell! No, brother Editor, I am satisfied to teach the sinner his doom just in God's words." This agrees with Adam Clarke, when he says, as quoted above, "Body and soul are destroyed through eternity." Mark this, DESTROYED! not preserved! And Clarke says, "this is the second death;" and I believe it." What say now, brother Editor, is this trying to make Clarke, Christ and the apostles "sanction" what is not true? Please remember that I said, "Mark this, DESTROYED! not preserved!" And Clarke says, "This is the second death;" and I believe it." I therefore now again repeat it: "DESTROYED! not preserved!" and this agrees with "Christ and the apostles," and Adam Clarke; for the word *destroy* is used, and not *preserve*. As you have said, I still think we had better be "satisfied to teach the sinner his doom just in God's words."

You further say, "The truth is, Dr. Clarke, Christ and the apostles, as also all writers and speakers of all languages, use the word *destroy* and *destruction*, or their equivalents, in their own language, for any degree of ruin which might come to a person or thing. It is subject to an almost endless variety of shades of meaning, and is, therefore, an ambiguous word, to be interpreted by the subject of which it treats and the connection in which it stands." Now, brother Editor, I am compelled to say, that I am either dull of apprehension, or you have stated some things in the above quotations, without proper reflection. How can you say that "the word *destroy* and *destruction*" "is subject to an almost endless variety of shades of meaning, and is, therefore, an ambiguous word," when applied to the doom of the wicked? But again, I ask, Has God used "ambiguous words, which are "subject to an almost endless variety of shades of meaning," when speaking of the final end of the wicked? You say, "Dr. Clarke, Christ and the apostles, as also all writers and speakers of all languages, use the word *destroy* and *destruction*" in an "ambiguous" manner; but my question is this: Does God so use

it, when applied to the doom of the wicked? This question I propose to answer most fully.

T. M. PREBLE.

Concord, N. H., Aug. 27, 1863.

Letter from Burlington.

BURLINGTON, IOWA, Sept. 10, 1863.

Brother Litch,—We of the Advent faith in Burlington, Ia., have reason to thank God and take courage, for he has sent his servant to us, and by waiting upon the Lord in his appointed means of grace, our souls have been refreshed and our spiritual strength has been renewed. (By the above you will observe that we are not yet fully inducted into the belief of the soul-sleepers; and if we are even in a state of transition, the progress of the process is, as yet, imperceptible.)

Elder J. V. Himes visited our city and held a series of tent-meetings, from the 25th to the 30th of August. There was a goodly attendance. The word of God was proclaimed with power. The seeds of Gospel truth were sown with a strong and skillful hand, and doubtless fell upon the several varieties of soil. That upon the wayside may have already been caught away; that upon stony ground may have already begun to wither and die; that among thorns may have already begun to smother and swoon, but we have reason to hope and trust that some seed has fallen upon good ground, and taken deep root in good and honest hearts. And, although tares may spring to hinder and annoy, yet we expect that by the dews of Divine grace, God will nourish and cherish the wheat, and give the requisite increase, and speedily ripen for the glorious harvest nigh at hand.

Elder Himes organized a (small) church among us, out of the material found ready; and although we are very few in number, yet we claim for ourselves those precious words of our dear Saviour, "Fear not little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Brother J. S. Brandeburg was appointed elder of the church, and D. Winter, clerk.

May the blessing of Almighty God rest upon the past, present and future labors of Brother J. V. Himes, and of Brother J. Litch and his coadjutors in the publication of the Advent Herald, and upon all principal and accessory efforts which are being made and put forth for the promulgation of sound Gospel truth. And may we all be found faithful stewards of the grace of God, not having our own righteousness which is of the law, but the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ, unto all and upon all them that believe, and looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. May we, and all God's people everywhere, look up and lift up our heads, knowing that our redemption draweth nigh. For he which testifieth these things saith, surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus, is the prayer of your humble servants,

J. S. BRANDEBURG,
D. WINTER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"More of Christ."

In visiting one of our hospitals for sick and wounded soldiers, but a few days since, I noticed in a distant part of the room a young man partially lifted from his couch, his countenance betraying more than ordinary anxiety, as if for something not within his reach. His cheeks were flushed, haggard and worn. Cautiously approaching his bedside, I asked, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

He looked at me for a moment, then said, "Yes, tell me of Christ."

"Do you know anything of Him?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "but O, I want to know more of Him?"

For many months he had been lying in a loathsome prison in Virginia, suffering greatly from want and neglect by the rebels, and but recently exchanged, had known little of proper nursing and care. Now, it was refreshing to see how, in the enjoyment of greater comfort, his soul yearned for the Redeemer, and could be satisfied with nothing less than his presence, under weakness and pain. I sat down by his couch, and read a few verses from Holy Writ, containing the last words of Jesus to his disciples, as he left them, for his ascension to heaven.

"O," said he, "that is just my want."

Finding he knew something by experience, of the love of Jesus, I asked, "Are you desirous of greater intimacy with Him?"

"O yes," he replied, "my soul is starving for more of Christ." "More of Christ," he repeated, as he laid himself back upon his pillow. "I want to feel," he added, "Jesus saying these words to me, which He said to His disciples while with them on earth."

"He does say them to you, if you have truly given yourself to Him," I replied.

"I think I have, but I want to get Christ afresh, to feel certain He is mine."

"Give yourself anew to Him; consecrating soul and body afresh to His service, so shall you feel his salvation nigh, full and sure to your thirsting spirit." So saying, I left him, thinking he might want to be alone, and soon after returned, to hear him say, "I have had a new sight of Jesus. He seems to come down to my wants—to feel all my doubts with me, and say, 'Doubt no more, trust fully in me.'"

"And such a trust!" he continued; "I have only to cast myself on Him, as altogether vile and worthless, when He appears all in all to my soul."

"So precious," said I.

"Yes," he repeated, the tears rolling down his cheeks, "so precious, I think I never felt him so nigh."

"Abide in me," says Christ, "so that you shall know the fullness of redeeming love."

Jesus, my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Perish every false ambition,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!"

Clasping his thin, pale hands, he repeated, "Yes, hangs my helpless soul on Thee." "O, I can die now," he added, "it was just this I wanted—Christ to enter into all my soul, so that I could feel one with Him, and He one with me."

Soon after I bade him adieu, and yesterday, on going in again, found his place vacant. On inquiry, I learned he had died but a few hours before.

"How was he at the last?" I asked.

"Very peaceful and happy," replied his attendants; "ready and willing to go."

"It was worth a great deal to me," said a lady, hearing my question, "to see such a soldier die. I shall never forget," she continued, "his last words, uttered with so much feeling, and earnestness of expression: 'Christ, my Redeemer, my All!'"

His body was soon after removed to the cars, to be sent to his home in a distant town. As we followed with solemn interest his lifeless remains from the hall, and thought of his memorable words, still fresh in our memory, "more of Christ," to dwell with us, be in us, a living and abiding union, we could not help feeling how blessed such a death, even under the sufferings and privations of one falling in defence of his country's weal.

"More of Christ" is the deepest yearning of the Christian heart, till its possessor is privileged to sit with Him, in our Fathers' kingdom.—M. A. B., in *Watchman and Reflector*.

Incident in the Rebel Invasion.

The power of early religious instruction is very visible in the army, and the good character of many soldiers is proof against the temptations of the camp, and testifies to the influence of Christian parentage and homes. A correspondent of the German Reformed Messenger gives a very striking incident in illustration of this truth, which occurred in the recent invasion of Pennsylvania, when Greencastle was entered by the rebels:—A squad of cavalry were drawn up in front of a store and ordered to dismount, in order to commence the work of plunder. One man kept his seat on his horse. A second order was given for his special benefit, but he sat still. Said he:—

"My mother taught me other and better things than this when I was a boy. I detest robbery and theft. I did not become a soldier to do this kind of work, and I do not intend to do it."

With some muttered oaths the officer left him, and he kept his word. We cite this as a noble example of the influence of early religious training, especially the religious teachings of a mother. Not even the demoralizing influences of army life could efface from his mind the early instructions received from a pious mother. He was in an enemy's country, and might have been tempted to plead in justification the orders of his commanding officer, but he had respect to a higher law, which no living man had a right to command him to break.

We went with another by request into a shop next door to our dwelling, to witness that he disturbed nothing that was not necessary for the use of the army. When inside he declared that he never did anything for which he had so little heart as this. He was really ashamed of it, but he had to go through at least the form of obeying his orders. Such instances are certainly really worthy of record. They show the power of religious training, and are bright examples which shine all the brighter amidst the darkness by which they are surrounded.

It is hard to acknowledge that we have committed an error. When in an epistle to the Senate, Frederick the Great wrote, "I have just lost a great battle, and it was entirely my own fault;" Goldsmith truly observes, "This confession evinced more greatness than all his victories."

Owning Books.

If, on visiting the dwelling of a man of slender means, I find the reason why he has cheap carpets and very plain furniture to be that he may purchase books, he rises at once in my esteem. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved etagere or side-board.

Give me a house furnished with books rather than than furniture! Both if you can, but books at any rate! To spend several days in a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting upon luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if you were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Is it not pitiable to see a man growing rich, and beginning to augment the comforts of home, and lavishing money on ostentatious upholstery, upon the table, upon everything but what the soul needs?

We know of many and many a rich man's house where it would not be safe to ask for the commonest English classics. A few garrish annuals on the table, a few pictorial monstrosities, and that is all! No range of poets, no essayists, no selection of historians, no travels or biographies; but then the walls have paper on which cost three dollars a roll, and the floors have carpets that cost four dollars a yard! Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a house without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. He cheats them! Children learn by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it; and the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices.

Let us pity these poor rich men who live barrenly in great bookless houses! Let us congratulate the poor, that in our day, books are so cheap that a man may every year add a hundred volumes to his library, for the price of what has tobacco and his beer would cost him. Among the earliest ambitions to be excited in clerks, workmen, journeymen, and, indeed, among all that are struggling up in life from nothing to something, is that of owning, and constantly adding to, a library of good books. A little library, growing every year, is an honorable part of a young man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life.

A CASE OF ABSENCE OF MIND.—A few days since a well-to-do business man applied to a banker in Chicago, to dispose \$10,000 Galena and Chicago Union Railroad stock. He had bought them some years ago at 60¢; they were now quoted at 112— a good time to sell. The banker noticed the date, and remarked, "You must have received something handsome in the way of dividends upon this." This startled the holder of the stock, who replied, "Why no, I never received a dollar—never thought of dividends from the time I bought the stock several years ago, to the present moment." He went straightway to the office of the Company, and there found some \$3000 to his credit for dividends!

DISCOVERY OF A BURIED CITY.—A singular discovery, it is said, has been made on the French coast, near the mouth of the Garonne. A town has been discovered buried in the sand, and a church has already been extracted from it. Its original plan shows it to have been built near the close of the Roman empire. The original paintings, its sculptured choir and capitals, are adorned with profuse ornaments, which are attracting a large number of visitors. This is all that remains of those cities described by Pliny and Strabo, although the Gulf of Gascony abounds in ruins of ancient cities.

THE WORD "DUN."—Some erroneously suppose that the word "dun" comes from the French word *demander*, give, implying a demand or something due; but the true origin of this word is from one John Dunne, a famous bailiff of London, so extremely active and dexterous at the management of his rough business, that it became a proverb, when a man refused to pay his debts, "Why don't you Dunne him?" that is, why do you not send Dunne to arrest him? Hence it became a custom and a proverb, and is as old as the days of Henry VII.

DIVERSITY OF CLIMATE.—As an illustration of the difference in climate at various localities in California, it is stated that at two o'clock one day recently, as the boat for San Francisco was leaving Stockton, the thermometer, on the deck of the boat, in the shade, stood at 102 degrees. When the boat had traversed about three-fourths of the distance to San Francisco, the mercury in the thermometer had fallen to 52 degrees. Stockton, "as the crow flies," is about one hundred miles from San Francisco.

A Large Farm.

C. D. Bragdon, correspondent editor of the Rural New Yorker, gives a detailed account of his visit to the celebrated farm of M. L. Sullivan, Champaign county, Ill., which he is bringing into cultivation, having personally occupied it two years. This farm is seven miles long and five and a half wide; it contains twenty-two thousand acres. In May last, eleven thousand acres of his farm had been inclosed, and subdivided into fields of a section or two, more or less, each. He had a large force building fence, and a month after he expected to have twenty thousand acres inclosed with board fence. He depends mainly on raising corn and feeding cattle, for profit; and has at present over five thousand head of cattle. Of the eleven thousand acres above mentioned, eighteen hundred were devoted to corn, three hundred to winter wheat, forty to oats, and fifteen hundred to meadow. The rest are in pasture. Twenty-two thousand bushels of corn were sold at forty-two cents per bushel this spring, amounting to over nine thousand dollars; and five hundred tons of timothy hay brought five thousand dollars. There are also four thousand worn down government horses pasturing and recruiting on this farm. Seventy-five span of horses, seventy-five yoke of oxen, and some mules are used in working it.

Each department of this great farm is under the charge of an able farmer. A blacksmith shop repairs all the iron parts of the implements, machines and tools; a carpenter shop is constantly occupied with the woodwork; a cook feeds the army of hands, and the great dining hall is under perfect systematic management; the gardener raises tons of vegetables for the men; the forty plows are under the charge of a man constantly in the saddle, to see that each plowman has his allotted work, and every thing is in running order; and the whole is under the charge of a general superintendent, who reports daily to the proprietor. Accounts are kept of everything, and at the end of the year it is known with perfect accuracy, what every bushel of corn has cost, how much labor every animal has done, and in what direction the greatest profits are made.

OBITUARY.

Flora P. Jennings.

In Cabot, Vt., Aug. 24th, of consumption, Flora Permelite, oldest daughter of James M. and Deborah Jennings, 15 years. The deceased was taken sick with the whooping cough in May last, and gradually failed in strength until her decease. Everything that loving parents could do was done to make her comfortable, and if possible to check the disease; but it was otherwise ordered, and the loved one was cut down in the midst of youth. She was naturally reserved and diffident, and did not feel free to converse with those who were not intimately connected with the family; but the manner in which she took leave of her young associates just before her departure, left no room to doubt that she had found peace in believing, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Death lost its terror to her, and she fell asleep in Jesus, to come forth in the first resurrection at the last day. She selected the text and hymns, and made arrangements for her burial.

Bro. and sister Jennings have parted with three of their little ones, but they sorrow not as those without hope. They have one little daughter left. May the Lord spare her for the comfort of her parents. The writer endeavored to encourage the peace-makers to persevere, and thus be called the children of God. Matt. 5:9. H. CANFIELD.

J. J. Chamberlain.

Departed this life at his residence in Lawrence, Mass., Sept. 5th, Brother J. J. Chamberlain.

Brother C. was converted to God in the year 1842, and embraced the Advent faith in 1843. He has lived a sincere and earnest Christian, looking for the return of his Lord from heaven. He leaves a widow and two children to mourn his departure. The writer was requested to attend his funeral, but the friends were unable to preserve his body from corruption till the appointed day of burial, and had to hasten its sepulture. Therefore others officiated in his stead. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption." O. R. FASSETT.

Albert Robinson.

In Palmer, Mass., Sept. 8th, Albert Robinson, infant son of James and E. P. Robinson, 15 months. I had the privilege of comforting the afflicted parents and friends with the "blessed hope" of the Gospel, on the occasion of their bereavement. "Thus saith the Lord: Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears; for thy work shall be rewarded; and they shall come again from the land of the enemy."—Jer. 31:16.

O. R. FASSETT.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WORKS ON PROPHECY
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WHITTEN'S GOLDEN SALVE is a step by way of progress in the healing art. It is adapted to all the purposes of a family Salve. It effectually cures piles, wounds, bruises, sprains, cuts, chilblains, corns, burns, fever-sores, scrofulous humors, erysipelas, salt-rheum, king's evil, rheumatism, spinal difficulties, chafings in warm weather, &c. &c., and is believed by many experienced and competent judges to be the best combination of medicinal ingredients for external inflammatory difficulties that has ever been produced. Many of the best physicians of the various schools use it and also recommend it. Every farmer should have it for horses; for the cure of scratches, sprains, chafings, &c., and also for a retreat on cows. It cures felons. It cures warts.

THE GOLDEN SALVE—A GREAT HEALING REMEDY.—It is with much pleasure we announce the advent of this new article in our city, which has met with such signal success in Lowell, where it is made, that the papers have teemed with cases of truly marvelous cures. They chronicle one where the life of a lady was recently saved—a case of broken breast; another where the life of a child was saved—a case of chafing; another of a lady whose face was much disfigured by scrofulous humor, which was brought to a healthy action in a few days; also another of an old man, who had a sore on his foot for twenty years—cured in a few weeks. Our citizens will not be slow in getting at it merits, and will herald it over the land.—*Boston Herald*

From Mr. Morris Fuller, of North Creek, N. Y.: "I and your Golden Salve to be good for everything that I have tried it for. Among other things for which I have used it, is a bad case of 'scald head' of our little girl as effect in this case was also favorable.

We like your Golden Salve very much in this place. Among other things I knew a lady who was cured of a very bad case of sore eyes. Walter S. Plummer, Lake Village, N. H.

Mrs. Glover, East Merrimack street, Lowell, was cured of a bad case of piles by the use of one box of the Salve. Mr. Farrington, a wealthy merchant and manufacturer in Lowell, was relieved of piles which had afflicted him for many years, and remarked to a friend that it was worth \$100 a box for piles.

Miss Harriet Morrill, of East Kingston, N. H., says: "I have been afflicted with piles for over twenty years. The last seven years I have been a great sufferer. And though never expect to be well, yet to be relieved as I am from day to day by the use of your Golden Salve, fills my heart with gratitude.

From Mr. J. O. Merriam, Tewksbury, Mass.: "I have a large milk farm. I have used a great deal of your Golden Salve for sore teats on my cows. I have used many other kinds of salve. Yours is the best I ever saw. I have also used it for sprains and scratches on my horses. It cures them in a short time. I recommend it to all who keep cows or horses.

From Dr. Geo. Pierce, Lowell: "Your Golden Salve is good. It will have a great sale.

"I received a wound in my foot by a rusty nail; by reason of which I could not set my foot to the floor for two weeks. The pain was excruciating. When your Golden Salve was applied, it relieved the pain in a short time, and two and a half boxes of it wrought a perfect cure. — Mrs. Lucinda A. Swain, Merideth Centre, N. H.

Mr. H. L. W. Roberts, Editor of Marion Intelligencer, Marion, Ill., says, "Every person that uses the Golden Salve testifies favorably." He has also published a list of names in his paper, of persons cured of wounds, sores, humors, rheumatism, &c., and gives the public reference to them; who, he says, are among the first citizens of the place.

Boston, July 12, 1859. Bro. Whitten: I have used your Golden Salve in my family, and I am acquainted with a large number of families also who have used it; and I have reason to believe that it is really what you recommend it to be. J. V. HIMES.

From Dr. W. S. Campbell, New Britain, Conn.: "Your Golden Salve is a great thing for chilblains. I have also used it in afflicting cases of salt rheum; erysipelas, and sore nipples. Its effect was, speedy and permanent cure." Dr. Bliss, of Brunswick, Me., says: "I have several friends who have been cured of scrofulous humors by the Golden Salve. You may recommend it from me as a valuable Salve."

Made only by O. P. Whitten, No. 35 and 37 East Merrimack street, Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists, and at country stores. Price 25 cts. per box, or \$2 per dozen.

I want good, reliable, persevering agents to canvass, in all parts of the United States and Canada. A large discount will be made to agents. aug 13—pd to Jan 1/63 For sale at this office.

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SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS DISEASES.

From Emory Edes, a well-known merchant of Oxford, Maine.
"I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community."

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers, Sores, and all Diseases of the Skin.
From Rev. Robt. Stratton, Bristol, England.
"I only do my duty to you and the public, when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your SARSAPARILLA. My daughter, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in her ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to cure until we tried your SARSAPARILLA. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known and much-esteemed lady of Dennisville, Cape May Co., N. J.

"My daughter has suffered for a year past with a scrofulous eruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried your SARSAPARILLA, which soon completely cured her."

From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely-known firm of Gage, Murray, & Co., manufacturers of enameled papers in Nashua, N. H.

"I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became an intolerable affliction. I tried almost everything a man could of both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever, until I took your SARSAPARILLA. It immediately made my face worse, as you told me it might for a time; but in a few weeks the new skin began to form under the blotches, and continued until my face was as smooth as anybody's, and I am without any symptoms of the disease that I know of. I enjoy perfect health, and without a doubt owe it to your SARSAPARILLA."

Erysipelas—General Debility—Purify the Blood.

From Dr. Robt. Sawin, Houston St., N. Y.
Dr. AYER: I seldom fail to remove Eruptions and Scrofulous Sores by the persevering use of your SARSAPARILLA, and I have just now cured an attack of Malignant Erysipelas with it. No alternative we possess equals the SARSAPARILLA you have supplied to the profession as well as to the people."

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Wakeham, Ohio.
"For twelve years I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds of dollars' worth of medicines. The ulcers were so bad that the cords became visible, and the doctors decided that my arm must be amputated. I began taking your SARSAPARILLA. Took two bottles, and some of your PILLS. Together they have cured me. I am now as well and sound as anybody. Being in a public place, my case is known to everybody in this community, and excites the wonder of all."

From Hon. Henry Monroe, M. P. P., of Newcastle, C. W., a leading member of the Canadian Parliament.

"I have used your SARSAPARILLA in my family, for general debility, and for purifying the blood, with very beneficial results, and feel confident in commending it to the afflicted."

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.

From Harvey Sicker, Esq., the able editor of the Tunkhannock Democrat, Pennsylvania.

"Our only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead. They rapidly spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and actually blinded his eyes for some days. A skillful physician applied nitrate of silver and other remedies, without any apparent effect. For fifteen days we guarded his hands, lest with them he should tear open the festering and corrupt wound which covered his whole face. Having tried every thing else we had any hope from, we began giving your SARSAPARILLA, and applying the follicle of potash lotion, as you direct. The sore began to heal when we had given the first bottle, and was well when we had finished the second. The child's eyelashes, which had come out, grew again, and he is now as healthy and fair as any other. The whole neighborhood predicted that the child must die."

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

From Dr. Hiram Sloat, of St. Louis, Missouri.
"I find your SARSAPARILLA a more effectual remedy for the secondary symptoms of Syphilis, and for syphilitic disease than any other we possess. The profession are indebted to you for some of the best medicines we have."

From A. J. French, M. D., an eminent physician of Lawrence, Mass., who is a prominent member of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

Dr. AYER: My dear Sir: I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent remedy for Syphilis, both of the primary and secondary type, and effectual in some cases that were too obstinate to yield to other remedies. I do not know what we can employ with more certainty of success, where a powerful alternative is required."

Mr. Chas. S. Van Liew, of New Brunswick, N. J., had dreadful ulcers on his legs, caused by the abuse of mercury, or mercurial disease, which grew more and more aggravated for years, in spite of every remedy or treatment that could be applied, until the persevering use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA relieved him. Few cases can be found more inveterate and distressing than this, and it took several dozen bottles to cure him.

Leucorrhoea, Whites, Female Weakness, are generally produced by internal Scrofulous Ulceration, and are very often cured by the alternative effect of this SARSAPARILLA. Some cases require, however, in aid of the SARSAPARILLA, the skillful application of local remedies.

From the well-known and widely-celebrated Dr. Jacob Morrill, of Cincinnati.

"I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent alternative in diseases of females. Many cases of irregularity, Leucorrhoea, Internal Ulceration, and local debility, arising from the scrofulous diathesis, have yielded to it, and there are few that do not, when its effect is properly aided by local treatment."

A lady, unwilling to allow the publication of her name, writes:

"My daughter and myself have been cured of a very debilitating Leucorrhoea of long standing, by two bottles of your SARSAPARILLA."

Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Neuralgia, when caused by Scrofula in the system, are rapidly cured by this EXT. SARSAPARILLA.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

possess so many advantages over the other purgatives in the market, and their superior virtues are so universally known, that we need not do more than to assure the public their quality is maintained equal to the best it ever has been and that they may be depended on to do all that they have ever done.

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Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"FEED MY LAMBS."—John 21:15.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1863.

Children's Paper!

What say our friends to having a paper for the little folks? Will they give us a hundred dollars as an outfit for the paper, and 1500 subscribers, at the rate of five papers for a dollar, or 25 cents for a single copy? If so, let us know. We will give them a monthly; and when they raise the list to 2000, we will give them two a month.

Contented John.

One honest John Tompkins, a hedger and ditcher, Although he was poor, did not want to be richer, For all such vain wishes to him were prevented, By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold were the weather, or dear were the food,

John never was found in a murmuring mood; For this he was constantly heard to declare, What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear.

"For why should I grumble and murmur?" he said;

"If I cannot get meat, I'll be thankful for bread; And though fretting may make my calamities deeper,

It can never cause bread and cheese to be cheaper."

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain, He wished himself better; but did not complain, Nor lie down to fret in despondence and sorrow; But said that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wronged him or treated him ill, Why, John was good-natured and sociable still; For he said that revenging the injury done, Would be making two rogues where there need be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble, Passed through this sad world without even a grumble;

And 't were well if some folks, who are greater and richer, Would copy John Tompkins, the hedger and ditcher.

Miss Taylor.

The Little Shipbuilder.

Little John Cole's father was about to die, and, as he had no property to leave to his wife and children, he felt very anxious and unhappy. Johnny had been told that his father would die, but he did not know what death meant; and, therefore, with all the innocence of a good little boy, he asked his father what he could do to help him.

"You cannot help me, Johnny," said the sick father, "but when I am gone, you can help your mother."

"Where are you going to?" said Johnny. "Can't you let me go with you?"

"No, nobody can go with me; I must go alone."

"Well, when will you come back?" said the little fellow; "you know we depend upon you for money to buy our bread."

"I shall never come back, my dear boy. When people die they never come back."

"Well, then, you intend to send for us, father, for we can't live without you."

"You will break my heart, Johnny, if you talk so. I shall not send for you, but God will, and then we shall meet again. Now, my dear boy, you must stay with your mother, and try to make her happy."

"So I will," said Johnny; "but I don't know how to. I can't work, you know. Yes, I can make shingle boats and sell them."

"You can do better than that," said the father; "you can be a good boy, and behave well, and love your mother, and this will help her more than any work you can do."

"Well, I'll do all that," said Johnny; "but people won't love mother because I

love her; and then where is the bread to come from?"

"God will send it, if you are good," said the poor man who could hardly speak, he was so choked by the innocent talk of his little child.

It is not necessary to say how the father died; how the poor widow had to go into a single room, and work out almost every day to support Johnny and his little sister.

Johnny did all he could to help his mother: and he did a great deal; for when his mother was absent, he took care of his little sister.

One day, when his sister was asleep, he took the jack-knife that belonged to his father, and made what he called a boat out of a shingle, and then stood at the door and asked every one that came along to buy it.

"Do you want to buy a boat?" said he to a large boy who was passing.

"You get out!" said the boy, as he knocked the boat into Johnny's face, and broke the mast.

The poor boy's heart was almost broken, too; but he made another mast, and stood at the door again. Presently two little girls came along, and Johnny asked if they wished to buy a boat.

"What do you call it—a boat?" said one of the girls. "It's a funny looking boat!"

"We don't sail boats," said the other girl.

"Well, you don't know what fun is," said the little boat-builder.

"We have no wish to know," said they as they went off laughing at poor Johnny.

Shortly after an officer belonging to the frigate that was lying in the harbor, came along.

"Please buy my ship?" asked Johnny, very imploringly.

"Did you make it?" inquired the officer.

"Yes, I did it all myself," said Johnny.

"What put it into your head to make a ship?" asked the good-natured man.

"Why, you see," said the little fellow,

"Sis has n't any bread to eat, and I thought I'd work and earn some money, and buy some."

"Who is Sis?" inquired the captain.

"Why, don't you know Sis?" said Johnny; "just look in here."

So the officer entered, and saw Sis asleep on the bed.

"Whom do you belong to?" asked the captain.

"To mother, now," replied Johnny, "for father is dead and gone away."

Just then little Sis opened her eyes, and seeing the officer's uniform, she began to laugh.

"What do you ask for your ship?" inquired the captain.

"One cent, if you can't give any more," replied Johnny.

The captain gave him a pat on the cheek, and said:

"Wait a few minutes, and I'll come back and buy your ship."

He went out and bought two large loaves of bread, and carried them back and gave them to Johnny.

"Are you God?" asked the little fellow, with his eyes much enlarged.

"No," said the officer, "I am only one of his servants."

He then patted Johnny's head, and told him to be a good boy, and he would come back again and see his mother. He did call again, and after learning all about the family, he promised to take care of them.

When Johnny was a great boy, he took him on board his ship, and, in time, made

an officer of him, and adopted him.

After a battle, when he was dying of a wound he had received, he asked Johnny, who was now Lieut. Cole, to hand him a casket on his desk.

"Open it," said the captain, giving him the key. "What do you find there?"

"Nothing but my shingle boat," replied Johnny.

"When you made that boat, you made your fortune," said the captain. "Under the boat is my last will, and all the property I have is yours."

John became a rich man, and he deserved it.

Now, what is the object of this story? Merely to teach you that, if you are good, and do all you can, God will in some way help you. The shingle boat was a small affair to the unfeeling boy who broke it, and to the thoughtless girls who laughed at it, but to the officer and to God it was above all price. Go, then, young friends, and do likewise.

Wise and Foolish Builders.

Four boys and girls were playing upon the sand by the sea shore. The tide was out, and the sky was clear, while the pretty sea-gulls were sailing through the air.

"O! see what beautiful flat stones!" said George: "how nice they would be to build a house with!"

"Let us build one," said Edith, who was the largest of the girls.

"No; let us build two, and see which is the best," replied George.

"Edie, you and Sophie, and John and Willie build one; and Sarah and Kate, and Fred and I will build another."

So the little builders went to work. George and his party thought it would be so nice to build on the flat sand, that was as smooth as the floor of the play-room at home, and where they they did not need to waste any of the stones in making a foundation.

Fred and the girls brought the stones, while George put them together, and very soon the house began to grow to quite a respectable size.

But Edith led her laborers away from the beach to where the rocks began to peep above the sand, and where the tide never came; and having found a rock that was as high as her waist, she began to put her house together. It was hard work, for they had to pick up the stones on the beach, and take them up to Edie, who spent some time in laying them on the uneven rock, so as to get a good foundation. So George had finished his house before Edie had put up more than three or four rows of stone; and as he had nothing to do, he began to look at her work.

"Why, Edie, how slow you are; my house is built, and yours is not half done!"

"I wanted to build a good strong one," said Edie, "and it takes a good while to build on the rock."

"O! you should have built on the sand, as I did."

Just then a loud cry from Fred made George turn around.

The tide was coming in, and as one of the first waves had reached his house, it was washing away the lower stones. All gathered around it, but it was too late. The waves came in faster and faster, and carried away first one stone and then another, until with a crash, the whole building fell into the water.

"Yes, Edie," said George sadly, "I see that you were right. I ought to have built my house upon a rock."

Dear children, each of us has a house to build. It is called the house of character. Just what we are—good, bad, industrious, idle, wise, or ignorant—that is our character. We build it for ourselves. If we

want it to be a good house, that will stand when the winds and waves of trial and temptation come, we must build upon a rock. Where shall we find one? Christ is the rock, and to build our house upon him, is to hear his word and obey him; to follow his example, to strive to live a pure life, and to look to him in faith for strength and salvation. If we will not do this, then our house will be upon the sand, and the storms will carry it away.

Wealth by Small Savings.

It has been well said that a man's wealth depends not so much on what he earns as on what he saves. Some people on very small incomes, acquire a competence; others, on large incomes become bankrupt. The following incident is reported, on good authority, as a true one. It looks to us as if made to order, but, at any rate, has a good moral: An honest old German, of Brooklyn, who, by picking up bones about the streets, had saved up enough to purchase a cheap lot in the suburbs of that city, left the streets as a picker, and commenced as a trader—buying the bones of the chiffoniers and selling them to the bone-black makers. He drew his hand-cart filled with bones, twice a day, purchased from the pickers. At night he would cross the ferry with his empty cart to his home—not exactly empty, however, for it always contained at least one brick, which he never was at a loss to find in the streets of New York. His daily brick was deposited on his lot, and in the course of time old Jacob waxed rich enough to think of building a house on his lot. His bricks had by this time become a considerable pile, so considerable, indeed, that he actually built a snug little two-story house, without being obliged to call on the brickmaker for a single one. Old Jacob certainly got a cheap house. After he built his house, as he still brought over his cart nightly, and was not in want of bricks, he brought over one or more cobble stones at every trip. So that by the time the street was ordered to be paved, he saved the expense of paving stones, furnishing his stock on hand. Now, this old man thought it no sin to pick up an isolated brick or stone—they belonged to no one. To have taken a brick from a pile, or any stone from a heap, would have been, in Jacob's eyes, stealing, and the old man would have rather gone home empty. No, Jacob's house is more honest than many a brown-stone front.

CHARLES XII.—Charles XII., King of Sweden, was once riding near Leipsic, when a peasant came before him to request justice from a grenadier who had carried away his dinner. The king ordered the soldier to appear.

"Is it true," said he, "that you have robbed this man?"

"Sire," said the soldier, "I have not done so much injustice as your majesty has done to his master; you have taken from him a kingdom, while I have taken only a turkey from this fellow."

The king gave the peasant ten ducats, and pardoned the soldier for the boldness of his witty retort, saying to him:

"Remember, if I have dispossessed Augustus of a kingdom, I have kept nothing for myself."

A COSTLY SERVICE.—A dessert service made in London for the Pasha of Egypt consists of twelve gold plates, richly inlaid with diamonds, costing 60,000 francs each; six champagne glasses, costing 30,000 francs each; six small wine glasses, at 18,000 francs each, and a dozen spoons and forks, at 6,000 francs each. The plates and champagne glasses each contain more than a thousand diamonds.

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[For Terms, &c., see 7th page.]

Public Meetings at Toronto, C. W.

FOR ADDRESSES UPON LOUIS NAPOLEON BEING
THE FUTURE ANTI-CHRIST.

Several meetings, which were largely attended, were recently held in the spacious St. Lawrence Hall, Toronto, Canada West, for the purpose of delivering addresses upon the ominous aspect of affairs viewed prophetically, and particularly in reference to the weighty Scriptural evidence and growing indications that Louis Napoleon is the healed-seventh or eighth Head of the Beast or Roman Empire, and is therefore predicted to gain power over all nations, and then to make war with the saints and overcome them for forty-two months, or three and a half literal years, and ultimately to perish at Christ's personal descent at the Battle of Armageddon [Rev. xiii., xvii., xix., xx.] Two ministers of the Church of England, the Rev. Mr. Baxter and Rev. Mr. Brookman, Rector of Thamesford, as well as Dr. Williamson and Dr. Robinson, and Mr. Geo. Reynolds made speeches, expressing this to be their decided conviction. The following outline contains the substance of the report given of one of the meetings in the Toronto Leader and Globe, the latter of which, in its various editions, circulates 30,000 copies through Canada:

The chair was taken by Dr. Williamson, and after the meeting had been opened with singing and prayer the chairman made some preliminary remarks. He regarded the subject they were met to consider, to be of the profoundest importance. He was a firm believer in the immediate nearness of the Second Advent. The grand prophecy of Daniel relating to Nebuchadnezzar's image, showed that there were to be four great universal empires—the Babylonians, the Medo-Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman—before the setting up of the universal millennial kingdom of the Lord, and as we were now living at the end of the Roman or fourth universal Empire, therefore the establishment of Christ's millennial monarchy must be close at hand. The four empires in question were respectfully symbolized by the head of gold, the breast of silver, the thighs of brass, and the legs of iron, terminating in ten toes of miry clay, upon which finally the stone cut without hands descended, and shivered the image into fragments. That stone represents not the progress of Christianity, but the personal descent of Christ at the battle of Armageddon, which would take place when the Roman earth should be divided into exactly ten kingdoms. With respect to the views and arguments brought forward by Mr. Baxter in his work called "Louis Napoleon the Destined Monarch of the World," he would say that his intellectual apprehension was fully convinced as to the correctness of the main positions upheld by them. A spirit of humility and teachableness was essential to the successful prosecution of prophetic inquiry, and he would counsel every one to lay aside undue prejudice and high-mindedness, and to approach the subject with fervent prayer for the gift of the Spirit of God to guide them into all truth. He resumed his seat, after stating that he was writ-

ing on the subject, so that the public would soon be in possession of his views in a connected form.

Dr. Robinson next addressed the meeting. He said he felt it to be a matter of unspeakable gratitude to God, that He had given us the book of Revelation as a supplement to the Old Testament prophecies. He had studied that blessed book, in the spirit, he trusted, of one who desired to sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of Him. The very preface to it contained what should be sufficient to incite all Christians to study it, for it said, "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein." Dr. R. proceeded to read remarks by John Wesley and by an eminent continental divine, Bengelius, urging the importance of studying the Book of Revelation. He had felt, however, that the study was to be approached with the greatest humility of spirit, for God would not reveal His mind to the proud and self-conceited. Nor should it be forgotten that the great end which God had in view, in giving this as well as other portions of Scripture, was our salvation. The spirit of prophecy is the testimony of Jesus, and the great end of all our study of Scripture should be, that we should be brought to Christ to be saved. On this point he read some remarks by Rev. Mr. Bicersteth, and proceeded to say that the signs of the times showed that the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. By studying the Revelation and the other prophecies, and taking notice of what was fulfilled, we could ascertain at what point we were. He considered, as did very many others, that we were now under the sixth vial, which is poured upon the river Euphrates, drying up its waters, evidently symbolizing the decay of the Turkish nation. That this was now taking place was so apparent, that it had long been the phraseology of the journalists, that the Sultan was the "sick man."

We are under the sixth vial and cannot be far from the seventh. Now, what great event is declared to transpire between the pouring out of the sixth and seventh vials? The Lord Jesus says, between those two vials, "Behold, I come as a thief." The sixth vial then being nearly exhausted, because it has almost done its work, and, as the seventh is to be poured out to fulfill the wrath of God on an apostate world, we know that the coming of the Lord must be near. He acknowledged there was an uncertainty as to the precise hour, or day, or year, of that event. He would not insist upon a precise date, but he would say that the event must be near. A gentleman remarked to him, "It may be a thousand years yet before that takes place." He replied—Impossible; unless it take a thousand years for the sixth vial to be poured out and the Turkish power to be dried up, for the Lord says, just before the seventh vial, "Behold, I come as a thief"—not, however, to put an end to all things and burn up the world, but to take up his wise virgins, to be present at the marriage of the Lamb, and then the seventh vial brings in the great tribulation of which Daniel speaks, when his people should be restored and delivered. That could not be the destruction of Jerusalem, as some supposed, for the Jews did not at that time receive deliver-

ance, but on the contrary, were destroyed or led away into captivity. He thought there were many blessed results of there being an uncertainty as to the precise date. It kept Christ's people waiting and watching for His appearance.

Dr. Robinson then referred to Mr. Baxter's view that Louis Napoleon is the personal Antichrist, the eighth head of the beast in Revelation, who is to make war with the saints, and overcome them, and finally be destroyed by Christ at his coming. For some years he (Dr. R.) had been of opinion that this view was very probable. The beast was the Roman Empire, and the heads its various forms of government. Of these the Germanic Emperors were the sixth, and when that was taken from the Emperor of Austria after the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon I. became the seventh head of the beast. That head received a deadly wound at Waterloo, but, as predicted in the Revelation, the deadly wound was healed when Louis Napoleon ascended the French throne, revived the Napoleon dynasty, and became the eighth head of the beast. Louis Napoleon answered to the description, "The beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven." Napoleon the nephew stood in the place of Napoleon the uncle, cherished the same designs, and was carrying out the same policy. The journals of the day were constantly bringing us fresh intelligence of the development of Napoleon's plans. He had just got possession of Mexico, and he saw by the remarks of the Globe of this very day, that he had long had his heart set on obtaining Mexico as a permanent possession for himself. In the first instance, he invited Spain and England to join him in obtaining redress for the capitalists to whom Mexico was indebted, but these powers saw that he had ulterior views, and left him to pursue his course alone. His conduct in that matter was an illustration of how his policy and his ambition were leading him to a universal monarchy. Lord Palmerston said the other day, "With regard to peace and war, east and west, the policy of this Government is one with that of the Emperor of the French." This showed what an influence he had gained over the English Government, and was it to be wondered at that such a man should fulfill prophecy? It would be very remarkable, if such men as Napoleon the First and Napoleon the Second were not noticed in prophecy.

Dr. Robinson went on to specify a number of points in which Louis Napoleon answered to the Antichrist and eighth head of the beast. One was his taking possession of Rome and keeping his army there. He [Dr. R.] had often said that Rome would never be the capital of Italy. Garibaldi had previously been successful in all his enterprises, but the moment he stood up to lead on the forces of Italy to take Rome, that moment Providence was against him, and it was shown that he was going contrary to the designs of Providence. Napoleon being the eighth head of the beast, Rome would remain in possession of his troops.

He was expected to gain "power over all kingdoms and tongues and nations," in fulfillment of Rev. 13: 7, and subsequently to lead up the armies of the nations to the castle of Armageddon,

and there perish at the personal descent of Christ, as described in Rev. 19. Although we perhaps did not at present know the day or the hour or the actual year of our Lord's return, yet it could not be far distant, seeing that it was indicated to occur in the lifetime of Louis Napoleon—the seventh revival or eighth head of the Roman empire, as stated in Rev. 13: 17. And it should be remembered that Christ was foretold to come into the air to take to heaven the wise virgins, several years before he descended on the earth to destroy Antichrist at Armageddon. He undisguisedly aimed at, and was clearly intimated in prophecy to succeed in acquiring a universal monarchy. His seizure of Mexico was for the purpose of gaining a permanent foothold in that country. It was remarkable how accurately he corresponded with the portrait of Antichrist in Dan. 8, as a king of fierce, or in the original, sphinx-like countenance; understanding dark sentences, or as an expositor interpreter; it, practising witchcraft or sorcery, of which spiritualism was the modern manifestation—and also destroying many by peace, that is, crying out 'the empire is peace' and yet preparing for warfare and aggression by building iron-plated men-of-war and equipping his armies with the most deadly weapons. He was well known to be a confirmed spiritualist, and was proverbial for his unfathomable duplicity. It was also obvious that he was identical with "the vile person" or "king who should do according to his own will," in Dan. 9: 21-25. The proximity of the unparalleled Great Tribulation spoken of in Dan. 12: 1, and in which he was to figure so prominently, was a solemn consideration which should lead men more urgently than ever to prepare at once to meet their God, to repent of their sins, and to seek by faith and earnest prayer to God in the name of Jesus for pardon and for a new heart, that thus by becoming truly converted and born again they might be saved from dwelling with everlasting fire, and might receive at Christ's appearing a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

[Concluded next week.]

Written for the Advent Herald.

The Third Woe—The World's Conversion.

"The age to come" is a phrase by which is designated a belief in the conversion of the nations after the second advent of Christ. Those who thus designate their faith do not materially differ from Millenarians of the English school. The following, from Zion's Herald, presents the position of this class of theorists:

"For what a false idea is that prevalent one, that the second advent of Christ terminates his mediatorial career. Such would seem to be the case if then the final judgment shall transpire; but it does not. Not till the millennial age shall have closed up its golden cycle, and tempting power, like a sirocco blast from the desert, shall have swept again through human society, (Rev. 20: 7, 8,) and the Petrine and Johanean fire (2 Peter, 3: 7; Rev. 20: 9,) shall have purged and renewed the physical world, will the judgment set. (Rev. 20: 11.)"

The third woe will, perhaps, be as fair a touchstone for this theory as for the doctrine of the world's conversion before the advent. It is a two-edged sword. That the world cannot consistently with Rev. 11: 14—18, be converted before the second advent of Christ has already

been shown. Is it a "false idea" that the second advent of Christ terminates his mediatorial career? That the third woe, or seventh trumpet, introduces the coming and kingdom of Christ is an established fact, proved by the plain statement of holy writ. "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever." That this is to take place at the coming of Christ, we learn from 2 Tim. 4: 1—"I charge thee therefore before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom." According to Paul, then, the judgment of both living and dead is to take place at the appearing and kingdom of Christ. So, also, the "Johanean" testimony, Rev. 11: 16-18. After stating that the kingdoms of this world are made over to Christ where he shall reign forever and ever, he proceeds to say, not, that under this dispensation the nations are penitent and submissive,—but "were angry;" not, God's grace came so abundantly as to bring them into subjection,—but, "Thy wrath is come." Not that the judgment shall come after a thousand years of the dispensation of mercy to man in the flesh,—but "the time of the dead that they should be judged" is come. Not that Christ and his royal priesthood shall dispense blessings to the nations in the flesh, but that "thou shouldst give reward unto thy servants the prophets, to the saints and to them that fear thy name, both small and great; and shouldst destroy them that destroy the earth." This presents the day of judgment, on both quick and dead at the second advent of Christ. How can we reconcile the following passage from Zion's Herald with this Scripture testimony? "Not till the millennial age shall have closed up its golden cycle, and tempting power, like a sirocco blast from the desert, shall have swept again through human society, . . . will the judgment set." "Till then, grace; till then, the mediatorial reign. For what is the plain significance of 1 Cor. 15: 24-28? "Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God even the Father," &c.

What is there of mediatorial work during this reign, even hinted at in the passage quoted? There is judgment, conquest, subduing of all things through the whole passage, but no hint, even, of the conversion of those whom he subjects to his authority. It is a reign of judgment over his enemies rather than a reign of grace in their conversion.

The blessings of his grace shall be upon all his saints, culminating in their eternal glory. But for all who are out of Christ at the moment the seventh angel begins to sound, "the mystery of God is finished."

Inheritance of the Meek.

During the twenty-five years we have had our attention turned especially to the subject of prophecy, among all the opponents of our views who have written on the subject, not one, so far as has come under our observation, has seriously attempted to meet the argument from the fifth chapter of Matthew, 5th verse—"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." But the hero who dares grapple with it has at last appeared, in the columns of the Christian Secretary, of Hartford, Ct. We herewith present the result of his labors, and in the editorial columns we give our review of the article. We are always glad to see signs of life, even though it may not be so much in accordance with what we conceive to be truth. The effort now before us shows that men still think.—Ed.

The Blessing to the Meek.

In one of the beatitudes the Saviour has said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." In Ps. 37: 11, it had been written centuries before, "The meek shall inherit the earth."

Meekness is a pleasing virtue; and yet it is one not likely to be commended by those who have been educated solely by worldly maxims. It seems to such persons a tame and cowardly trait of character. It endures injuries without showing resentment. It threatens no revenge under provocations. It discards the worldly code of honor, and declines to assert its rights by violence and contention. The name employed by the old Hebrews to designate the meek implies that they were sufferers, chastened into humility and gentleness by trials and sorrows. Divine grace has taught them to bear wrongs without attempting to avenge themselves, and to submit to the afflictive dispensations of Provi-

dence without complaint. These are the persons who are pronounced blessed, and to whom is given the promise that they shall inherit the earth or land.

This expression, "inherit the earth," occurs but once in the New Testament, but is often met with in the old; and is in the Hebrew *yarash arets*, more commonly translated *inherit* or *possess the land*. The verb is not restricted to what is obtained by bequest; and the noun is often used to designate a particular country as well as the whole earth. We find the expression first in the promise made to Abraham, Gen. 15: 7, "I am the Lord that brought thee out of Ur of the Chaldees to give thee this land, (*arets*) to inherit (*yarash*) it." It occurs frequently in Deuteronomy, and is rendered *inherit* or *possess the land*, manifestly referring to this promise made to Abraham. In the Hebrew, it is found five times in the 37th Psalm; three times it is translated "inherit the earth," and twice "inherit the land." But its origin in the promise made to Abraham shows that it should uniformly be translated "inherit" or "possess the land;" as in every instance there is an allusion to this promise to the ancient patriarch. Those who wait on the Lord and keep his way, such as are blessed of the Lord, the meek, the righteous, have this promise given them.

The possession of the promised land was the crowning blessing to be given to the natural seed of Abraham. It was the termination of their long pilgrimage in the wilderness, and the issue of their sufferings, trials and conflicts. An expression around which clustered such interesting and thrilling associations in the experiences and hopes of the ancient people of God, imbedded in the covenant made with their great ancestors, and constantly repeated through the centuries of their sojourn in Egypt, would not fail to be caught up by the Psalmist and the prophets, and made to image forth the higher blessings which God hath prepared for those that love him. As the workman makes this mould from the valueless sand, in which the metals are cast into forms for use, so the seemingly unimportant events of Jewish history are employed to give tangible form and shape to the great truths of redemption. Thus under the dispensation of types and shadows expressions were coined with which to set forth the truths of the Gospel; and not only does the temple-service, but even the events in the history of the people of Israel give shape to the forms of phraseology to be employed in coming time.

"To inherit the land," then, becomes the symbolic expression of the attainment of the highest favors that God has to bestow on his people. It is the assurance to the meek, that though they are here humble and lowly, they shall at last inherit heaven's richest blessings. Unpracticed in the arts of rapidly gaining wealth and the titles to large estates, modest and unassuming, and hence not exalted to the seats of the highest earthly honor and authority, they have the assurance that they "shall inherit the land," not here, but in the heavenly country; for the disciples of Jesus rejoice, because "great is their reward in heaven."

It is held as a general opinion among all Biblical scholars, that the Gospel of Matthew was written for the special benefit of Jewish Christians. Expressions of a peculiarly Jewish cast sometimes occur here, for which the other evangelists substitute something else that would be better understood by Gentile readers. Where Matthew uses "the kingdom of heaven," the others always say "the kingdom of God." Matthew never stops to explain Jewish customs, while the others sometimes do. Now it is worthy of notice, that this expression, "inherit the land," is used by no New Testament writer except Matthew, and by him only once. And this fact lends confirmation to the view that has been given, that the allusion is to the promise made to Abraham. Hence it was a form of expression specially adapted to interest Christians of Jewish birth.

That bald literalism which makes the type circumscribe the antitype, and changes the shadow into the substance; which insists that the promises cast in the mould of the old dis-

pensation, must be realized in their exact material form under the new economy, is but the old spirit of Judaism that insisted upon an earthly kingdom for the Messiah, and would put the civil government of the world into the hands of the Jewish people. It would here insist upon raising the meek to the seats of earthly authority and giving them the gold and silver of earth. And yet it must not be this in its present condition. It is the earth regenerated and purified, with all the wicked removed. This is to be the everlasting abode of the saints. And the blessing which the Saviour promises to the meek furnishes one of the pillows to the theory. We see that it obviously overlooks the origin of the expression "inherit the earth,"—a translation grammatically correct, if we disregard the historical origin of the phrase, we still are involved in a difficulty. There is everywhere in the Bible a marked distinction between heaven; the home of the saints, and this earth. Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth; but lay up treasures in heaven, is the instruction given. Could Christ as well have said, great is your reward in the earth, as to say what he did, "great is your reward in heaven?" When an inspired writer asserts that "Christ has entered into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us," surely he cannot mean a regenerated and purified earth! When he prays, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory"—that glory which he had with the Father before the world was—he cannot refer to the glory on this earth regenerated.

Whether this earth will come out of the fires of the last day to be re-moulded into a glorious habitation, or be a worthless abandoned wreck, is a question undecided by the Scriptures. Peter uses a very strong expression, when he says, "the earth also and the works therein shall be burned up." The verb is used, when it is said, the chaff will be burned up, the tares are gathered and burned, the bodies of the beasts whose blood the high priest brought into the sanctuary are burned without the camp, Babylon shall be utterly burned with fire; and in all these and other instances where it occurs, it involves no idea of purification, but rather that of being entirely consumed. And while it may be unwise to draw too positive inferences from the intensity of meaning attached to a single word; it certainly is equally unwise to construct a theory concerning the turning of this earth into heaven, upon inferential speculations growing out of a doubtful and unsubstantial interpretation of a Scriptural phrase.

Like the promises in the other beatitudes, the blessing pronounced upon the meek looks to the future life. It involves freedom from the annoyances and trifles of this life. It exalts them to honors and possessions in the heavenly land. It assures them of a permanent inheritance in that country where none shall say, "I am sick," and where the Lord God shall wipe away tears from all eyes. It is a promise peculiarly adapted to encourage them under all the reproaches and the neglects, the injustice and the griefs which they endure here.

Providence.

Let no man be deceived by that subtlest of all infidelities which dethrones a God of Providence. The very hairs of our head are numbered by Him, and not even the life of a sparrow that He has made is extinguished without His notice. There is not an infant's wail, a sigh of anguish, a groan of pain, or a word of prayer, breathed in the humblest abode, that He does not hear. Over all our struggles and toils He stoops with a loving eye, and with a heart anxious that the discipline He has established for us may do us good. He knows all our doubts and fears; He rejoices in all our worthy hopes and joys. When we kneel he sees us; when we pray He hears. His presence envelopes us, His knowledge comprehends us, His power upholds us. All law and all being are alike dependent, moment by moment, upon Him for existence. The ultimate root of every flower that bends beneath its weight of dew, is planted in His will. It is His breath that breaks the bosom of the sea into

billows; it is His smile that soothes it into rest. The blue sky that bends over us, is but the visible image of His loving bosom holding myriad worlds in the infinite depths of its tenderness. Ah, let it never be hidden to the eye of faith, by the showers of blessings which come from it, borne on the wings of natural law.—Gold Foil.

Graces of the Spirit.

Says Faith, "See yonder! there's my crown,
Laid up in Heaven above."
Hope saith, "And soon it will be mine—"
"I long to wear it," saith Love.

Desire saith, "What's there my crown?
Then to that place I'll flee,
For here I can no longer stay—
My rest I fain would see."

But here saith Patience, "Wait awhile;
Crowns are for those who fight,
For those that run the heavenly race,
By faith, and not by sight."

Then Faith she takes a pleasing view;
Hope waits; Love sits and sings;
Desire she flutters to be gone,
But Patience clips her wings.

Curious Habits of the Mole.

Some young persons captured a mole and brought it to a naturalist, the Rev. J. G. Wood, secured in a large box. It ran about with great agility, thrusting its long and flexible snout into every crevice. A little earth was placed in the box, when the mole pushed its way through the loose soil, entering and re-entering the heap, and in a few moments scattering the earth tolerably evenly over the box, every now and then twitching with a quick convulsion shaking the loose earth from its fur. At one moment the mole was grubbing away, hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding soil, completely covered with dust; the next instant the moving dust-heap had vanished, and in its place was a soft velvet coat.

The creature was unremitting in its attempts to get through the box, but the wood was too tough for it to make any impression, and after satisfying itself it could not get through a deal board, it took to attempts to scramble over the sides, ever slipping sideways and coming on its forefeet. The rapid mobility of his snout was astonishing, but its senses of sight and smell seemed to be practically obsolete, for a worm placed in its track within the tenth of an inch of its nose was not detected, although no sooner did its nose or foot touch one, than in a moment it flung itself upon its prey and shook the worm backwards and forwards and scratched it about until it got one end or the other into its mouth, when it devoured it greedily, the crunching sound of its teeth being audible two yards away.

Worms it ate as fast as supplied—devouring fourteen in thirteen minutes, after which it was supplied with a second batch of ten. It was then tried with millipedes but invariably rejected them.

Having heard from popular reports, that a twelve hours' fast would kill a mole, Mr. Wood determined to give his captive a good supper at eight and an early breakfast the next morning at five or six. So he dug perseveringly a large handful of worms and put them in the box. As the mole went backwards and forwards it happened to touch one of the worms, and immediately flew at it, and while trying to get it into his mouth the mole came upon the mass of worms and flung itself upon them in a paroxysm of excitement, pulling them about, too overjoyed with the treasure to settle on any individual in particular. At last it caught one of them and began crunching, the rest making their escape in all directions and burrowing into the loose mould.

Thinking the animal had now a good supply, two dozen worms having been put into the box, Mr. Wood shut it up with an easy conscience; but it happened, the following morning, that the rain fell in a perfect torrent, and hoping for some remission, he waited until nine o'clock before he opened the box. Twelve hours had just elapsed since the mole had received its supply, and taking as it had probably another hour in hunting about the box before it had devoured them all, not more than eleven hours had probably elapsed since the last worm was consumed. But the mole was dead.

"I forgot," Mr. Wood says, "to weigh the worms which he devoured, but as they would have filled my two hands held cupwise, I may infer that they weighed very little less than the animal who ate them." The extreme voracity and restless movements of the little creature here recorded, show its value to the agriculturist "as a subsoil drainer who works without wages," and its great usefulness in keeping down the prolific race of worms—themselves useful in their way as forming, in the main, the fertile soil itself.

Influence of Hymns.

Madgeburg is memorable in the story of hymns, for it was at the cruel sacking of it by Tilly, that the school children marched across the market-place singing, and so enraged him that he bid them all to be slain; and from that day, say the chroniclers, good fortune departed from him, nor did he smile again. Other hymns were more fortunate; for we read of a rough captain who would not bate a crown of the thirty thousand he levied off a captured town, till at last the archdeacon summoned the people together, saying: "Come, my children, we have no more either audience or grace with men, let us plead with God;" and when they had entered the church, and sung the hymn, the fine was remitted to a thousand. The same hymn played as merciful a part in another town, which was to be burned for contumacy. When mercy had been asked in vain, the clergyman marched out with twelve boys to the general's tent, and sung there before him, when, to their amazement, he fell upon the pastor's neck and embraced him. He had discovered in him an old student friend, and spared the place; and still the afternoon service at Pegan is commenced with the memorable hymn that saved it. Of another, it is said that a famous robber having been changed himself, sang it among his men, so that many of them were changed also. Rough hearts, indeed, seem often the most susceptible. A major in command of thirty dragoons entered a quiet vicarage, and demanded, within three hours, more than the vicar could give in a year. To cheer her father, one of his daughters took her guitar, and sang to it one of Gerhardt's hymns. Presently the door softly opened; the officer stood at it, and motioned her to continue, and when the hymn was sung, thanked her for the lesson, ordered out the dragoons, and rode off.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

Authority of the Bible.

The Rev. Adolph Monod gives the following of the benefits arising from the reading of the Bible: "The mother of a family was married to an infidel who made a jest at religion even in the presence of his children; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. One day asked her how she had preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so openly opposed to her own. This was her answer:—'Because, to the authority of a father I did not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question, did they commit a fault, did they perform any good action, I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, repoved, or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has alone wrought the prodigy which surprises you.'"

The Paris correspondent of the London Times affirms that, in consequence of the physical deterioration of the French population, for which various causes are assigned, and which is said to be on the increase, the number of men rejected under the conscription for the army is far greater than those who are declared fit for service.

More factories are being erected and will soon go into operation at various points in Wisconsin. The wool interest of that State is destined to be a great and important one in the future. The immense prairies, produce, spontaneously, nourishment for thousands of flocks of sheep.

New England Manufacturing.

Manufacturing operations in New England appear to be comparatively prosperous, notwithstanding the war and the large diminution it has caused in the ranks of the operative class. In Boston, the Bay State Iron Company are about to extend their works and commence the manufacture of plate-iron on a large scale.

The Merrimack and Massachusetts Corporations at Lowell have each been erecting large buildings, the former one two hundred and eighty-six by seventy-two feet, two stories high, and the latter one hundred by sixty feet and six stories high. At Holyoke, a new woollen mill has recently commenced running, and in other towns new factories of one description and another are springing up. At Haverhill, shoe-making is now done extensively by women, who work in gangs of six or seven hands each, the same as most of the young men do, and make the shoe entire, from the lasting to the finishing.

In Maine, also, manufacturing operations are much improved. In Lewiston, a full resumption of mill business is to be made at once. In North Vassalborough one company employs three hundred hands in the manufacture of black cassimeres, doeskins, etc. This company works up about seven hundred thousand pounds of Mestiza wool yearly.

In Rhode Island, the manufacture of woollen fabrics is rapidly overshadowing every other business. At this time the woollen mills in Pascoag and vicinity, seven or eight in number, are all in full operation, except one, which is stopped temporarily for repairs. A new mill of the largest size is about to be erected; it will contain eight sets of machinery, with broad looms, which will be two sets more than any of the present mills contain. Fancy cassimeres are made of an excellent quality. One of the mills in this vicinity has in process of production some imitation Scotch goods; some of the mills are running on army goods; others are largely engaged in the manufacture of satinetts.

In Harrisville, and Graniteville in Rhode Island, the mills are in full operation, and new factories are to be erected.

In Vermont, business presents the same encouraging aspects, while in Connecticut mills which have been idle for months are about to resume operation.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

A Bird's Egg.

I think that, if required, on pain of death, to name instantly the most perfect thing in the universe, I should risk my fate on a bird's egg. There is, first, its exquisite fragility of material, strong only by the mathematical precision of that form so daintily moulded. There is its absolute purity from external stain, since that thin barrier remains impassable till the whole is in ruins—a purity recognized in the household proverb of "an apple, an egg, and a nut." Then its range of tints, so varied, so subdued, and so beautiful—whether of the pure white, like the martin's, or pure green, like the robin's, or dotted and mottled into the loveliest of browns, like the red thrush's, or aqua marine, with stains of moss-gate, like the chipping sparrows, or blotched with long, weird ink-marks on a pale ground, like the oriole's, as if it bore inscribed some magic clew to the bird's darting flight and pensile nest. Above all, the associations and predictions of this little wonder—that one may bear home between his fingers all that winged splendor, all that celestial melody, coiled in mystery within these tiny walls! Even the chrysalis is less amazing, for its form always preserves some trace, however fantastic, of the perfect insect, and it is but moulting a skin; but this egg appears to the eye like a separate unit from some other kingdom of nature, claiming more kindred with the very stones, than with feathery existence, and it is as if a pearl opened and an angel sang.—*Higginson*.

The introduction of machine-made bags dates subsequent to the Exhibition of 1852, and all branches of trade are now using them. The manufacture of the bags consumes an immense quantity of grey and brown paper. One of the large London works turns out 130,000 bags per day.

Effective Speaking.

Lord Erskine, who is so greatly celebrated for the delicacy and tenderness with which he sometimes describes scenes of domestic endearment and felicity, and the lofty tone of indignation with which he lashes and scourges their invaders, remarks, in the latter introductory of the published speeches of Fox, that intellect alone, however exalted, without strong feelings, without even irritable sensibility, would be only like an immense magazine of powder, if there were no such element as fire in the natural world. It is the heart which is the spring and fountain of eloquence. To be eloquent, a man must himself be effective. He must be sincere. He must be in earnest. In his own heart must burn the fire which he would kindle in the bosom of others.

"Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi."

says Horace, and the maxim will hold to the "crack of doom." There must be a certain honesty and open-heartedness of manner; an apparently entire and thorough conviction of being right; an everlasting pursuit of, and entire devotion to the subject, to seeming neglect and unconcern as to everything else—emotion, feeling, passion. Even in discourses of a logical character, where the reasoning approaches almost to mathematical demonstration, the hearers will not be impressed, they will scarcely listen with patience, unless they are persuaded that the conclusions to which the speaker would force them, are the deliberate and solemn convictions of his own mind. A cold-blooded, phlegmatic preacher, may produce a discourse irresistible in argument, elaborately perfect in rhetorical embellishment, and painfully correct in style; but nothing can give it that electric fire which darts through and through an audience, kindling each heart into enthusiasm, save natural feeling expressed with the fervor of earnest sensibility.

The only way to be eloquent in the pulpit is to banish every thought of self—to forget everything but God and duty. The triumphs of true eloquence, touching, grand, sublime, awful, as they sometimes have been, are seen; it has been remarked, only when the orator stands before you in the simple majesty of truth, and overpowered with the weight of his convictions, forgets himself and forgets everything but his momentous subject. You think not of who speaks, or how he speaks, but of what is spoken; transported by his pathos, your rapt imagination pictures new visions of happiness; subdued by the gushes of his tenderness, your tears mingle with his; determined by the power of his reasoning, you are prompt to admit, if not prepared to yield to, the force of his arguments; entering with his whole heart and soul into the subject of his address, you sympathize in those emotions which you see are in his bosom, burning and struggling for utterance, and soon find yourself moving onward with him in the same impetuous and resistless current of feeling, and pass on.

"It is amusing," says Goldsmith, "to what heights eloquence of this kind may reach. This is that eloquence the ancients represented as lightning, bearing down every opposer; this is the power which has turned whole assemblies into astonishment, admiration and awe; and is described by the torrent, the flame, and every other instance of irresistible impetuosity."—*Parish Visitor*.

Feathers may be dyed a scarlet color by boiling them in a clean tin vessel with some water, ground cochineal, a little cream-of-tartar, and a few drops of the muriate of tin. Put these ingredients into the vessel, and, when boiling, place the feathers therein, and boil for fifteen minutes; then take them out and wash them in cold water. This color is permanent, and one ounce of cochineal will die one pound of feathers, which should be washed in soap before being dyed. Feathers may also be dyed yellow by boiling them in a strong decoction of quercitron and a few drops of the muriate of tin.

The amount of money found in letters at the Dead Letter Office, during the last year, was over \$80,000, being an excess of \$30,000 over the previous twelve months.

Mission Life in Newfoundland.

From a notice, in the Athenæum, of "Life and Work in Newfoundland, by Rev. John Moreton," we copy the following: Of the climate, with its almost unintermittent fogs and keen frosts, Mr. Moreton speaks with a force that chills the heart of a warm-blooded listener. For nights together the cold would not let him sleep, and he lay between the sheets counting the moments till morning, while the moisture of his breath turned to ice on the bed-linen nearest to his mouth. Not a little astonished, and by no means altogether pleased, was he on discovering the expedient, commonly employed by Newfoundland housewives to protect their bread from the atmosphere. "While cutting bread and butter for me," observes the missionary, "my hostess complained of the difficulty of keeping the bread thawed, 'and yet,' she said, 'I put the loaf in the bed, and wrapped it up 'close' as soon as ever the boys turn out.' Alas, for a weak stomach! However, it was that food or none for me then, and I had to overcome all qualms. Little did I suspect that in my own house any such mode was used. One night, however, near the same time, my brother, who had lately come to me from England, wanted supper in my absence. The two servant girls were gone to bed, and upon searching the pantry for himself he found no bread. In the morning plenty was on the table, and he asked how it was that none was to be found the night before. The girls' reply was, 'O, sir, we always wrap up the bread and place it at the foot of our bed at night!'"

The pastor's flock was composed, for the most part, of fishermen descended from Hampshire and Dorsetshire peasants, and in intellectual life they had not risen much above the standard of their emigrating ancestors. Of the three hundred and thirty-four persons married in seven years prior to September, 1857, only forty-nine could write their names. But many of them were keen, acute, money-loving, cunning fellows, ever ready to drive a knavish bargain, but somewhat slow in rendering due respect to the cloth of their parson. "No, I can't write," observed a blunt fisherman; "I must trust to others, like most poor men. But I suppose there will always be some well-taught enough to live by their neighbors, and do nothing for their bread."

The Earthquake at Manila.

A private letter received in Boston, dated at Manila, June 5th, gives the following incidents of the terrible earthquake which occurred there: The worst of it is, that the houses are not to be trusted, although still standing. Every day they are falling. Last night a large stone store of Ker & Co.'s, (near the Quinta or Suspension Bridge,) which was considered as saved, fell in. I much fear the first gale of wind. And now I suppose you would like to know where I was. We were seated ten at dinner at Santa Ana, and thinking the shock only a slight one, stopped at table until we saw a piece of one of the walls fall in the parlor just behind us. Immediately all made for the stairs, and found the oscillation so strong that our legs went from under us. I being long-armed and strong, braced myself between the banisters, and with one jump cleared the rest of the party, and landed on the tiles below, on my feet. The shock continued after we reached the garden. Just as we reached the ground a tremendous crash made us aware of the strength of the earthquake, and all was over. On examination, we found the dinner table undisturbed, the roof still on the house, but the back part of the building, facing the river, was quite out, and all the shell windows on the ground. Of course we gave up the pleasant little dinner, and took a snack in the yard. On reaching Manila I found what I have told you. The old house in Binondo stood it famously. I found my room all in a mess, everything in the way of books and furniture scattered about the floor. The partition between the small room and the next fell, and with the exception of a little plaster on the walls, and a few tiles moved on the roof, sustained no further damage. I never wish to see a second earthquake like this last.



ADVENT HERALD.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, SEPT. 29, 1863.

JOSIAH LITCH, EDITOR.

The readers of the *Herald* are most earnestly besought to give it room in their prayers; that by means of it God may be honored and his truth advanced; also, that it may be conducted in faith and love, with sobriety of judgment and discernment of the truth, in nothing carried away into error, or hasty speech, or sharp, unbrotherly dispute.

Our New Mailing Machine.

1. We direct part of our papers this week with our new mailing machine; and give each subscriber's account by inserting the whole number of the paper to which they are paid.
2. If with all our care, we have in making this change, made mistakes either in places, names or accounts, as very likely we have, please inform us and they shall be corrected.
3. If our subscribers who are in arrears are not able to pay us, they should so inform us, and we will compromise with them according to their ability.
4. We do not wish any to do as some did with Elder Himes when he made the same offer,—plead poverty, have the debt cancelled and immediately subscribe for another paper. That would not be honest.
5. We hope to have our whole list set for next week's paper.
6. Our list still continues to increase. Thanks to many kind friends. Keep at work.

Inheritance of the Saints.

REVIEW OF "E. B. P." IN THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

Differences of opinion on various scriptural questions exist among confessedly good men; and it is well that they should be discussed, and that all the light which can be shed on them should be brought out. Hitherto, Matt. 5: 5, has been accorded to the pre-Millennialists as peculiarly their own. But it now seems that even this plain Gospel promise is not to be left in their peaceable possession; but if they hold it, it must be by victory in contest. Well, then, if the combat must come let us have it. The promise is too precious to us to yield till it is fairly taken from us; and the principles of interpretation involved too important for us to consent to their overthrow without a struggle.

The writer, "E. B. P.," says: "Inherit the earth" occurs but once in the New Testament, but is often met with in the Old. This is true. But what is his inference? It is this: That "to inherit the land," then, becomes the symbolic expression of the highest favors that God has to bestow on his people. Then in this simple announcement of Christ, we have only a symbol that the meek "shall inherit heaven's richest blessings." But in symbolizing this, it does not embrace at all the very blessing promised, but only assures them that they shall leave it, in penury, and be transported to some different and distant sphere. This symbol of all good things, except the very thing promised, was first made known to Abraham. "The possession of the promised land was the crowning blessing to be given to the natural seed of Abraham." True, but was it not also the blessing promised as well personally to Abraham? Did not the same God who said, "And to thy seed," also say, "I will give unto thee and to thy seed" "the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan?"

Could that man of simple faith in his Maker's word, understand anything else than that very land? Did his seed, after four hundred years of sojourn, come into that very land to possess it, in accordance with God's promise to Abraham? If so, it was not a symbol of all good things to them, but excluding the very thing promised, together with all good things in the promised land. But if Abraham's natural seed have received a literal fulfillment of the promise at the appointed time, will it fail to the father of the faithful? For to him as an individual, as well as unto them, was the promise made. "I will give unto thee and to thy seed," was the promise.

But "it is held as a general opinion," "that Matthew was written for the special benefit of Jewish Christians," &c. Granted. But did Matthew write what Christ said, as he professes to do? If he did not, we are done with him. If he did, then we ask, Did our Lord use a symbol when he said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the land?" and speak literally when he said, "Blessed are they that

mourn, for they shall be comforted?" Or is neither class to receive what is promised, but something else in its stead?

"It is used," says "E. B. P.," "by no New Testament writer except Matthew, and by him only once." Why not but once? Clearly because he only once gave the history and record of that sermon wherein Christ made the promise.

"That bald literalism," which insists that the promises cast in the mould of the old dispensation must be realized in their exact form under the new economy, is but the old spirit of Judaism, that insisted upon an earthly kingdom for the Messiah, and would put the government of the world into the hands of the Jewish people."

Will "E. B. P." please explain to us how it is that St. Paul insisted on this "bald literalism"? How Stephen, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, his face radiant with glory, should still insist that this ancient promise made to Abraham, but never fulfilled, still remained good to the father of the faithful? Listen to his words: "The God of glory appeared unto our father Abraham," &c. "He brought him into this land wherein ye now dwell. And he gave him none inheritance in it; no, not so much as to set his foot on. Yet he promised that he would give it to him for a possession, and to his seed after him, when as yet he had no child." Acts 7.

Did God promise that land wherein the Jews then dwelt to him for a possession? Did he also promise it to his seed after him? Did Abraham ever have for a possession "so much as to set his foot on"? If he did not, will not God's promise fail if he does not yet in the future have it? Is it objected, that the possession by his descendants was a fulfillment? Then Stephen had a very blind way of expressing it. "Yet he promised that he would give it to him for a possession, and to his seed after him." Was it not as certainly to him, as to his seed? But Paul, Heb. 11: 8-10; 13-17, says, that Abraham "obeyed and went out;" "by faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, heirs with him of the same promise."

From this we learn, 1. That the country to which Abraham went was one that he should "after receive for an inheritance." 2. That the land where he, and Isaac, and Jacob sojourned, was "the land of promise." It was not in heaven. 3. They believed the promise, embraced it, and died in the faith of it. 4. That although they were "in the land of promise," which they "should after receive for an inheritance," and believed and embraced the promise to the day of their death, they did not receive the fulfillment, but still died in the faith. "Bald literalism," truly, for Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, even unto death, to adhere to such promises. Perhaps "E. B. P." will say, as an eminent D. D. of Hartford, more than twenty years ago said to us, "That Abraham was an old barbarian, and that the only way God could get an idea of spiritual things into his mind was by some tangible illustration." But even this does not excuse the refined, educated, divinely instructed and inspired Paul, and seraphic Stephen, for still insisting that God means what he says, and that he did promise that very land of Canaan to Abraham for a possession.

But says "E. B. P.," "And yet it must not be this earth in its present condition! It is the earth regenerated and purified. This is to be the everlasting abode of the saints. And the blessing which Christ promises the meek furnishes one of the pillars to the theory." Even so, Brother P., nothing is clearer.

But says our friend, "We see that it obviously overlooks the origin of the expression, 'Inherit the land.'" Not at all. Our belief in the literality of the Saviour's promise rests securely on that origin. We believe that so far as the original promise has been fulfilled it has been literally accomplished. But the remainder was the object of the faith of patriarchs, apostles and saints, living and dying. Why is not it literal also? It is. But these worthies, we are told, "looked for a better country, that is an heavenly." Then although it is the very land where they sojourned, which is promised them for an everlasting possession, it is to be in an improved and "regenerated" condition. That he looked for the New Heavens and Earth in which the New Jerusalem is established, we learn from these three expressions of Paul, 1. "He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." 2. "They desire a better country, that is a heavenly." 3. "God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he has prepared for them a city." The New Earth and New Jerusalem, then, are the home they sought.

The prophetic testimony is all to the same point. 1. The decree of God has promised the uttermost parts of the earth for his "possession" to his Son. Psal. 2: 9. 2. Isa. 9: 6, 7, promises the throne and kingdom of David to Christ as the scene of his everlasting reign. 3. The prophet Daniel says,

speaking of scenes following Christ's coming and the judgment, "The kingdom, and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High." Dan. 7: 27. 4. Christ promises the righteous the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world, which we learn from Gen. 1st chapter, was the earth in its primeval glory. Matt. 25: 32. 5. At the day of judgment the kingdoms of this world are proclaimed to "become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign forever and ever." Rev. 11: 15.

But says "E. B. P.," Could (not?) Christ as well have said, Great is your reward in the earth, as to say, Great is your reward in heaven? No doubt. And it is just what the Spirit has often said, Prov. 11: 31—"Behold the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth." When? Not in this world. They suffer and are oppressed here; but shall be rewarded "when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations," and he gives them the kingdom prepared for them, &c., because he was hungry, and they gave him meat, &c. But why say "in heaven," then? 1. Because there is where the great Rewarder is. "Otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven." 2. Because the glorious city, the home of saints is there, "ready to be revealed in the last times." 1 Peter 1: 3-5; Rev. 21: 2, 3.

"Christ has entered into heaven itself." True, but to them "that look for him" "shall he appear again the second time." "I will that those whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am that they may behold my glory." And so they will. Where is he to be? "And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him. And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads." Rev. 22: 3, 4. Thus in that holy Jerusalem, not in heaven, but "which cometh down from God out of heaven," Christ and his servants will be, and "reign forever and ever."

But says "E. B. P.," "Whether this earth will come out of the fires of the last day, to be remoulded into a glorious habitation, or be a worthless, abandoned wreck, is a question left undecided by the Scriptures." Marvellous! Then did Abraham in vain look for a heavenly country, for an everlasting possession, where he once sojourned; and both his living and dying faith were vain! Then did God in vain swear by his own life, "The whole earth shall yet be filled with my glory!" Then did he in vain swear with an oath that David's seed should sit on David's throne as long as the days of heaven continue; and that he has chosen Zion and desired it for his habitation, and will dwell there forever, because he has desired it. If undecided by the Scriptures, why do they say, speaking of restored Israel in the Holy Land, "This land which was desolate is become like the garden of Eden?" Ezek. 36: 35. "Blessed," then, "are the meek, for they shall (literally) inherit the earth"—the New Earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

Napoleon III.

We give another interesting report of Mr. Baxter's great meeting in Toronto, O. W., and the speeches made on Napoleon. He is unquestionably the man of the age, so far as yet developed; and we can but look upon his movements with the most intense interest. But we are as yet far from being satisfied that he is the seven-headed beast of the Apocalypse, or the future Antichrist. But we would not be dogmatical on this subject in any way. All that pertains to him is a matter of interest, and we intend to keep our readers in informed respecting his movements and developments of character. We have a reply to D. I. R., on a personal Antichrist, which we shall give as soon as we have space.

New Subscribers.

Our next number commences a new quarter. We shall print an extra number, so as to supply new subscribers with back numbers. After Conference we expect to be able to furnish our readers with a rich treat, by publishing the essays delivered at the Conference. These, as will be seen by an examination of the list of subjects, embrace a large number of important doctrinal questions. Let every friend of the cause volunteer as agent to extend the benefits of the discussion of those discussions by doubling our list of subscribers. All at it, and always at it, should be our motto.

Our News Columns.

It is thought by some of our readers that we devote too much space to the news of the day. To such we would say, that many of our subscribers take no other paper, and look to us to keep them informed on matters of general interest. If all did, as many of our readers do, read the daily or weekly secular papers, it would not be needful to keep them informed on these subjects.

A Sabbath in Paris.

Our first Sabbath in Paris was a bewildering. It was not so much a variation in the mode of keeping Sunday, as a total destruction of all our ideas of Sabbath keeping. Business goes on; the streets are thronged with people bent on pleasure, and the very air is filled, not with peace, but with social exhilaration, with pleasure and bustle, in short, with not any suggestion of another world, but with every phase of the enjoyment of this world. In our land, it may be that the cheerful and social elements are too much excluded from religion; but here, it is religion that seems to be shut out from the Sabbath and from all its worldly enjoyments! Beneath my room I count a hundred laborers to work upon the new opera-house. In the streets teams trail their usual loads. The shops display their wares, and nothing in the exterior aspect of the city would have revealed to me the day if my calendar had not indicated it. Yet, I am assured that a great change has taken place, and that at the wish of government, there is far less secular business transacted than formerly, and that even those stores that keep open in the morning are closed at noon, that their occupants may mingle with the universal amusements of the day.

On the second Sabbath the tidings came to us of the fall of Vicksburg and the retreat of Gen. Lee. One must be in a foreign land, among unfriendly and unsympathizing people, to know how sweet, good news of one's country is. I sat in our American minister's slip at church, on Sabbath morning, having just heard the tidings. After the preliminary service, and while Dr. McClintock was giving out "notice," I turned to Miss Dayton, by whom I sat, and whispered in a few words the good tidings, saying in apology that I hoped it would help her to sing the hymn of praise, which came next in the service. She dropped her head in tears of joy, and wept for singing, during all the hymn! It pleased me—she shall have a place in the book of my remembrance with all who love God and our dear country!—H. W. Beecher, in the Independent.

Pre-pay your Postage.

Subscribers should remember that by pre-paying five cents at their post office, at the commencement of the quarter, Oct. 1st, their paper will be delivered free of charge for delivery. If this is neglected, each paper is chargeable with four cents postage. So be prompt in pre-paying.

To Correspondents.

D. YODER—You was credited in the paper of Sept. 1st, first name in the list.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

Summary of War News.

The battles reported last week resulted in forcing Rosecrans back to Chattanooga, where he remains unmolested, and is being heavily reinforced by Burnside and Grant. Late accounts render it probable that he will soon advance on Bragg and attempt his repulse from his present position. The confederates regard Rosecrans' expulsion from Chattanooga as essential to the success of their cause, if not to its existence. Hence the terrific struggle at that point. The slaughter on both sides during the three day's fight was dreadful. Richmond is reported as left almost defenceless on account of the large numbers of men sent to reinforce Bragg.

Mead's army, by latest advices, is said to be in motion; but its destination is as yet unknown. Affairs at Charleston remain as they were last week.

It is thought that the great battle field of the fall campaign will be in Georgia.

New York, Sept. 27. A Memphis letter of the 22d says a formidable expedition against Mobile is being inaugurated, and hints that the fleet against Texas will not interfere with it. The iron-clads from the Mississippi are to co-operate with a large land force.

The same letter says Sherman's corps is on its way to Gen. Rosecrans, and gives a rumor that McPerson's corps is also en route in the same direction. The two corps amount to some 40,000 men.

St. Louis, Sept. 27. A dispatch from Little Rock, Ark., dated the 21st, to the Republican, says Col. Cloud, with 100 of the 2d Kansas cavalry, had arrived at Little Rock on the 19th, between Perryville, in the Indian Territory, where Gen. Blunt defeated the rebels under Gen. Steele and Cooper, and captured Fort Smith. Col. Cloud, with 500 of the 2d Kansas cavalry and Robb's battery, attacked 2000 rebels under Gen. Cabel, in a strongly fortified position, and routed them with considerable loss. The rebels retreated towards Arkadelphia.

At Dardenelle, on the 9th, Cloud attacked 1000 rebels under Col. Stirman and defeated them, capturing their camp and a large quantity of commissary stores. Over 2000 Unionists had joined Cloud's

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Diamond New Testaments, 48mo. Roan gilt, 25

CORRESPONDENCE.



In this department, articles are solicited, on the general subject of the Advent, from friends of the Herald, over their own signatures, irrespective of the particular views which it defends. Views of correspondents not dissented from, are not necessarily to be considered as editorially endorsed. Correspondents are expected to avoid all personalities, and to study Christian courtesy in all references to views and persons. Any departure from this should be regarded as discrediting the writer to any reply. Christian and gentlemanly discussion will be in order; but not needless, unkind, or uncourteous controversy.

MY JOURNAL.

SECOND TOUR WEST.—NO. IV.
Laporte, Ind.—Chicago.

Monday, June 29. Took leave of friends in Terre Coupee, and came to Laporte in company with Bro. Boone, and many others, on their return from the camp-meeting. On my arrival, Bro. Shaw took me into his carriage and showed me the most prominent places, where our tent could be pitched for a meeting-house. Having arranged this, I left Bro. Clark to prepare for the meeting, and I went by the night train to Chicago, to look out a place to pitch the tent there. I put up with Rev. H. Sugden, a German Baptist, and a lover of the coming and kingdom of Christ, with whom I had correspondence in Louisville, Ky., years ago. He is a poor man and works for his support, but is truly pious and useful among his German brethren. He and his family greeted me most heartily, and I enjoyed their humble hospitalities much.

Tuesday, June 30th. I spent most of this day in looking for a place to pitch the tent within the city limits. I found many good places on the Lake shore, and in groves without the city; but very few in the city proper, in the midst of the people. I failed to find a place to-day, but am not discouraged. There is a place for us, and I will find it by the guidance of Him who suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice.

I spent the evening in the Baptist church, by invitation, to hear the prose declamation of the Freshmen class of the University of Chicago. Eleven young gentlemen spoke. I never heard the young men of Old Harvard do better. The students were young men of great promise. May God lead them to see and enter on the proper work of this last time.

Having it in my way, while looking for the tent, I visited Camp Douglas, three miles from the city. It is one of the finest and largest camps of the country. Two companies only remain here to guard the camp, and look after about fifty scotch prisoners. They are sick and tired of this terrible war. And many of them are taking the oath of allegiance. The ale houses here, as elsewhere, are demoralizing the poor soldiers. For a little gain, men will deal out poison and death to their fellow-beings, and to that class, too, who have offered themselves on the altar of their country, it may be to die, or be crippled for life. But so it is. We are in a fallen world; and, till Jesus comes, we shall have war, crime, sorrow and death. Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly.

I spent the night with Dr. Thomas, at his residence, fifteen miles out on the Milwaukee railroad, in the village of Evanston, Ill. This is a Methodist settlement, of about 1200 inhabitants. There are three Institutions here. The North Western Female College, North Western University, and the Biblical Institute. Dr. Thomas resides here, and is the only family of Adventists, and takes the Herald, as their only preaching of this faith. They moved formerly from Bristol, Vt. I enjoyed a precious visit with them.

Wednesday, July 1st. Returned to the city. With the mercury at 90°, I looked over most of the city alone, deriving guidance from above, to find a place for a tent and altar for a meeting of ten days. I found the lot, and received a lease of it from entire strangers to me, with every accommodation. So I praised the Lord for his guidance in this matter. I returned to Laporte in the evening, and put up with Bro. Shaw, who had invited and prepared for me to stop with him. I felt weary and oppressed with the heat and soon sought repose.

Thursday, July 2d. Rose refreshed. Find the tent pitched, and all ready for our meeting this afternoon. We have a few friends here, and hope to make more, by the blessing of God, who will become witness of the speedy coming of Christ. Evening. We have had a small but appreciative audience, to whom I spoke from Rom. 13: 11-13.

Friday, July 3d. Three services to-day. Friends from the country, with those interested in the city, made up a pleasant company, and we had a very good day. The excitement about the 4th of July,

together with the new phase of the war, now removed from Eastern Virginia to Pennsylvania, gives additional excitement; and there are few who are looking with any interest to the things which God hath spoken in relation to this time, and the signs of the better day. But, thank God, there are "Noahs" and "Lots" who hear the voice of God, and believe, in every place, and some will be ready for the coming kingdom. JOSHUA V. HIMES.

From Sister Abigail Mussey.

Bristol, Conn. Sept. 21, 1863.

Bro. Litch—Once more I seat myself to write a few lines for the Advent Herald, for the first time since the death of our old editor, Bro. Bliss. He has gone to the silent tomb; peace be to his slumbers; he rests in hope, and will wake in the morning bright and early, with all our loved ones who sleep in Jesus. O hail, happy day, bright morning of Zion's glory and eternal deliverance from death's cold iron hand! how can we but exclaim from the fulness of our hearts, "When will the morning come?" "When will the Life-Giver come?" "How long, oh Lord, how long?" For more than twenty long years we have been looking, we have been watching, we have been praying, "Let thy kingdom come;" and still we watch and still we pray. Our loved ones have fallen by the way, which increases our desire for the Life-Giver to come, to end our tears and sorrows, give us rest and a meeting with loved ones in our own Eden home. O! I long to be there, but with patience I wait.

Thou, my brother, hast taken the responsible station of the departed; and I trust will be able, through grace in Christ Jesus, to fill the station assigned thee. Twenty-one years ago I heard thy voice in the town of Whitefield, N. H., proclaiming in trumpet tones the coming of the Messiah to reign on David's royal throne. Never a sweeter sound entered the hearts of the lovers of Jesus, than you brought us there. It was like balm, and a sweet cordial to our soul. It was the first course of lectures we ever heard, and that solemn, melting, and sublime season will never be forgotten by us who were there, and I trust 'tis not forgotten by you, my brother. God was there, you felt his power; the multitude gathered around to listen to thy solemn message, and we, the lovers of Jesus, quaffed the heavenly breeze as it blowed, and drank the dews of Hermon as they fell. That message was from God, and the mighty move under that message was a fulfillment of his word.

From my dear brethren, with whom I there worshipped, I am now separated. Many have fallen by death. My own dear family are scattered; a kind companion and son are laid away in the cold, dark grave; my youngest son went into the army six long years ago; a mother weeps in his absence, not knowing what his lot may have been, whether cast among the slain in battle, and buried beneath a Southern soil, or whether he may be among the wounded in the hospital, writhing in agony with crushed limbs and parched tongue; or whether he may be a prisoner, bound and suffering with hunger. God knoweth all things, he knows I need his grace, and grace is freely given. I have needed strength, and as my day has been strength has been imparted. Thanks to the widow's God, I have one dear son, but he is many miles away; but a mother's prayers do follow him that he may be good—be a Christian, and live forever. I wander a lone pilgrim; on earth have no abiding place, but am seeking a City which hath foundation, whose builder is God. He is my Father, and his will I am trying to do. His presence is with me and his smiles are upon me; and with the psalmist I can truly say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me," blessed be his holy name; "And let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

The first article I ever attempted to write for the public gaze, was published in the Signs of the Times, (now Advent Herald,) in 1842; from that time until now, I have not ceased to look, I have not ceased to pray, and am still a lone watcher on the tower, looking for day to break and morning to dawn. Though oft disappointed and sometimes mistaken, my hope is deferred and sick is my heart—yet still the blessed hope clings to me fast, and on that promise I lean:—"I will come again," stands sure. And although my views differ somewhat from many of the readers of the Advent Herald, yet I allow them not to separate me from my brethren in the Lord. I have many dear friends and brethren from whom I am separated, that peruse the columns of the Advent Herald weekly. To such I would say, I am on my way to Canaan; and I expect soon to be there. Shall I meet you on that ever peaceful shore? Shall I greet you 'neath the bowers where life's river runs so pure? Then our sorrows will be ended, and all tears be wiped away. There we'll meet with all our loved ones in the fields of endless day.

I am in the vineyard of the Lord, laboring to save my dying fellow men; am wandering lonely

and alone, over hills and through the vales, sowing in tears; through God I trust, weak and feeble as I have reached some poor sinner that will be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus; I hope to have a few stars, and to reap in joy. I am am willing to weep, I am willing to labor; I am willing to be a pilgrim and a stranger; I am willing to spend the golden moments as they pass in trying to save poor sinners by telling them of a suffering, dying, glorified coming Savior. Yea, I am willing to suffer; to suffer with Jesus here, if I can be glorified with him and sit upon his throne.

Some of you may doubt my calling, and perhaps think I might be better employed and do more good in a more private capacity. But, my friends and brethren, God has surely called me to labor in the way I now am. Angels in heaven witnessed the scene, when upon the cold damp ground in the shades of the evening, when God spoke so loud to me I could not misunderstand him; when I made my excuses like Moses, that I was not sufficient for those things; that I had not learning, that I did not know how to preach his word; and I was a female, and they would call me a woman preacher, and I did not know how to preach. My Father said, "I'll show you how, I'll teach you, I'll go and stand by you; you'll call out and reach some that others more competent cannot do." I made the promise to God; a bright star appeared in the heavens among the clouds, and through that star I looked to the leading star, Jesus, believing there was one bright star to guide me on. I gave a shout, glory! with my promise, and God's everlasting arm was thrown around me as he raised me up from the pit of sorrow and trial I was then in; and the angels of God were a witness to my tears of joy, and my shouts of praise. O glory to God! O glory to his blessed name, for the witness of the spirit I then received; that I was his unworthy child. I have obeyed, and doors are opened. I have obeyed, and people listen. I have obeyed, and God is with me. I have obeyed, and sinners weep and tremble. I have obeyed, and some have been converted to God. I have obeyed, and the backslider has been reclaimed, and my brethren and sisters have been comforted. I have obeyed, and God has taught me as man never did; to his name be all the glory. And now let all the lovers of Jesus, and the whole church of God say, Amen and amen. God bless you all, and pray for me!

By the grace of God I'll meet you there,
And in God's kingdom claim a share,
When on that peaceful happy shore,
We'll shout and sing forever more.

A. B.

Selections for the Advent Herald.

It is astonishing how composedly Christian men will look when the inspired writers are wrested and travestied, so as to be compelled to mean the very opposite of what they really said. The friend of an ordinary author would loudly complain of such misrepresentation; but when it is only an Evangelist, or an Apostle of the Lord of both that is trifled with, the matter may be left. Private judgment must not be interfered with. No; certainly not. God has given us that right, and we prize the boon too highly to let it fall from our hands; but the right of private judgment does not mean the right of private folly, or private absurdity. But this vagary—for we cannot call it interpretation—is perfectly in keeping with the notion that finds in all the passages where our Lord speaks of coming back to this world, only an assurance that we shall go to him at death. When he says that he will come, he of course means quite the opposite; namely, that he will send for us. When he says, "I will come to you," his meaning is, "You shall come to me."

It is melancholy to reflect on the amount of error that has thus been promulgated in the name of Jesus and his illustrious prophets and apostles. The holy oracles have been made more enigmatical than those of ancient Greece; and the true sayings of God have been reduced to inexplicable riddles by the perverse ingenuity of professed expositors. The verities of heaven have been removed from the statute roll to make room for the whims of a reless imagination. The plainest book in human language has been turned into a mountain of mystery by the capricious annotations of scholastic theorists. The light of heaven has been compelled to reach us through the colored media of theological artists, instead of falling upon our understandings in its own native brilliants. Hence we have been perplexed and bewildered, instead of walking erect with cheerfulness in our eye, and a song upon our lips. The food of heaven, which should sustain us, and the water of life, which was intended to refresh us in our journey, have been presented in vessels of such

*From "THE HAPPY YEARS AT HANB: or, the Outlines of the Coming Theocracy. By William Leask, D.D. London: Ward & Co., 27 Paternoster Row, 1861." We cordially recommend this work to all readers of prophecy, as one of the ablest and best, and second only to Dr. Seiss's "Last Times," which we consider the most able work on prophecy in this or any other country.

A. P. J.

construction that we cannot get enough, and are consequently compelled to cry out, "Alas! our leanness! our leanness!" The Sun of Life has been shorn of his beams, and we plod along with miserable lanterns in our trembling hands, which any passing breeze may extinguish. In proportion to our convictions of the necessity of faith, is the depth of our perplexity *what to believe*. The fine old prophetic formula, "Thus saith the Lord," with its positive certainty and Divine grandeur, has been exchanged for the shrill cry of "Thus saith the sect," with its palpable uncertainties and human littleness. The sure word of prophecy was sent down from heaven with the sacred injunction, "Take heed to it;" but instead of walking in its serene light, the multitude are either climbing the mountains of vain speculation, or exhuming the dust of the Fathers in search of ecclesiastical relics. And when an earnest man here and there throws himself in the breach, and cries to the wanderers to reassemble around the Son of God, and to take the Lord at his word, in unquestioning faith and childlike simplicity, leaving it to him to conquer all difficulties and to realize his own magnificent purposes in his perfectly wise manner, men stare, and say with the sons of Jacob, "Behold this dreamer cometh!" He also has resolved at all risks that his faith shall not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God, will act wisely to lay his account with side glances, instead of the direct look of open confidence which greeted him in the day when he walked with the multitude. If he says that all sects are too narrow to hold him, and that the Bible alone is the platform of his theology, he may expect for a while to work single handed; but let him take courage, for the cause is that of God and humanity, of truth and eternity, and though he fall in the struggle, he shall not have struggled in vain. The rectification of one error is a great thing; the redemption of one forgotten truth from beneath the pile of human tradition is a greater still; and the successful appeal to men to rally around Christ, the Saviour-King, is the greatest of all. May this loftiest of honors wreath the brow of every man who is holding out the Bible to poor wandering humanity, and crying, Lo! it is the proclamation of God that he intends setting up a glorious kingdom upon this long distracted and bleeding planet.

Happily the number of such men is rapidly on the increase. Great and long forgotten truths are beginning to reappear. Thoughtful men had been for years ill at ease. Results of efforts to evangelize the world have been sadly out of proportion to the efforts themselves.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Phonography.

Phonography means writing by sound. It is the invention of Isaac Pitman of Bath, Eng., and has been in use about thirty years. Benn Pitman, of Cincinnati, Ohio, (brother of the inventor,) is a publisher of phonographic and phonetic works in this country, and has done much for the dissemination of the art in America. Phonography is composed of conventional characters, variable by rule, and completely supplanting our alphabet. The Hebrew and Chinese are examples of phonetic languages, oftenest seen in this country. Next to telegraphy, phonography is the most wonderful invention of this age. The fastest writer in long hand can only record forty words in a minute; a good phonographer can report two hundred—just five times as many. It is the only way in which rapid discourses and fluent orations can be recorded verbatim. It is by this wonderful art that we get all that is said in Parliament or Congress. Pitman's characters are not so even and beautiful to look at as Morse's dot-line space reading, yet they are equally wonderful as an invention, and as indispensable in their utility. Phonetic printing, or printing by sound, does not seem to take in America, though it has been adopted in the common schools of Massachusetts and California. The Bible has been printed in it in England.

THE FRENCH ARMY.—By the last report, the total land forces of France amount to 400,000 of all ranks, with 85,705 horses, and 5657 enfans de troupe, independently of troops in French colonies (besides Algeria,) whose numbers are not given, but whose cost is charged to the Navy and Colonial Budget, and of 2804 men, 663 horses, in the Garde de Paris. The army is distributed—334,310 men, with 69,809 men, with 15,896 horses in Paris, and 65,690 men with 15,896 horses in Algeria—namely, in France: Staff, 4184; Cent Gardes, 221; Imperial Guard, including all arms, 29,896; Gendarmerie, 20,042; Infantry, 190,569; Cavalry, 45,809; Artillery, 30,831; Engineers, 4249; Train, 2348; Veterans, 648; and Administrative Services, 6147. In Algeria: Staff, 423; Infantry, 40,762; Cavalry, 9996; Artillery, 4057; Engineers, 1826; Train, 2374; and Administrative Services, 2589.

Giving a Cup of Cold Water.

There is a pleasant story told of a man living on the borders of an African desert, who carried daily a pitcher of cold water to the dusty thoroughfare, and left it for any thirsty travellers who might pass that way. And our Saviour said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." But cups of cold water are not given in African deserts alone. A spiritual Sahara spreads over the whole earth, and to its fainting travellers many a ready hand holds forth the grateful "cup."

A lady, whose home looks out upon a beautiful common, called to ask me if I would tell her of some poor and sick persons to whom she could be of service in furnishing good books. The names of two were given; and the Testament, in large type, which shortly found its way to the old man's abode, also the green tea and white sugar—rare luxuries—for the feeble woman in the cellar kitchen, and the dollar bill, slipped into her hand at parting—were they not "cups of cold water?"

A poor Scotch comb-maker's wife, whose generous heart is larger than her purse, gave me fifteen combs, asking, in a half doubting way, if I thought some poor children, who had none, would not like them. And so fifteen young hearts were made glad. By what? Surely by "cups of cold water" in no wise to lose their reward.

Several young misses met in our pastor's parlor, in the early part of the season, to sew for poor children. From time to time they have come together, plying busy fingers with happy hearts. And we have sixty-two garments as a result. Sixty-two "cups of cold water!" How the heavenly inventory runs up!

A pious German woman, herself an invalid, heard that her neighbor in the yard below was yet more feeble. The bottle of wine, provided for her at the doctor's suggestion, would surely do that neighbor good. And so, nimble little feet are soon at the widow's door, a bright face looks in, and with a "Mother sent you this," the little flask stands upon the table. Wine to the sick woman it may be; but the divine chemistry, which years ago changed water into wine, can show this also to be a "cup of cold water!"

Late one Saturday evening, a pious widow, in humble circumstances, who had not walked, save from one chamber to another, sent me a loaf of bread, with the message: "The Lord sent it to me for some poor woman." The lateness of the hour, and our Lord's saying, that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, determined me to leave it until the morning, when I took it where I thought it would be welcome. "The Lord has sent you a loaf of bread, Mrs. S.," I remarked as I went in. Lifting up her hands toward heaven, her eyes filling with tears, she exclaimed, "The Lord be praised." Then pointing to the neatly-spread table, with its scanty breakfast, she said, "There is all we had for to-day." Was it strange that the ringing of the church bells made glad music in my ear that morning? And may we not believe notes of joy were heard above, as the heavenly chronicler noted down, in that wondrous book, another "cup of cold water" in the name of a disciple?

And so streams of refreshing flow through the parched desert. So to fainting lips is pressed, by loving hands, the overflowing "cup."—*Life of Susan M. Underwood.*

MEMORIAL OF GETTYSBURG.—The trunks of two trees have been sent from the battle-field of Gettysburg, one for the Pennsylvania Historical Society, the other for the Historical Society of Massachusetts. The trees were growing in a part of the field where the fiercest encounter took place, as shown by the fact that one of them has two hundred and fifty bullet holes in the trunk within the space of twenty-one feet; the other one hundred and ten bullets in about the same space. The trunks are not more than twelve or thirteen inches in diameter. Both trees stood on an eminence near the entrance to the cemetery.

DRUNKENNESS IN ENGLAND.—In the year ending Michaelmas last 94,908 persons, 260 a day, were proceeded against before justices in England for drunkenness, or for being drunk and disorderly, and 63,265 of them were convicted. The returns show a great increase over the previous year, for only 82,196 were then charged with drunkenness, and only 54,123 convicted. Of the persons thus charged in the last year 22,560 were females. Coroners' inquests in the year 1862 found 241 verdicts of deaths from excessive drinking; 145 men and 66 women thus ended their days.

In the Austrian Parliament the members vote by telegraph. Each deputy has before him, at his desk, a pair of black and white knobs, and his vote is given affirmatively or negatively by pressing one of them.

NAPOLEON AND MEXICO.—Paris letters say it has been discovered that the silver keys of the City of Mexico, which were received some time ago by the Emperor Napoleon, were manufactured some eighteen months ago in Paris, after a pattern submitted to the Emperor and Empress for their approval, and that they were sent to Gen. Forey, who received them from the Mexicans, to whom they were lent, and then duly returned them to the Emperor at Vichy. They are now in a military museum, with the Mexican guns presented to the Prince Imperial, and are said to bear no marks of antiquity. It is hinted that the guns also were manufactured in Paris after patterns approved by the Emperor.

OBITUARY.

Ralph Merry.

In Magog, C. E., July 30th, Ralph Merry, in the 78th year of his age.

The deceased was born in Providence, R. I., July 1, 1786, and lived there till he was six years old, when his father moved with his family to St. Johnsbury, Vt., where they resided about seven years, and then moved to Canada East, and settled in that part of Bolton now called Magog. When about eighteen years old he injured his stomach while piling logs, from which difficulty he never entirely recovered. This affliction led him to think more seriously than he had before of the necessity of a preparation to meet God; and so frequently did he resort to a particular spot in the woods for prayer, that a beaten path was formed to the Bethel which he had chosen. But while he often prayed, and had deep conviction of sin, it was not till five years later that he discovered so clearly the way of salvation as to be able to cast himself unreservedly on the Redeemer's merits, and to enter into that peace which passeth understanding. This relief to the heavily-laden soul was given in the autumn of 1809, and about the first of December of that year his confinement to the bed began, which lasted four years and eight months. The greatest cause of his confinement was weakness in the back, and at times his sufferings were intense—but God did not forsake him.

On the 12th of July, 1817, while visiting Moretown, Vt., on business, he was baptized with six others, by Elder Steel, and, like the eunuch, "went on his way rejoicing." His faith in the promises of God was very strong. He seemed ever desirous of doing his duty as a witness for Jesus; and, though somewhat eccentric, the general tenor of his life proved that he had "the power" of godliness, as well as "the form."

Being interested in the doctrine of the speedy coming and kingdom of Messiah, he united with the church of Adventists in Magog, of which he remained a consistent member till his decease. There was a large attendance at his funeral, when a sermon was preached by the writer from Eccles. ii. 3. "And if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." As a tree falls in the direction it leans, we concluded that our departed brother had not fallen into perdition,—he having leaned for more than half a century towards God and glory.

J. M. ORRICK.

Mrs. Lydia Parker.

Bro. Litch—I send you the enclosed obituary of our respected sister, Lydia Parker, taken from the New Hampshire Patriot.

At the residence of her son, Hon. Levi Parker, in Lisbon, (Sugar Hill,) Aug. 31, Mrs. Lydia Parker, aged 93 years and 4 months, the oldest person in town. Mrs. P. was the daughter of the late Capt. Rufus Whipple of Richmond, N. H., who was a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of this State, and was distinguished for his enterprise and integrity of character. She was the mother of ten children. (Four of whom, only, all sons are now living,) and reckoned among her surviving descendants, thirty-two grand-children, and three of the fifth generation. With her husband she came to Lisbon in 1796, among the first settlers of the place, occupying for many years a humble house of logs, without glass, and like her compatriots in the early settlement of New Hampshire, enduring the privations and necessities of a life in the wilderness with cheerfulness and fortitude. She has lived to see her descendants scattered over New England, occupying positions of honor and trust at home and abroad.

Sister Parker was one of our faithful members in the church. She truly loved the appearing of Christ, and has finished her course and kept the faith. She rests in glorious hope of meeting all the faithful on the other shore. Although deprived of her speech for several months before her death, she evidently retained to a good degree her reason, and manifested unmistakably her love to all the children of God. She was a great favorite with the young, as her naturally lively turn of mind endeared her to the rising generation, who all around her feel her loss.

J. H. SHIPMAN.

Sugar Hill, Sept. 24, 1863.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Publications for Sale

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ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WORKS ON PROPHECY in connection with the OFFICE OF THE ADVENT HERALD, No. 461-2 Kneeland Street, Boston, A few doors West of the Boston & Worcester R. R. Station. The money should accompany all orders.

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WHITTEN'S GOLDEN SALVE is a step by way of progress in the healing art. It is adapted to all the purposes of a family Salve. It effectually cures piles, wounds, bruises, sprains, cuts, chilblains, corns, burns, fever-sores, scrofulous humors, erysipelas, salt-rheum, king's evil, rheumatism, spinal difficulties, chafings in warm weather, &c. &c., and is believed by many experienced and competent judges to be the best combination of medicinal ingredients for external inflammatory difficulties that has ever been produced. Many of the best physicians of the various schools use it and also recommend it. Every farmer should have it for horses; for the cure of scratches, sprains, chafings, &c., and also for retreating on cows. It cures felons. It cures warts.

THE GOLDEN SALVE—A GREAT HEALING REMEDY.—It is with much pleasure we announce the advent of this new article in our city, which has met with such signal success in Lowell, where it is made, that the papers have teemed with cases of truly marvelous cures. They chronicle one where the life of a lady was recently saved—a case of broken breast; another where the life of a child was saved—a case of chafing; another of a lady whose face was much disfigured by scrofulous humor, which was brought to a healthy action in a few days; also another of an old man, who had a sore on his foot for twenty years—cured in a few weeks. Our citizens will not be slow in getting at it merits, and will herald it over the land.—*Boston Herald*

From Mr. Morris Fuller, of North Creek, N. Y.: "W and your Golden Salve to be good for everything that we have tried it for. Among other things for which we have used it, is a bad case of 'scald head' of our little girl as effect in this case was also favorable."

We like your Golden Salve very much in this place.

Among other things I knew a lady who was cured of a very bad case of sore eyes. Walter S. Plummer, Lake Village, N. H.

Mrs. Glover, East Merrimack street, Lowell, was cured of a bad case of piles by the use of one box of the Salve. Mr. Farrington, a wealthy merchant and manufacturer in Lowell, was relieved of piles which had afflicted him for many years, and remarked to friend that it was worth \$100 a box for piles.

Miss Harriet Morrill, of East Kingston, N. H., says: "I have been afflicted with piles for over twenty years. The last seven years I have been a great sufferer. And though never expect to be well, yet to be relieved as I am from day to day by the use of your Golden Salve, fills my heart with gratitude."

From Mr. J. O. Merriam, Tewksbury, Mass.: "I have a large milk farm. I have used a great deal of your Golden Salve for sore teats on my cows. I have used many other kinds of salve. Yours is the best I ever saw. I have also used it for sprains and scratches on my horses. It cures them in a short time. I recommend it to all who keep cows or horses."

From Dr. Geo. Pierce, Lowell: "Your Golden Salve is good. It will have a great sale."

"I received a wound in my foot by a rusty nail; by reason of which I could not set my foot to the floor for two weeks. The pain was excruciating. When your Golden Salve was applied, it relieved the pain in a short time, and two and a half boxes of it wrought a perfect cure."

Mrs. Lucinda A. Swain, Merideth Centre, N. H.

Mr. H. L. W. Roberts, Editor of Marion Intelligencer, Marion, Ill., says, "Every person that uses the Golden Salve testifies favorably." He has also published a list of names in his paper, of persons cured of wounds, sores, humors, rheumatism, &c., and gives the public reference to them; who, he says, are among the first citizens of the place.

Boston, July 12, 1859. Bro. Whitten: I have used your Golden Salve in my family, and I am acquainted with a large number of families also who have used it; and I have reason to believe that it is really what you recommend it to be.

J. V. HIMES.

From Dr. W. S. Campbell, New Britain, Conn.: "Your Golden Salve is a great thing for chilblains. I have also used it in afflicting cases of salt rheum, erysipelas, and sore nipples. Its effect was: speedy and permanent cure."

Dr. Bliss, of Brunswick, Me., says: "I have several friends who have been cured of scrofulous humors by the Golden Salve. You may recommend it from me as a valuable Salve."

Made only by C. P. Whitten, No. 35 and 37 East Merrimack street, Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists, and at country stores. Price 25 cts. per box; or \$2 per dozen. I want good, reliable, persevering agents to canvass, in all parts of the United States and Canada. A large discount will be made to agents. aug 13—pd to jan 1'63 For sale at this office.

DANIEL CAMPBELL,

GENERAL AGENT

P. O. address, Carlisle, C. W.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

THE WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS DISEASES.

From Emory Edes, a well-known merchant of Oxford, Maine. "I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community."

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers, Sores, and all Diseases of the Skin.

From Rev. Robt. Stratton, Bristol, England. "I only do my duty to you and the public, when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your SARSAPARILLA. My daughter, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in her ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to cure until we tried your SARSAPARILLA. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known and much-esteemed lady of Dennisville, Cape May Co., N. J.

"My daughter has suffered for a year past with a scrofulous eruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried your SARSAPARILLA, which soon completely cured her."

From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely-known firm of Gage, Murray, & Co., manufacturers of enamelled papers in Nashua, N. H.

"I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became an intolerable affliction. I tried almost everything a man could of both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever until I took your SARSAPARILLA. It immediately made my face worse, as you told me it might for a time; but in a few weeks the new skin began to form, under the blotches, and continued until my face is as smooth as anybody's, and I am without any symptoms of the disease that I know of. I enjoy perfect health, and without a doubt owe it to your SARSAPARILLA."

Erysipelas—General Debility—Purify the Blood.

From Dr. Robt. Savin, Houston St., N. Y.

DR. AYER: I seldom fail to remove Eruptions and Scrofulous Sores by the persevering use of your SARSAPARILLA, and I have just now cured an attack of Malignant Erysipelas with it. No alternative we possess equals the SARSAPARILLA you have supplied to the profession as well as to the people."

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Waltham, Ohio.

"For twelve years I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds of dollars' worth of medicines. The ulcers were so bad that the cords became visible, and the doctors decided that my arm must be amputated. I began taking your SARSAPARILLA. Took two bottles, and some of your PILLS. Together they have cured me. I am now as well and sound as anybody. Being in a public place, my case is known to everybody in this community, and excites the wonder of all."

From Hon. Henry Monroe, M. P. P., of Newcastle, C. W.

a leading member of the Canadian Parliament.

"I have used your SARSAPARILLA in my family, for general debility, and for purifying the blood, with very beneficial results, and feel confidence in commending it to the afflicted."

St. Anthony's Fire, Ross, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.

From Harvey Sickler, Esq., the able editor of the Tunkhannock Democrat, Pennsylvania.

"Our only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead. They rapidly spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and actually blinded his eyes for some days. A skilled physician applied nitrate of silver and other remedies, without any apparent effect. For fifteen days we guarded his hands, lest with them he should tear open the festering and corrupt wound which covered his whole face. Having tried every thing else we had any hope from, we began giving your SARSAPARILLA, and applying the iodine of potash lotion, as you direct. The sore began to heal when we had given the first bottle, and was well when we had finished the second. The child's eyelashes, which had come out, grew again, and he is now as healthy and fair as any other. The whole neighborhood predicted that the child must die."

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

From Dr. Hiram Sloat, of St. Louis, Missouri.

"I find your SARSAPARILLA a more effectual remedy for the secondary symptoms of Syphilis, and for syphilitic disease than any other we possess. The profession are indebted to you for some of the best medicines we have."

From A. J. French, M. D., an eminent physician of Lawrence, Mass., who is a prominent member of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

"DR. AYER—My dear Sir: I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent remedy for Syphilis, both of the primary and secondary type, and effectual in some cases that were too obstinate to yield to other remedies. I do not know what we can employ with more certainty of success, where a powerful alternative is required."

Mr. Chas. S. Van Lier, of New Brunswick, N. J., had dreadful ulcers on his legs, caused by the abuse of mercury, or mercurial disease, which grew more and more aggravated for years, in spite of every remedy or treatment that could be applied, until the persevering use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA relieved him. Few cases can be found more inveterate and distressing than this, and it took several dozen bottles to cure him.

Leucorrhoea, Whites, Female Weakness, are generally produced by internal Scrofulous Ulceration, and are very often cured by the alternative effect of this SARSAPARILLA. Some cases require, however, in aid of the SARSAPARILLA, the skilful application of local remedies.

From the well-known and widely-celebrated Dr. Jacob Morrill, of Cincinnati.

"I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent alternative in diseases of females. Many cases of irregularity, Leucorrhoea, Internal Ulceration, and local debility, arising from the scrofulous diathesis, have yielded to it, and there are few that do not, when its effect is properly aided by local treatment."

A lady, unwilling to allow the publication of her name, writes:

"My daughter and myself have been cured of a very debilitating Leucorrhoea of long standing, by two bottles of your SARSAPARILLA."

Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Neuralgia, when caused by Scrofula in the system, are rapidly cured by this EXPR. SARSAPARILLA.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

possess so many advantages over the other purgatives in the market, and their superior virtues are so universally known, that we need not do more than to assure the public their quality is maintained equal to the best it ever has been and that they may be depended on to do all that they have ever done.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, M. D., & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines

everywhere.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"FEED MY LAMBS."—John 21:15.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1863.

Children's Paper!

What say our friends to having a paper for the little folks? Will they give us a hundred dollars as an outfit for the paper, and 1500 subscribers, at the rate of five papers for a dollar, or 25 cents for a single copy? If so, let us know. We will give them a monthly; and when they raise the list to 2000, we will give them two a month.

The Doors Waking Up.

Dear Treasurer—We were very much pleased with your proposition to print a paper for the children; and in order to start the thing, we will pay \$25 of the bonus you ask to start with, and will take 25 copies of your paper, which we think we can soon make 100 in this section.

Yours,

PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE DO SOCIETY
IN WATERBURY, VT.

Obituary.

FRANKLIN, August 29, 1863.

Dear Brother Litch—I write to inform you of the death of a member of your Do Society. Dear little Abbie Eliza, daughter of Hiram and Sylvia H. Fellows, died Aug. 26th, of scarlet fever, after an illness of one week, aged two years and twenty-five days. She was a lovely and affectionate child, and her mother's all.

ABBY C. OBER.

Good Manners.

Good manners can be cultivated: and dear children, you do not know how easily they will grow, even on pretty rough soil, if only cultivated carefully. But the soil must be right—or the growth will not be enduring.

Love your neighbor as yourself, and do not even let a harsh or ungentle word be spoken or even thought.

I know a great many children, I am sorry to say, who are always pushing themselves forward, and seem to have no deference or respect for older and better persons.

I was very much struck with this one afternoon, at a lecture I attended. Many ladies were present, when I entered, and some children besides. Among others, I noticed two little girls, who sat by the stove warming themselves, and chatting away as little girls love to do. By and by, as the people were coming in pretty fast, one of the little girls said,—

"Come, Cora, let us go ahead and get those good seats over there before the old folks get them." I never saw such a look of blank surprise as on Cora's face, and she said—

"No Jenny, I think we had better wait until all the ladies have chosen their seats. It would not be right for us to push in; the lecture is not for little girls—it is more for older people."

I thought, I will remember that little girl, and see if she carries out what she has said here. She remained by the stove until the lecturer appeared, and then she quietly took a vacant seat in a retired place, and kept very still. Since then, I have become acquainted with that little girl. I wanted to know her, though she had no idea that I heard the conversation; and I never have heard a harsh, or ungentle, or impolite word come from her lips. Ah, thought I, it is from the heart proceeds all this courtesousness and gentleness.

I wish I could speak as pleasantly of the other young lady. Her rough and im-

pertinent manner grows upon her as she increases in years. I scarcely ever see her that something a little uncourteous is not spoken. One day I heard her speak disrespectfully, nay, most unkindly, to her old grandmother, who is so kind and patient with her. One of her aunts was upon a visit to her house, and she spoke to her in such a pert way, that I thought if she had been my little niece I should have sent her from the room. I have often noticed this same child come into a room where older persons were present, and never speak to them or look at them at all. Ah, thought I, little Jenny, the heart is not right. You cannot be a Christian child.

May God give her grace to overcome this harsh manner, and this corrupt and evil nature, and make her kind, courteous, tender-hearted, and forgiving.—*Letter in the Well Spring.*

Turn the Carpet: or the Two Weavers.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN DICK AND JOHN.

As at their work two Weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat;
They touched upon the price of meat,
So high a Weaver scarce could eat.

What with my brats and sickly wife,
Quoth Dick, I'm almost tired of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
It's more than mortal man can bear.

How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine! his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;
Why all to him? why none to me?

In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the parson preaches,
This world—indeed, I've thought so long—
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

Where'er I look, where'er I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange:
The good are troubled and oppressed,
And all the wicked are the blessed.

Quoth John, our ignorance is the cause,
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Part of His ways alone we know,
'Tis all that a man can see below.

See'st thou that carpet not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there!
So rude the mass it makes one stare.

A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say no meaning's there conveyed.
For where's the middle? where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder.

Quoth Dick, my work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout—
Why, man, my carpet's inside out.

Says John, thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is like a carpet inside out.

As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

No plan, no pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

But when we reach the world of light,
And view these works of God aright—
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the workman is divine.

What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurned—
For then the carpet shall be turned.

Thou art right, quoth Dick, no more I'll grumble,
That this sad world seems such a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right.

If you would relish your food, labor for it; if you would enjoy your raiment, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly take a clear conscience to bed with you.

Do You Love the Bible?

The question is not, do you love to hear or read an interesting story? or do you love a pretty story book? but do you love the best of all story books the Bible? The Bible a story book, do you ask? Yes, it is indeed; some of the best stories are to be found in the Bible; and, what is better than all, they are *all true*. This cannot be said of other books; parts of the stories may be true, but the rest is not true.

Need you be reminded of some of the many true stories or histories to be found in the Bible? There is that wonderful account of Jacob's dream at Bethel, and his dream when he saw the ladder whose top reached to heaven. Joseph and his brethren is another deeply interesting account of God's kind and watchful care over those who put their trust in Him. Then we may read about Moses; his birth, and how he was kept from being drowned; his adoption by the king's daughter; his interview with God at the burning bush; and his appointment as the leader of the Jews. Then there is the journey of the Jews through the wilderness, led by the pillar of cloud and fire; the parting of the Red Sea, and their passage through the other side; with the many other events connected with this wonderful journey.

Besides these are the histories of Samuel, David, Samson, and of the rest of the Old Testament worthies, all which are full of interest and instruction, which, if you have not already often prayerfully read, you would do well to do so at once.

But best of all there is that "Sweet Story of Old"—the sayings and doings of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, which most of you must have read many times; and it is to be hoped some of you are never tired of doing so, but love to hear of the Babe of Bethlehem, and do so because you love him as your Saviour, in whom you are trusting for salvation.

In the year 1802, the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala, was walking in one of the streets in that town, when he met a child who attended his ministry. He inquired if she could repeat the text from which he had preached on the preceding Sunday. Instead of giving a prompt reply, as she had been accustomed to do, she remained silent.

"Can you not tell me the text, my little girl?" repeated Mr. Charles.

The child wept, but was still silent. At length she said:

"The weather, sir, has been so bad that I could not get to read the Bible."

This remark surprised the good man, and he exclaimed:

"Could not get to read the Bible; how was that?"

The reason was soon ascertained: there was no copy to which she could gain access, either at her own home or among her friends; and she was accustomed to travel every week *seven miles* over the hills, to a place where she could obtain a Welsh Bible, to read the chapter from which the minister took his text; and during that week the cold and stormy weather had prevented her usual journey. Surely the word of the Lord was precious in those days to this Lamb of the Saviour's fold.

What say you now? Do you love the Bible like this little girl? You are not compelled to go seven miles to find a copy, but have it in your own house, and can read it as often as you wish. There were no cheap Bibles then, as the Bible Society was not formed; but this event helped to form it, and very soon afterwards Bibles were to be found in almost every part of Wales. I do hope, dear children, that you will not only read but study, and pray over

the Bible, so that you may become wise unto salvation.

A Game for Little Folks.

The American Agriculturist thus describes a game that used to afford "us children" much mirth: One of the party being provided with slate and pencil, calls on each of the others in turn to name some descriptive adjective, as good, pretty, ugly, long, short, &c. These are written in a column at the left of the slate. The writer then places his pencil opposite one of the words, and calls for the *name* of one of the party, which being given, is written next to the *adjective*, and then the names of the whole company are written in turn, each opposite the adjective which comes in the order of the list. The writer now commences at some other part of the list, and each company names some *locality*, as "on the house," "under the barn," "in the woods," &c., and these are added, one to each name. In the same manner some *act* is next written, to complete the sentences, as "hauling saw-logs," "sleeping soundly," "shelling corn," &c. When all is completed, the sentences are read aloud. The ludicrous situations described will often cause great merriment. Thus it may happen that "Sweet Susan was before the looking-glass, making faces;" or that "Slow John was on the railroad, running a race with the engine;" or that "Long John was hunting in the wash-tub." Of course, much fun will depend on keeping the sentences secret until all are read.

"Mother I Do See Christ."

Such was the language of a child six years of age, while in the agonies of death, after a long illness, during which he was incarnation of lovely resignation. It was his farewell to earth. Why not see Jesus, then? Stephen beheld him while dying a martyr at Jerusalem. Thousands since his day have had the same open vision of the Redeemer. We think it is more common than the announcement of it. Saints do see him with a cohort of angels, it may be, waiting for his messenger Death to strike off the last fetter upon the ransomed spirit.

Courage, then, disciple of Christ, while it is yours to say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" But what will you do who now reject him, when no other friend can smile amid the gloom of a darkening world?—*Tract Journal.*

VALUE OF EARLY RISING.—The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years, supposing a man go to bed at the same time he otherwise would, amounts to 26,000 hours, or 3 years, 121 days, and 16 hours, which will afford eight hours a day for exactly ten years; so that is the same as if ten years of life were added, in which we could command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds or the despatch of business.

VICKSBURG.—This "terraced city," as Mr. Fillmore called it, derives its name from Mr. Newitt Vick, and was originally incorporated by an act of the Legislature of Mississippi, passed January 26, 1825. Its rapid growth is attributable to the cotton trade, which is (or was) nearly 300,000 bales per annum.

HEROINE is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in the English language. The first two letters of the word are male—he; the three first female—her; the four first a brave man; and the whole word a brave woman.

Enjoy your own life without comparing it with that of another.